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PHOTOPLAY

IL

GRACE
KELLY

GRACE'S
OLD STORY

Exclusive:
MY HUSBAND
DIDN'T RUN ME
AUDREY HEPBURN

Meet the Man
in the Gray Flannel Suit

MRS C GLOBERG
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AT LAST! **A LIQUID SHAMPOO**
THAT'S **EXTRA RICH!**



JUST POUR IT...

and you'll see the glorious difference!

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FOR *'Radiantly Alive' Hair*

Exciting surprise for you—magical new Liquid Prell! It's extra rich—that's why Liquid Prell leaves your hair looking 'Radiantly Alive'! And how you'll love its unique *extra-rich* formula. Bursts instantly into richer, more *effective* lather—rinses in a twinkle—leaving your hair easier to set. Shouldn't you try Extra-Rich Liquid Prell today? There's radiant beauty in every drop!

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PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON

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The doctor's deodorant discovery
that now safely stops odor 24 hours a day



Underarm comparison tests made by doctors proved a deodorant *without* M-3 stopped odor only a few hours—while New Mum *with* M-3 stopped odor a full 24 hours!

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ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



KIND TO YOUR SKIN AND CLOTHES

PHOTOPLAY

Your May issue will be on sale at your newsstand—April 5

April 1956

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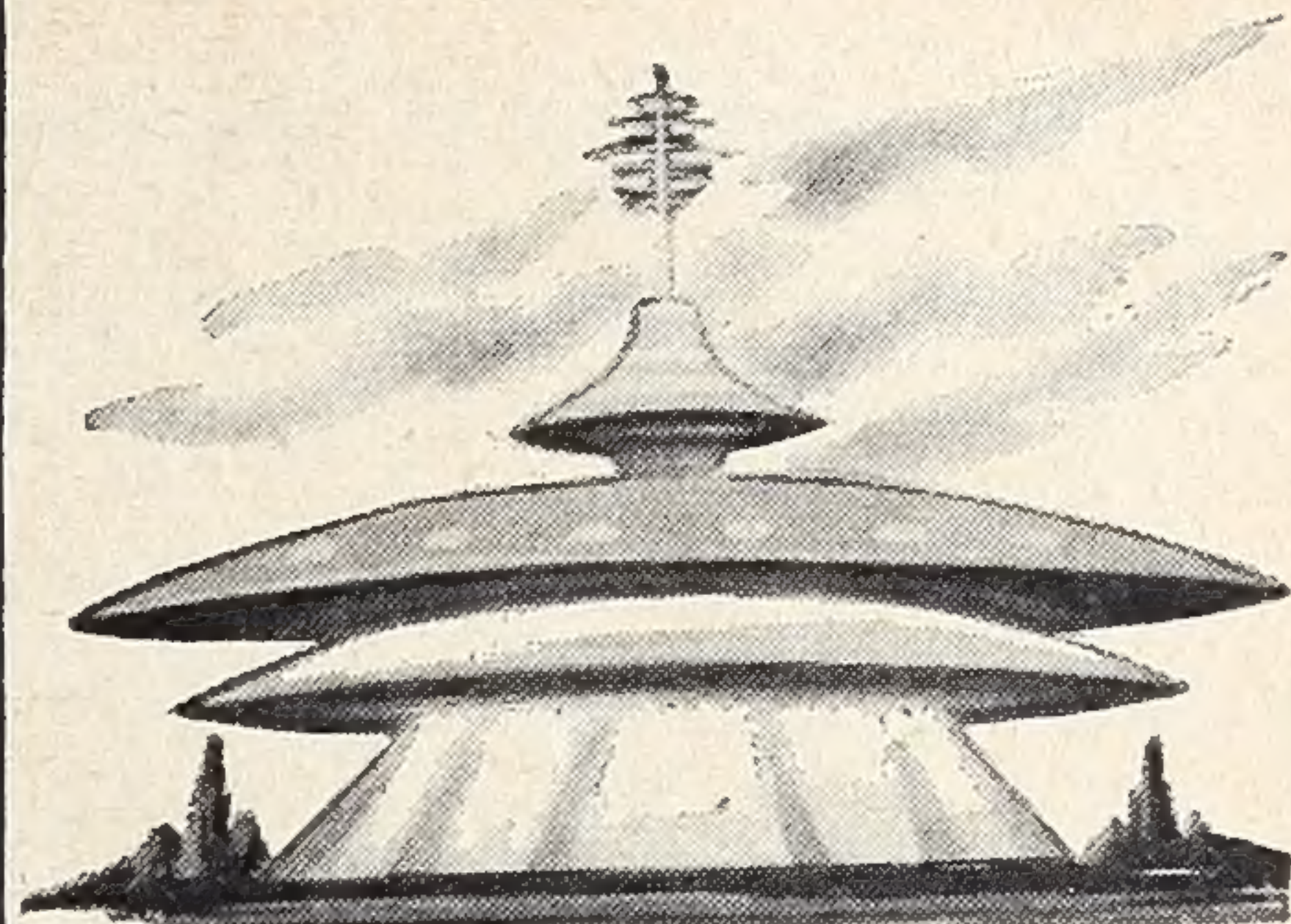
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Here are chartreuse skies, two moons, secret chasms... a garden of Eden ruled by a scientist-genius and his golden-haired daughter.



They control a giant robot that can think, speak 187 languages, create uranium or diamonds or a modish evening gown—and wreck an entire city on command.



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CINEMASCOPE

(MORE THAN A YEAR IN
PRODUCTION!)

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WALTER PIDGEON
ANNE FRANCIS
LESLIE NIELSEN
WITH WARREN STEVENS
AND INTRODUCING
ROBBY, THE ROBOT

SCREEN PLAY BY

PHOTOGRAPHED IN

DIRECTED BY

PRODUCED BY

CYRIL HUME • EASTMAN COLOR • FRED McLEOD WILCOX • NICHOLAS NAYFACK

Based on a Story by Irving Block and Allen Adler • AN M-G-M PICTURE

Smart girls never
go outdoors without it . . .

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And what a lot of smart girls there
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For nothing sets such long-lasting pin
curls, nothing holds your hair so smoothly
in place as SPRAY NET. Dampness won't
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your hair. Never leaves it sticky. Is
really invisible.

Be a smart girl, use SPRAY NET.

THREE SIZES:
New 69¢ size, Large \$1.25,
Giant \$1.89, all plus tax



Smart girls never set pin curls without it...



There are two SPRAY NET
formulas:

SUPER SOFT, without lacquer,
for gentle control . . .
REGULAR, for elaborate styles,
harder-to-manage hair.



Set your pin curls as you always
do. Then spray. And in that
misty swoosh: more body,
bounce, spring to your curls.



The longest-lasting curls that
ever brushed out to a silky soft-
ness. Last for days and days—
and then another day!

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

BATTLE STATIONS—Columbia. Directed by Lewis Seiler: *Father Joe McIntyre*, John Lund; *Buck Fitzpatrick*, William Bendix; *Chris Jordan*, Keefe Braselle; *The Captain*, Richard Boone; *Ensign Pete Kelly*, William Leslie; *Commander James Matthews*, John Craven; *"Squawk"*, Hewitt, James Lydon; *Marty Brennan*, Claude Akins; *Patrick Mosher*, George O'Hanlon; *Tom Short*, Eddie Foy III; *William Halsey*, Jack Dimond; *Archie Golder*, Chris G. Randall; *John Moody*, Robert Forrest; *Eddie*, Dick Catheart; *Lt. Hanson*, Gordon Howard.

BOTTOM OF THE BOTTLE, THE—20th. Directed by Henry Hathaway: *Donald Martin*, Van Johnson; *P.M.*, Joseph Cotten; *Nora Martin*, Ruth Roman; *Hal Breckinridge*, Jack Carson; *Lil Breckinridge*, Margaret Hayes; *Brand*, Bruce Bennett; *Stanley Miller*, Brad Dexter; *Ellen Miller*, Peggy Knudsen; *George Cady*, Jim Davis; *Hannah Cady*, Margaret Lindsay; *Mildred*, Nancy Gates; *Luis Romero*, Gonzales-Gonzales; *Jenkins*, John Lee; *Woman*, Shawn Smith; *Rancher*, Ted Griffin; *Lucy Grant*, Ernestine Barrier; *Grant*, Walter Woolf King; *Bit Girl*, Sandy Descher; *Bit Boy*, Kim Charney; *Girl*, Mimi Gibson; *Man*, Carleton Young; *Diaz's Wife*, Frances Dominguez; *Bit Man*, Orlando Belmont; *Mrs. Romero*, Maria M. Valerani; *Diaz*, George Trevino; *Emily*, Joanne Jordan; *Dancer*, Lee Gonzalez; *Priest*, George Anderson; *Rancher at Mission*, Leonard Sweeney, Jr.; *Rancher at Mission*, Peter O'Crotty; *Bit Cowboy*, Grissly Green; *Bit Man*, Louis Truax; *Bit Rancher at Mission*, Arthur Hansen, Jr.

COME NEXT SPRING—Republic. Directed by R. G. Springsteen: *Bess Ballot*, Ann Sheridan; *Matt Ballot*, Steve Cochran; *Jeff Storrs*, Walter Brennan; *Annie*, Sherry Jackson; *Abraham*, Richard Eyer; *Mr. Canary*, Edgar Buchanan; *Leroy Hytower*, Sonny Tufts; *Mr. Totter*, Harry Shannon; *Bob Storrs*, Rad Fulton; *Myrtle*, Mae Clarke; *Shorty Wilkins*, Roscoe Ates; *Delbert Meaner*, Wade Ruby; *Bill Jackson*, James Best.

CONQUEROR, THE—RKO. Directed by Dick Powell: *Temujin*, John Wayne; *Bortai*, Susan Hayward; *Jamuga*, Pedro Armendariz; *Hunlun*, Agnes Moorehead; *Targutai*, Leslie Bradley; *Kasar*, William Conrad; *Kumlek*, Ted de Corsia; *Wang Khan*, Thomas Gomez; *Shaman*, John Hoyt; *Chepei*, Lee Van Cleef; *Hochin*, Jeanne Gerson; *Bogurchi*, Peter Makos; *Subaya*, Fred Graham; *Tartar Captain*, Leo Gordon.

DOCTOR AT SEA—Rank, Republic. Directed by Ralph Thomas: *Simon*, Dirk Bogarde; *Helene Colbert*, Brigitte Bardot; *Muriel Mallet*, Brenda De Banzie; *Captain Hogg*, James Robertson Justice; *Captain Beamish*, Raymond Huntley; *Carpenter*, George Coulouris; *Corble*, Noel Purcell; *Easter*, Maurice Denham; *Trail*, Michael Medwin; *Archer*, Hubert Gregg; *Fellowes*, James Kenney; *Hornbeam*, Geoffrey Keen; *Jill*, Jill Adams; *Wendy*, Joan Sims; *Whimble*, Cyril Chamberlain; *Old Harry*, Abe Barker; *Jenkins*, Toke Townley; *Wilson*, Thomas Heathcote; *Sandyman*, Frederick Piper; *Jill's Father*, Michael Shepley; *Dr. Thomas*, Felix Felton; *Mrs. Thomas*, Joan Hickson; *Chief of Police*, Eugene Deckers; *Blonde*, Mary Laura Wood; *Phyllis*, Ekali Sokou.

LADYKILLERS, THE—Rank, Continental. Directed by Alexander Mackendrick: *The Professor*, Alec Guinness; *The Major*, Cecil Parker; *Louis*, Herbert Lom; *Harry*, Peter Sellers; *One-Round*, Danny Green; *Mrs. Wilberforce*, Katie Johnson; *Police Superintendent*, Jack Warner; *Barrow Boy*, Frankie Howard; *Police Sergeant*, Philip Stainton; *The Junkman*, Fred Griffiths; *The Cab Driver*, Kenneth Connor; *2nd Cab Driver*, Sam Kydd; *"The Girls"*, Phoebe Hodgson, Helene Burls, Edie Martin, Evelyn Kerry; *A Policeman*, Neil Wilson; *Constable in Police Station*, Ewan Roberts; *Burglar at Station*, Michael Corcoran; *Luggage Clerk*, Harold Goodwin; *Scotland Yard Man*, Jack Melford; *Constable*, Robert Moore; *Nervous Man*, John Rudling; *Large Lady*, Madge Brindley; *Miss Pringle*, Lucy Griffiths; *Pavement Artist*, Leonard Sharp.

LAST HUNT, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Richard Brooks: *Charles Gilson*, Robert Taylor; *Sandy McKenzie*, Stewart Granger; *Woodfoot*, Lloyd Nolan; *Indian Girl*, Debra Paget; *Jimmy*, Russ Tamblyn; *Peg*, Constance Ford; *Ed Black*, Joe DeSantis; *1st Buffalo Hunter*, Ainslie Pryor; *Indian Agent*, Ralph Moody; *Bartender*, Fred Graham; *Spotted Hand*, Ed Lonehill.

LIEUTENANT WORE SKIRTS, THE—20th. Directed by Frank Tashlin: *Gregory Whitcomb*, Tom Ewell; *Kathy Whitcomb*, Sheree North; *Sandra*, Rita Moreno; *Capt. Barney Sloan*, Rick Jason; *Henry Garton*, Les Tremayne; *Capt. Briggs*, Alice Reinheart; *Lt. Sweeney*, Gregory Walcott; *Joan Sweeney*, Joan Willes; *Takitoff*, Sylvia Lewis; *Major Dunning*, Edward Platt; *Buxom Date*, Jacqueline Fontaine; *Mr. Curtis*, Arthur Q. Bryan; *Sam*, Paul Glass; *Delivery Boy*, Keith Vincent; *Gloria*, Kathy Marlowe; *Roger Wilkins*, Joe Locke; *WAF Officer*, Bette Arlen; *Sentry*, Franklin James; *Officer at Gate*, Maury Hill; *WAF Sergeant*, Janice Carroll; *WAF*, Dorothy Gordon; *Gateman*, Ralph Sanford; *Chorus Girl*, Pat Marshall; *Comedian*, Sam Bagley.

LONE RANGER, THE—Warners. Directed by Stuart Heisler: *The Lone Ranger*, Clayton Moore; *Tonto*, **Continued**



BING DONALD
CROSBY · O'CONNOR
JEANMAIRE
MITZI **GAYNOR**
PHIL **HARRIS**

SONGS!
I GET A KICK
OUT OF YOU
ANYTHING GOES
YA GOTTA GIVE
THE PEOPLE HOKE
YOU'RE THE TOP
ALL THRU THE NIGHT
IT'S DE-LOVELY
A SECOND HAND TURBAN
AND A CRYSTAL BALL
BLOW, GABRIEL, BLOW
YOU CAN BOUNCE
RIGHT BACK



When these shining
stars sing and dance to
Cole Porter's
wonderful melodies...

ANYTHING GOES

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

VISTA/VISION
HI-DEFINITION PICTURE HIGH FIDELITY

Music and Lyrics by **COLE PORTER**
Produced by **ROBERT EMMETT DOLAN**
Directed by **ROBERT LEWIS**

Musical Numbers Staged by Nick Castle • Jeanmaire ballet and
"I Get A Kick Out Of You" Staged by Roland Petit



Screen Story and Screen Play by
SIDNEY SHELDON
From the Play by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse
(Revised by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse)
New Songs by Sammy Cahn and James Van Heusen
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

For today's Naturally beautiful look

- POND'S Cold Cream

No other cleanser...

cleanses more deeply

Pond's Cold Cream cleanses by *molecular action*. Tiny molecules of pure oils and moisture work down deep where dirt hides, and float it out.

removes make-up more completely

Some cleansers remove *oily* make-up. Others remove *dry* make-up and powder. Pond's Cold Cream removes *both*. Leaves pore-openings really unclogged, *free*.

corrects dryness faster... makes skin lovelier

Pond's quick-penetrating creaminess *instantly* restores vital oils and moisture to dried-out flaky skin. Keeps skin looking satin-soft, fresh and *young*.



The Duchess of Rutland

The charming young Duchess is one of the real beauties in England today.

"The basis of my beauty care is a thorough clearing each night with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It is perfection."

Complete beauty care
in only 3 minutes a day

Start with a glowing-clean skin! Take less than 3 minutes each night to deep-cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. You'll be joyfully aware that *nothing* has ever left your skin so immaculate, so smooth!



For the freshest looking make-up smooth on a sheer, protecting base of Pond's Vanishing Cream! It's greaseless... never streaks, never discolors, gives a lovely natural make-up that *really* lasts.

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

continued

Jay Silverheels; *Reece Kilgore*, Lyle Bettger; *Welcome*, Bonita Granville; *Ramirez*, Perry Lopez; *Cassidy*, Robert Wilke; *Sheriff Kimberly*, John Pickard; *Lila*, Beverly Washburn; *Angry Horse*, Michael Ansara; *Red Hawk*, Frank de Kova; *The Governor*, Charles Meredith; *Powder*, Mickey Simpson; *Goss*, Zon Murray; *Whitebeard*, Lane Chandler.

MEET ME IN LAS VEGAS—M-G-M. Directed by Roy Rowland: *Chuck Rodwell*, Dan Dailey; *Maria Corvier*, Cyd Charisse; *Miss Hattie*, Agnes Moorehead; *Sari Hatvany*, Lili Darvas; *Tom Culdane*, Jim Backus; *Lotzi*, Oscar Karlweis; *Lilli*, Liliane Montevecchi; *Kelly Donovan*, Cara Williams; *Young Groom*, George Kerris; *Young Bride*, Betty Lynn; *Croupier*, Benny Rubin; *Themselves*, The Slate Brothers; *Conductor*, Pete Rugolo; *Specialty Dancer*, John Brascia; *Worried Boss*, John Harding; *Meek Husband*, Jack Daly; *Bossy Wife*, Henny Backus; *Guest Stars*, Jerry Colonna, Paul Henreid, Lena Horne, Frankie Laine, Mitsuko Sawamura.

MIRACLE IN THE RAIN—Warners. Directed by Rudolph Maté: *Ruth Wood*, Jane Wyman; *Arthur Hugonon*, Van Johnson; *Millie Kranz*, Peggie Castle; *Stephen Jalonik*, Fred Clark; *Grace Ullman*, Eileen Heckart; *Agnes Wood*, Josephine Hutchinson; *Harry Wood*, William Gargan; *Young Priest*, Paul Picerni; *A Waiter*, Marcel Dalio; *1st Head Waiter*, George Givot; *Arleene Witchy*, Barbara Nichols; *Eli B. Windgate*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Sgt. Gil Parker*, Alan King; *Mrs. Hamer*, Irene Seidner; *Monty*, Arte Johnson; *Mrs. Rickles*, Marian Holmes.

NEVER SAY GOODBYE—U-I. Directed by Jerry Hopper; *Dr. Michael Carrington*, Rock Hudson; *Lisa*, Cornell Borchers; *Victor*, George Sanders; *Dr. Bailey*, Ray Collins; *Dave*, David Janssen; *Suzy Carrington*, Shelley Fabares; *Dr. Kelly Andrews*, Raymond Greenleaf; *Dr. Barnes*, Frank Wilcox.

RED SUNDOWN—U-I. Directed by Jack Arnold: *Alec*, Rory Calhoun; *Pat*, Martha Hyer; *Jade*, Dean Jagger; *Rufus Henshaw*, Robert Middleton; *Purvis*, James Millican; *Maria*, Lita Baron; *Swann*, Grant Williams; *Sam Baldwin*, Trevor Bardette; *Hughie*, Dave Kasday; *Chuck*, Stevie Wootton; *Rod*, Leo Gordon; *Bert Flynn*, Steve Darrell; *Zellman #1*, John Carpenter; *Zellman #2*, Henry Wills; *Zellman #3*, Alex Sharp.

RICHARD III—Lopert Films. Directed by Laurence Olivier: *King Edward IV*, Cedric Hardwicke; *Archbishop of Canterbury*, Nicholas Hannen; *Richard III*, Laurence Olivier; *Buckingham*, Ralph Richardson; *Clarence*, John Gielgud; *Queen Elizabeth*, Mary Kerridge; *Jane Shore*, Pamela Brown; *Prince of Wales*, Paul Huson; *Page to Richard III*, Stewart Allen; *Lady Anne*, Claire Bloom; *1st Priest*, Russell Thorndike; *1st Monk*, Wally Bascoe; *2nd Monk*, Norman Fisher; *Brakenbury*, Andrew Cruickshank; *Rivers*, Clive Morton; *Scrivener*, Terence Greenidge; *Catesby*, Norman Wooland; *Hastings*, Alec Clunes; *Grey*, Dan Cunningham; *Dorset*, Douglas Wilmer; *Stanley*, Laurence Naismith; *The Murderers*, Dighton, Michael Gough; *Forrest*, Michael Ripper; *Duchess of York*, Helen Haye; *Young Duke of York*, Andy Shine; *Abbot*, Roy Russell; *Lord Mayor of London*, George Woodbridge; *Ratcliffe*, Esmond Knight; *Lovel*, John Laurie; *Messenger to Hastings*, Peter Williams; *Hastings' Hostler*, Timothy Bateson; *2nd Priest*, Willoughby Gray; *Scrubwoman*, Anne Wilton; *Beadle*, Bill Shine; *1st Clergyman*, Derek Prentice; *2nd Clergyman*, Deering Wells; *George Stanley*, Richard Bennett; *Tyrrell*, Patrick Troughton; *1st Messenger*, Brian Nissen; *2nd Messenger*, Alexander Davion; *3rd Messenger*, Lane Meddick; *4th Messenger*, Robert Bishop; *Norfolk*, John Phillips; *Henry Tudor*, Earl of Richmond, Stanley Baker.

SAMURAI—Homel, F.A. Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki: *Takezo (Musashi)*, Toshiro Mifune; *Otsu*, Kaoru Yachigusa; *Matahachi*, Rentaro Mikuni; *Akemi*, Mariko Okada; *Takuan, the Priest*, Kuroemon Onoe; *Okio*, Mitsuko Mito; *Osugi*, Eiko Miyoshi.

SEA SHALL NOT HAVE THEM, THE—U.A. Directed by Lewis Gilbert: *Air Commodore Waltby*, Michael Redgrave; *Flight Sergeant Mackay*, Dirk Bogarde; *Flying Officer Treherne*, Anthony Steel; *Flight Sergeant Slingsby*, Nigel Patrick; *Sergeant Kirby*, Bonar Colleano; *Flying Officer Harding*, Jack Watling; *Corporal Skinner*, James Kenney; *Corporal Robb*, Sydney Tafler; *A.C.2 Milliken*, Ian Whittaker; *Kirby's Fiancée*, Ann Gudrun; *Mrs. Waltby*, Rachel Kempson; *Hilda Tebbitt*, Joan Sims; *Tebbitt*, George Rose; *Gus Westover*, Victor Maddern; *Botterill*, Michael Ripper; *Knox*, Glyn Houston; *Robinson*, Jack Taylor; *Dray*, Michael Balfour.

SLIGHTLY SCARLET—RKO. Directed by Allan Dwan: *Ben Grace*, John Payne; *Dorothy Lyons*, Arlene Dahl; *June Lyons*, Rhonda Fleming; *Frank Jensen*, Kent Taylor; *Sol Caspar*, Ted de Corsia; *Gauss*, Lance Fuller; *Dave Dietz*, Frank Gerstle; *Lenhardt*, Buddy Baer; *Roos*, George E. Stone; *Martha*, Ellen Corby; *Norman B. Marlow*, Roy Gordon.

WORLD IN MY CORNER—U-I. Directed by Jesse Hibbs: *Tommy Shea*, Audie Murphy; *Dorothy Mallinson*, Barbara Rush; *Robert T. Mallinson*, Jeff Morrow; *Dave Bernstein*, John McIntire; *Ray Kacsmerek*, Tommy Rall; *Harry Cram*, Howard St. John; *Steve Carelli*, Chico Vejar; *Parker*, Cisco Andrade.

The
Sin-Street
Bombshell
who kept
getting
married...



A story of people...

picked by
fate out

of a city's

millions

to be touched

and changed

by a chance

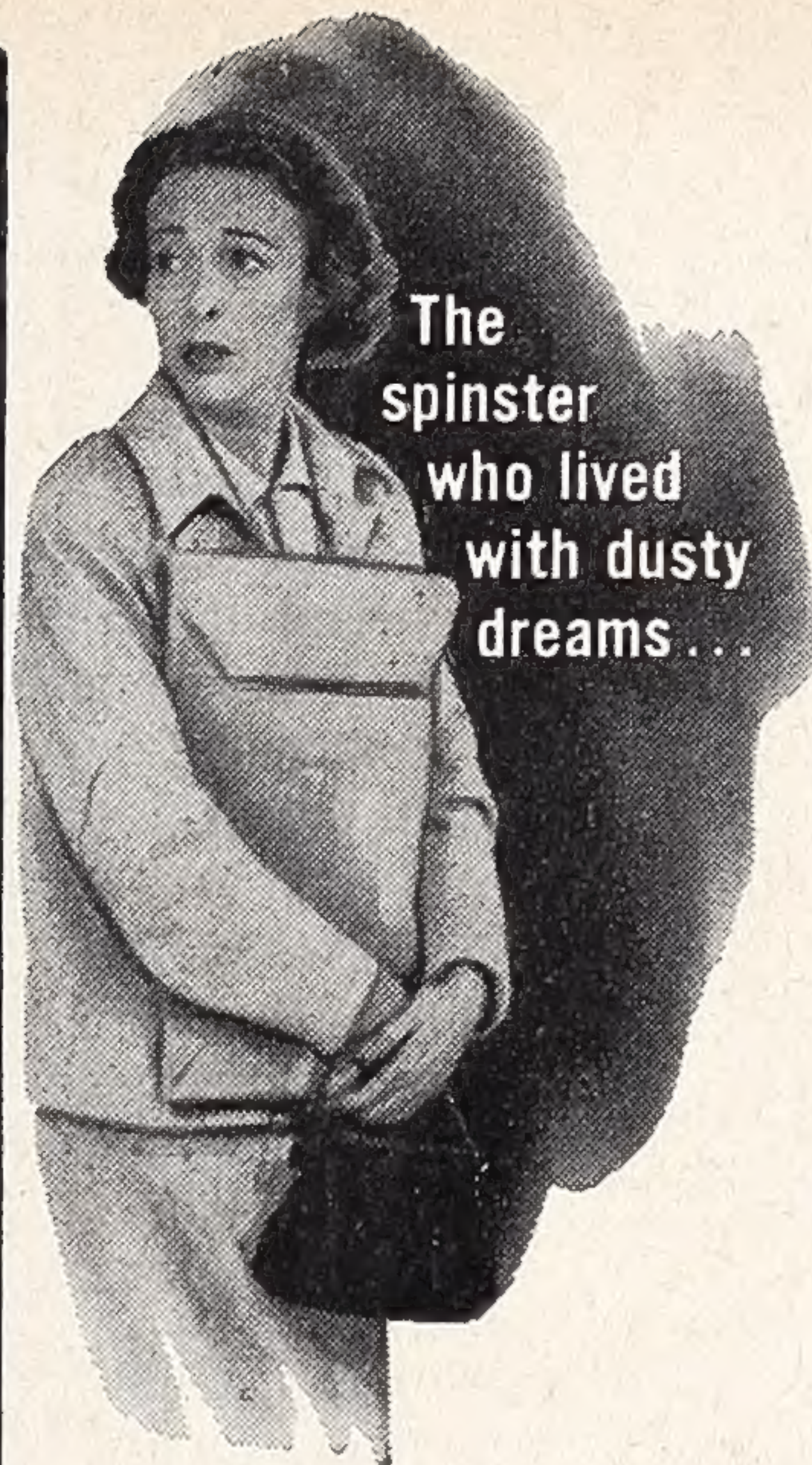
meeting that

starts with a

kiss in the

rain...

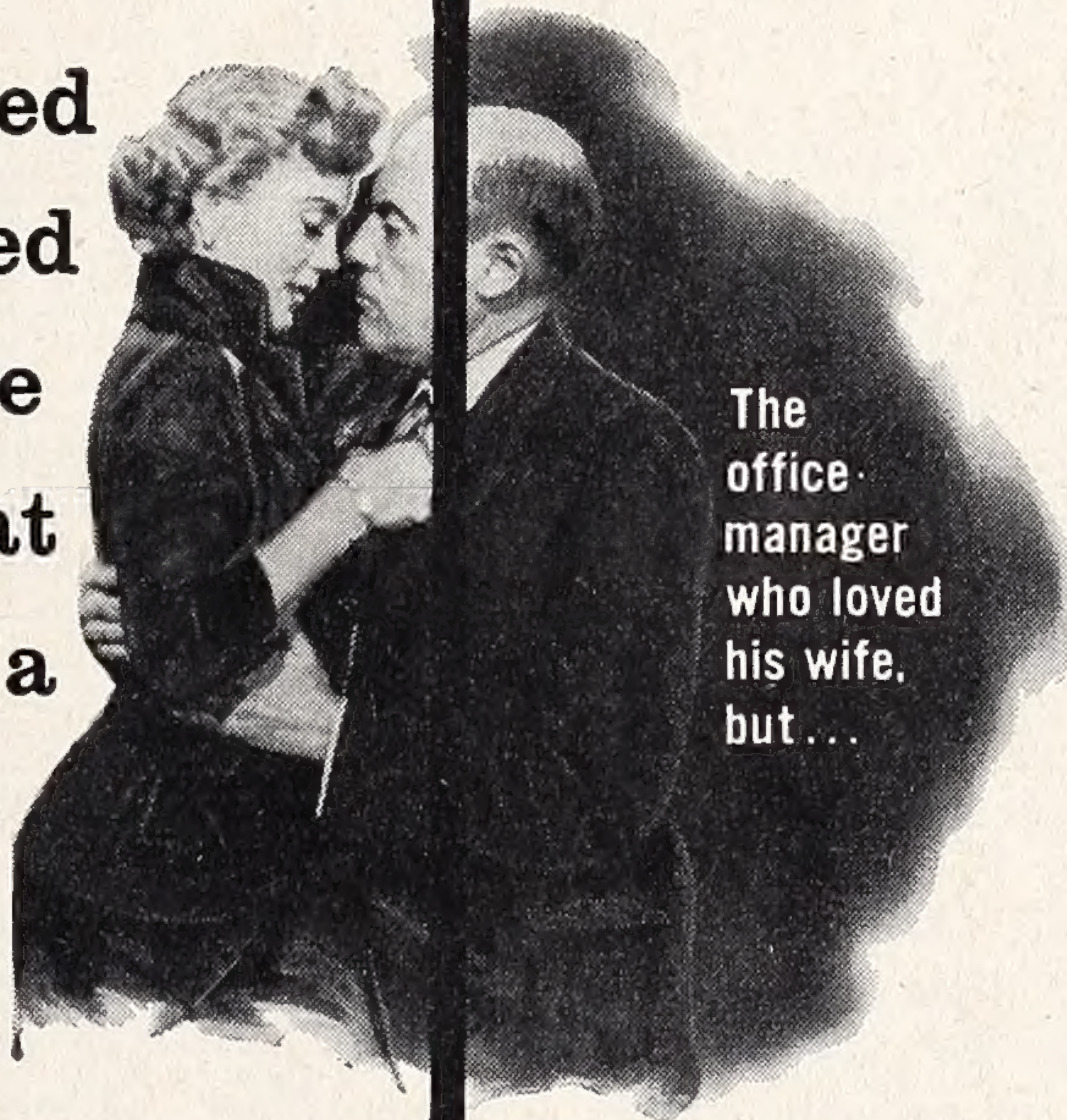
The
spinster
who lived
with dusty
dreams...



The
honky-tonk
piano player
who went
from
blues
to booze...



The
office
manager
who loved
his wife,
but...



"You
don't
know
much
about
men,
do you
Ruth?"



SEVENTEEN
selects it March
"Picture of the Month!"

The lonely girl and the soldier —
a street-corner pick-up that became
a miracle of love!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

JANE WYMAN AND VAN JOHNSON "Miracle in the Rain"

WITH PEGGIE CASTLE • FRED CLARK • EILEEN HECKART • JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON • ALAN KING

NOVEL AND SCREEN PLAY BY BEN HECHT • PRODUCED BY FRANK P. ROSENBERG • DIRECTED BY RUDOLPH MATE • MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY FRANZ WAXMAN



BY EDITH GWYNN



Frank stole the sidewalk show! Dorothy Dandridge, Sinatra and Judy Garland entertain fans at "Man with a Golden Arm" preem in Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

Two big preems of two fine films with downbeat themes were sure *up-beat* in the matter of star attendance. First came "I'll Cry Tomorrow," with Susan Hayward's Oscar-bait performance thrilling everyone. A few nights later came the opening of "The Man With the Golden Arm," which unquestionably established Frank Sinatra as one of the finest dramatic actors Hollywood has ever harbored. Susie Hayward was in a party with singer Lillian Roth, whose life she portrays in "Cry." Liberace wore red suede shoes that night and a red bow tie, but didn't take the fashion spotlight from such celebs as Debbie and Eddie Fisher, Russ Tamblyn and his cute fiancée, Venetia Stevenson, the Dana Andrewses, the Paul Henreids, Julie Adams and Ray Danton, and scores more.

Turnout for "Golden Arm" was really something, with Frank Sinatra,

who arrived stag, getting a whooping roar from the crowds. Kim Novak, who attains real stardom in this one, couldn't be there because she was in the East, but Eleanor Parker was on hand with hubby Paul Clemens. Rhonda Fleming, fresh home from Europe, sported a low, low cut leopard-skin gown! A very plump Judy Garland, with Sid Luft, wore high-necked ruby satin and a dark mink wrap. Most of the crowd gathered for a supper dance later at Romanoffs—hosted by director Otto Preminger.

Among the parties enjoyed was a "cocktail-ball" given by writer-producer Charles Brackett and his Mrs. They cleared out all the furniture from their large living room, tossed in a small band for the hundred-plus guests who sipped and danced from late afternoon well through the evening. Carol Ohmart was there with Paul Millard,

Bob Stack with Rosemary Bowe, Fred MacMurray and June Haver. The Rock Hudsons, Bob Wagner, stag, Richard Egan, stag, Rita Moreno and the John Lunds were others I glimpsed there.

Benay Venuta and Fred Clark gave a huge cocktail-through-dinner party at which Judy Holliday held court in a pale gray, heavily beaded tight sheath. She talked show business with some of the tops—the Milton Berles, Barry Sullivans, John Irelands. Rod Steiger was with Valerie French. Nancy Sinatra, chic as always, wore a tight-bodied, full-skirted green taffeta.

Other doings included the housewarming Debbie and Eddie Fisher had for "a few thousand chums" in their first home. . . . Marge and Gower Champion had a glittery crowd for their opening at the Cocomanut Grove and tossed a "Welcome Home" party later for Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, fresh back from months abroad. . . . Peggy King's opening at the Mocambo was real gala, with "boss" George Gobel introducing her with a witty preamble. Peg's date was Jeff Hunter, but Peg's ex, Knobby Lee, flew in for the event. Others there included Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell, Gary Crosby, Joan Collins and Arthur Loew, Jr., Debbie and Eddie, the Spike Joneses, and Sid Chaplin (who used to be Joan Collins' steady). Pretty much the same crowd showed up for Mocambo's fifteenth anniversary shindig a couple of weeks later—plus Dana Wynter and Greg Bautzer, the Gordon MacRaes, and George Jessel, beaung Peggy King. . . . A gay cocktail affair and buffet dinner ushered in the new Versailles Restaurant on the Sunset Strip. The men flocked about curvaceous Barbara Nichols (who has a good role with Jane Wyman in "Miracle in the Rain"), but Jody Lawrence (you'll see her in "The Leather Saint" with John Derek) also made a hit. Susie Hayward was there with Hal Hayes.



Debbie and Eddie—still with that honeymoon glow—at "I'll Cry Tomorrow" preem, with George Jessel

Russ Tamblyn and cute fiancée, Venetia Stevenson. A model, she's just been signed to movie contract





Important Milestones in Modern Medicine: 1796—Triumph Over Contagious Diseases. First inoculation by Dr. Jenner
1848—Triumph Over Pain. Dr. Morton's discovery of ether. 1929—Triumph Over Bacterial Infections. Fleming discovers penicillin.

Now—1956—Procter & Gamble proudly announces . . .

TRIUMPH OVER TOOTH DECAY

Crest Toothpaste with Fluoristan
strengthens tooth enamel to lock out decay from within

FLUORISTAN IS PROCTER & GAMBLE'S EXCLUSIVE FLUORIDE COMPOUND—FAR SUPERIOR TO FLUORIDE ALONE



Miracle of the Towns Without Toothaches. For years, children in certain towns were virtually without cavities. Nature's decay-preventive, *fluoride*, was in their drinking water!



Science Long Tried to Put Fluoride in a toothpaste. At last, university scientists discovered *Fluoristan*, exclusive fluoride compound, *far superior to fluoride alone*.



Fluoristan Makes Possible Crest. Without Fluoristan, you cannot get maximum protection against tooth decay with a toothpaste. Protects teeth of adults and children, six and over.



Dentists Tested Crest for three years, on 5,673 people. Crest set records of decay prevention *never equalled by any other toothpaste*. Blocks out bad breath as it locks out decay!

IMPORTANT

Crest with Fluoristan is the only toothpaste ever developed that makes possible a major reduction in tooth decay, for people of all ages. Thereby, Crest marks the turning point in man's age-old struggle against this almost universal disease.

Instead of waiting helplessly for cavities to strike, Crest now makes it possible for you to build strong defenses against decay *within teeth themselves* . . . to actually *fortify* teeth so that they turn back the destructive attacks of decay (as opposed to the old-fashioned method of depositing a temporary coating of protection on the surface of teeth). With Crest, your family approaches the long dreamed-of day of healthy, decay-free teeth



Fluoristan is a trademark for Procter & Gamble's exclusive fluoride tooth decay fighter

WORLD'S GREATEST WEAPON AGAINST TOOTH DECAY

YOO HOO!

...it's for YOU!



It's the **LONGEST WEARING** nail polish of all...
in a daisy-fresh, dazzling variety of pinks and corals,
reds and roses...every lovely color under the sun...
all at your favorite **CUTEX** counter!

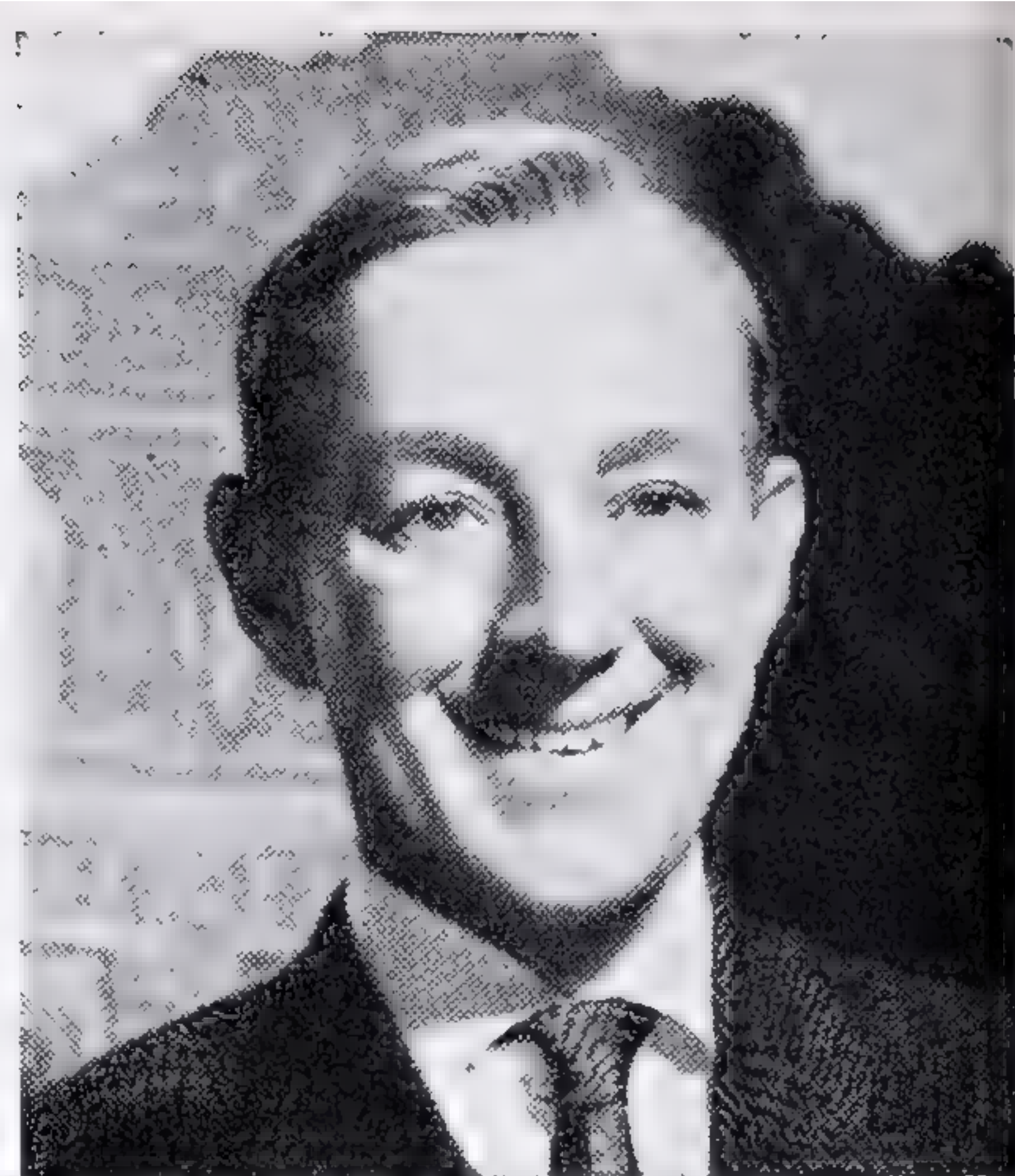
WHY PAY MORE? Tests with nail polishes that *cost over twice the price* prove Cutex with Enamelon wears best! This amazing ingredient "jewels" fingertips with a lasting sparkle that protects against detergents and hard knocks...defies chipping and peeling! So easy to apply too, because of the superior nylon brush! In the safe Spillpruf bottle, 29¢.

For matching lips...

**CUTEX SHEER
LANOLIN LIPSTICK, 59¢**
So creamy, so lasting,
you'll hardly believe your
own lips!



CUTEX



● Making his Hollywood debut in "The Swan," Alec Guinness is neatly cast as Grace Kelly's movie prince. His unassuming manner doesn't show it, but he's a high-ranking member of acting royalty, with a solid fan following built by comedies like "The Captain's Paradise" and "The Ladykillers." Incredibly versatile, capable of powerful drama ("The Prisoner"), Alec once played eight roles in one movie, "Kind Hearts and Coronets."

Still, American fans had no trouble recognizing Alec Guinness on the street. Too often, he admits ruefully, "People would come up and say, 'Aren't you Alex McGuinness?' I'm resigned to that. I'd say, 'Yes.'" Another common reaction: "But you're much taller than I thought you were!" And a maid in a New York hotel, entering his suite, let the laundry fall and exclaimed, "You're much shorter than I thought you were!"

Actually, the great Guinness is pleasantly average in height (five feet nine) and appearance (quizzically sharp features, receding blond hair, friendly blue eyes). Off the job, Alec lives like a moderately successful businessman, with his wife, ex-actress Merula Salaman, and their fifteen-year-old son, Matthew. Their real home is a small country house they built last year, in the South of England. Merula's the gardener in the family, also an accomplished painter; but her husband's only hobby is fooling with a movie camera.

Young Matt, too, has a flair for painting. A ringer for his dad, he played the hero as a boy in Alec's "The Promoter," but the experience didn't commit him to an acting career. "Like any boy his age," Alec explains, "he has a new ambition each year."

In that respect, Alec Guinness himself wasn't average. London-born (on April 2, 1914), Alec decided while he was in his teens exactly what he wanted to do. He wanted to act. He was told that he had no talent, but at twenty-four he was playing *Hamlet* with London's famous Old Vic Company. A World War II stint in the Royal Navy interrupted his career—and gave him a chilly introduction to America. Assigned as captain of a landing craft

Alec the Great

*Great actor, great guy—
that's England's Guinness*

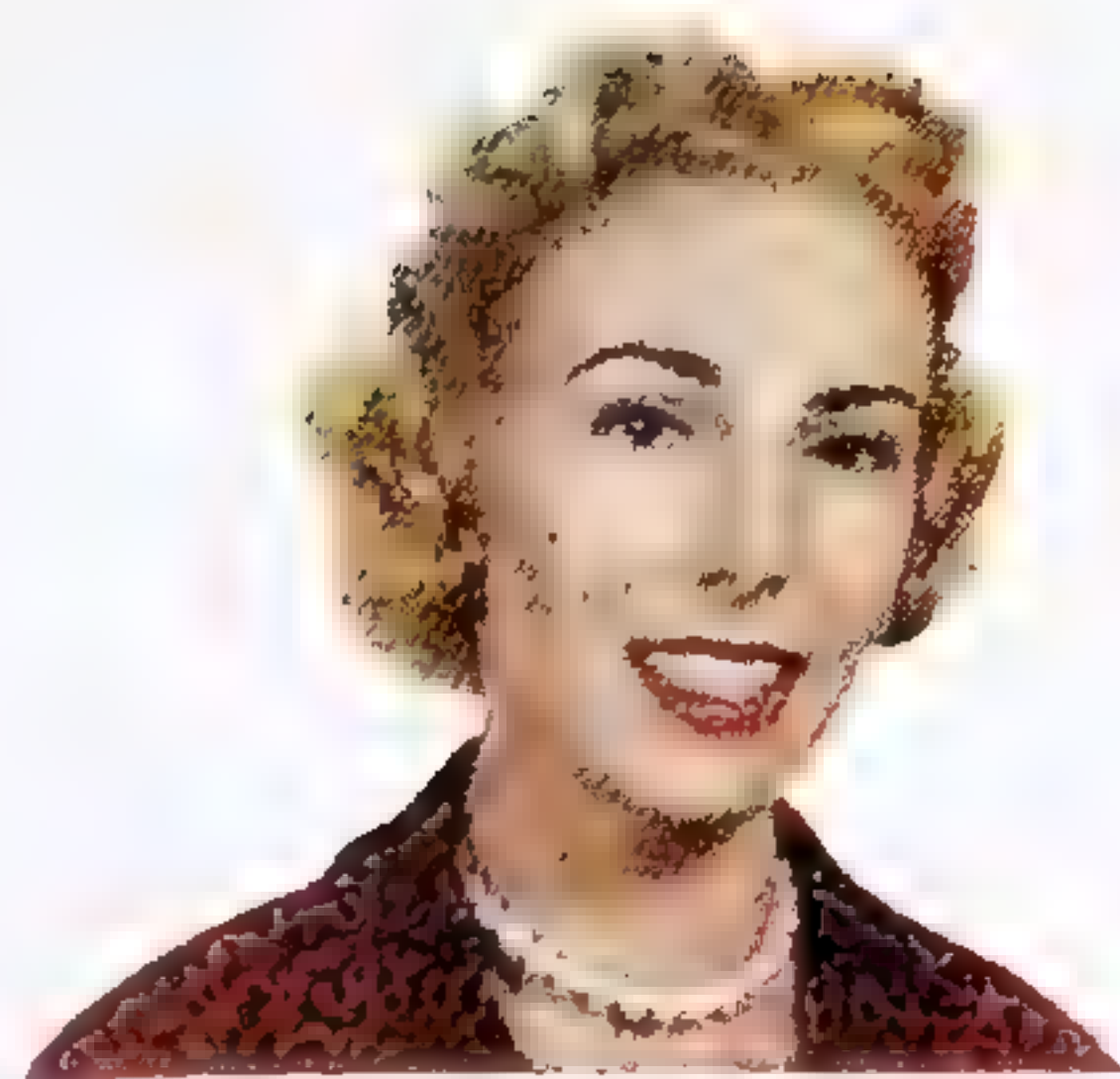
built in Boston, he went there with his crew and was met by sub-zero temperatures. The unlucky ship was icebound in the Cape Cod Canal, arrived in Brooklyn with decks sheathed in ice, eventually sank in an Adriatic hurricane, stranding Alec and crew in Italy.

At the war's end, Alec again found a safe harbor in the theatre, and his first movie, "Great Expectations," set him on the road to international fame. Partnership with another world-famous star finally lured him to Hollywood. Making M-G-M's "The Swan" with Grace Kelly, he found her "very sweet, a real professional." He had only one occasion to reproach her, after hearing about her engagement to Prince Rainier. "You certainly led us up the garden path!" he accused. (In American—kept us fooled.) "I promise you," Grace told her co-star, "I promise you, by everything that's sacred to me—I didn't know about it myself until after the holidays."

It was inevitable that Grace and Alec should become friends as well as co-stars. Guinness fans may think they admire him just as an actor. The truth is that Alec's own personality comes through all his varied roles. Whether he's a mythical-kingdom prince, a church dignitary or a hilariously sinister crook, you can't help liking him.



Alec thought co-star Grace Kelly of "The Swan" had her co-workers fooled

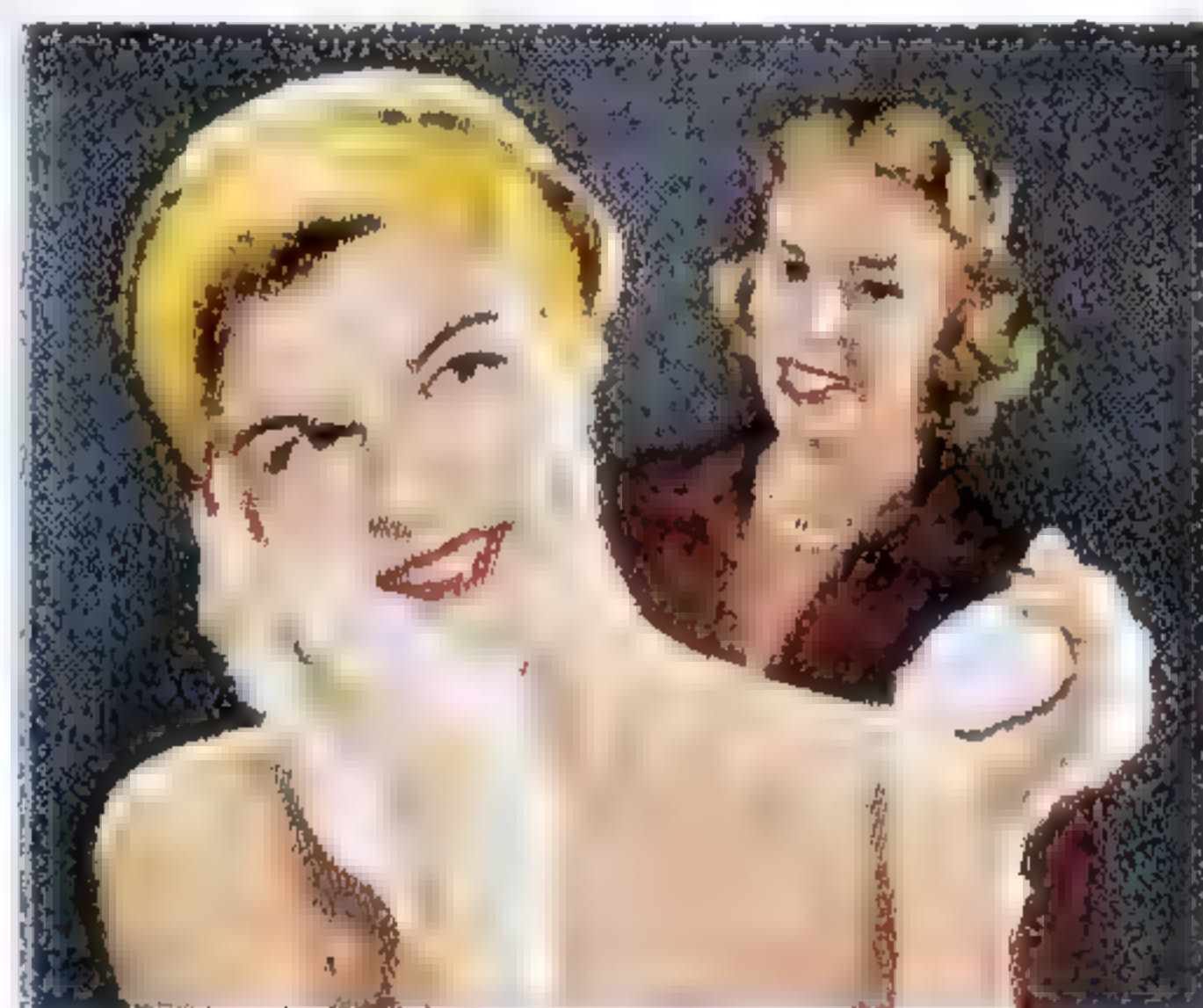


Candy Jones
BEAUTY DIRECTOR,
CONOVER SCHOOL, NEW YORK *says*

"Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"



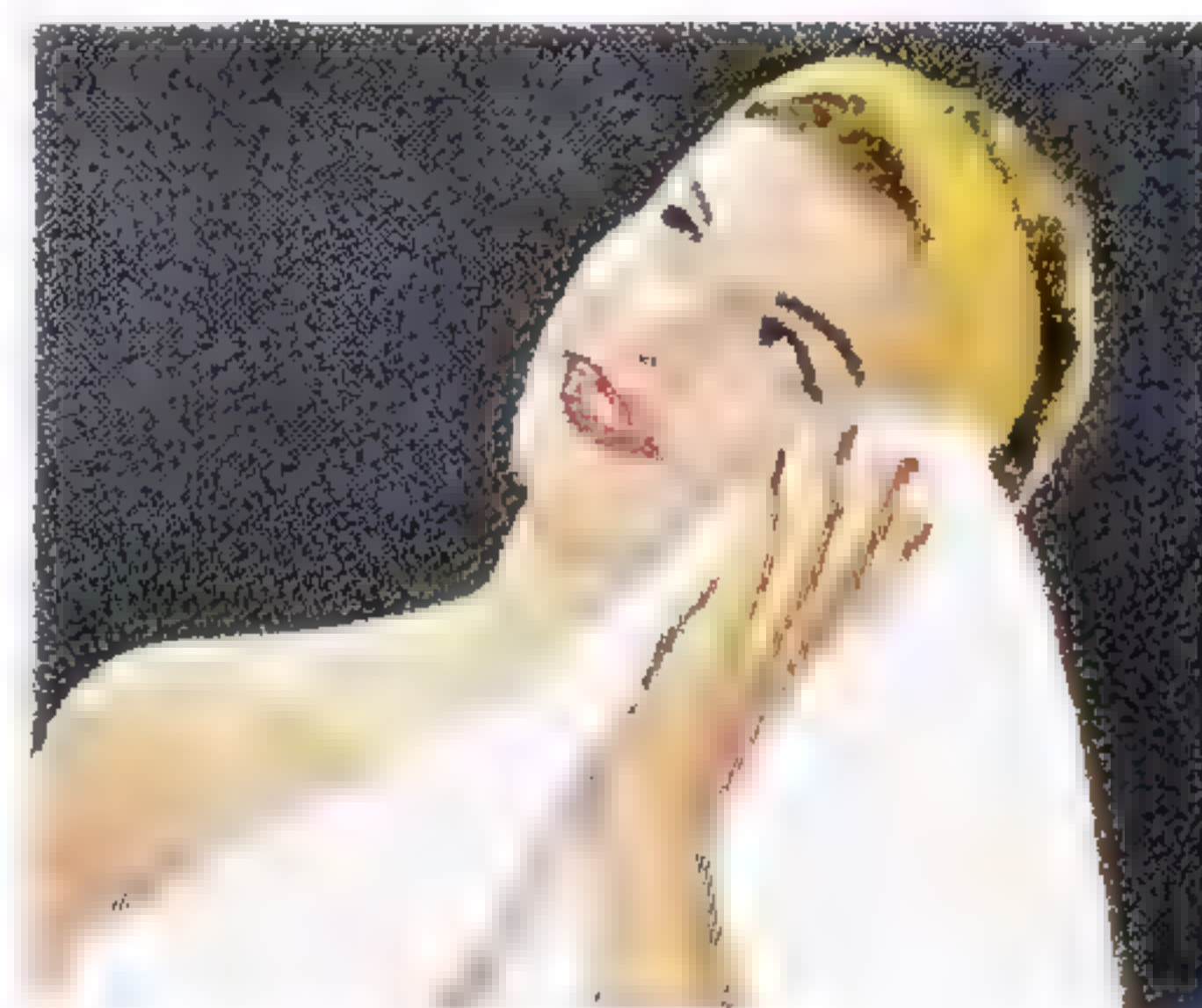
"Regular beauty care is good business, and with Cashmere Bouquet it's so easy. Watch your skin thrive on its 3-way beauty care!" says Candy Jones.



Cleans cleaner than creams. Your skin is so much cleaner when you use Cashmere Bouquet! No cream film!



Stimulates with no astringent sting, when you stroke Cashmere Bouquet's mild lather over your skin.



Softens without lotion stickiness. Leaves normal, dry or oily skin naturally softer and smoother!

it gives your skin 3-way beauty care!

You can forget about greasy cleansing creams, sticky lotions, and stinging astringents! Because now, with just a cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap, you can give your skin the beauty care of famous Conover students. This wonderful 3-way beauty care actually *cleans cleaner than creams . . . stimulates gently, softens and smooths your skin, too.* Just like using a whole

row of beauty products . . . but so much quicker and easier. Start today and watch *your* skin thrive!



REGULAR
OR BIG BATH SIZE



"I'm in love
with my new Spring face!"

Naturally fresh-faced, delicate,
young—that's why more girls
choose the flattery of Angel Face
over all other make-ups!

Today—do yourself over for Spring!
Smooth on today's most bewitching
make-up. It's soft as Spring and twice
as fresh—Angel Face by Pond's!

Not a drying cake powder!

Not a heavy, greasy make-up!

Angel Face is a miracle blend of finest-
milled powder and smoothing *vaporized*
beauty oils. So, of course it goes on more
evenly...clings much, much longer...
and is never one bit drying.

No Spring tonic like it! In 5 seconds,
you feel perfectly lovely—because you
look so lovely—in Angel Face!

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Angel Face
by
POND'S

Perfect go-everywhere make-up!

You'll love Angel Face in this handsome
ivory-and-golden Mirror Case, at left.
Or in the new square pink "Date" Case,
just 79¢*. And do see the new blue
plastic vanity at 59¢*. Choice of
8 delectable skin tones! *plus tax

Your letters answered by

SPRING BYINGTON



WHAT SHOULD I DO?

The following letters were received by Spring Byington.

We're letting you read them—and her answers.

If you have a problem, why not let her help you?

EDITOR'S NOTE: Beginning with this issue, Spring Byington, star of CBS-TV's popular program, *December Bride*, will conduct a monthly advice column devoted to you, the reader, and any problem you may wish to share with her. A veteran star of stage, screen, radio and now television, Miss Byington will draw from her varied and extensive background—as an actress, wife, mother, grandmother and mother-in-law—in presenting her thoughtful and helpful advice. Address your letters to her, in care of Box 3101, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Q I am a twenty-one-year-old girl, very much attracted to a man of twenty-eight. I have known him quite well for the last four years (we work in adjacent offices), although I have been dating him on Saturdays for only the last four months. I think I am in love with him, but I hate to admit it even to myself, for I'm afraid I may be building myself up for a big let-down.

You see, he has never let me know what his intentions are. He brings me candy and flowers often, and talks of buying a new car so that we can make all-day motor trips. On the other hand, he seems thrilled about a probable promotion in his job

which will take him to another city over a thousand miles away. He has never even asked obliquely if I would care when he was transferred.

I'm not an actress and I don't believe in putting on airs with him. If I go to a party without him—which is rarely—he knows about it, and if I sit at home every night for a week, he knows that, too. I think he should know where he stands with me, even though I've never really told him, but I'm a lady in the dark when it comes to handling him.

Sometimes I think that if I told him I liked him it would be more encouraging to him. On the other hand, it seems to me that a man with his looks, personality, and future must have scads of girls interested in him, and I think that letting him know how I feel would make me just one of the bunch.

Can you tell me just what stand a girl should take when she isn't sure of what's on her beau's mind? Just what should I take for granted, and if it is my move, what should that move be?

ETHELYN T.

A I enjoyed your letter, Miss T., because it's thoughtful and intelligent. You are definitely no fool, and you realize that there is some elusive truth about the relationship between a man and a girl that is, at the moment, unknown to you. Good for you, to have sensed that fact.

It seems to me that the key to your problem is this: challenge.

As things stand now, you present no challenge to this man. He knows where you are most of the time, apparently, so there is no slightest element of mystery

in your relationship. You are there, always available.

Although you may not realize it yourself, you seem to have a subconscious conviction of his superiority, which means automatically that you depreciate your own worth. Don't ever do that. Remember always that you are unique, that there never has been, and never will be another you.

Most men, and many women, live life on a stairway. Men like to climb, to advance, to exert themselves to attain a goal, whether that goal is, at the moment, a professional advance or a woman. It behooves a woman, then, to remain a few steps upward, so the man must elevate himself to her level.

One of my favorite stories, which pungently illustrates my point here, has to do with a famous beauty who met a man who had been feted, wine, and dined by the great of the world. He had always been able to choose the most exquisite, the most talented, the most desirable women, so the lady in question would have had every right to be impressed by his attention.

Yet, when he said, "You are very lovely to look at," she answered with warm sweetness, "What a charming compliment. I appreciate it, and yet—from you—I had expected something more subtle."

He married the girl, and I wish for you an equally happy result of presenting this gentleman with a challenge.

Q I am fifteen years of age and I have a smaller sister who is eleven. We are nothing alike at all, and I have never been able to understand how sisters in the same

Continued



Exquisite Form
gives you

X* APPEAL

(X* GLAMOUR PLUS COMFORT)

The most fitting Bra for a fabulous blouse
... **FLOATING ACTION** with action-free tangent straps!



For pure bliss under *any* blouse, you need the gentle beauty-lift of a Floating Action bra. The fabulous tangent straps hold up the whole bra (*not* just the cups!) because they're cleverly anchored at the sides. That's why you never have a whit of strain on bosom or shoulder. That's why your rounded, uplifted curves *stay* up. So for X* appeal in your Spring finery, try Floating Action, *soon*!

Bandeau and longline styles in luxurious fabrics for daytime and evening. Shown: white cotton broadcloth bandeau;
A, B, C cups \$2.50, D cup \$3.50.

Exquisite Form
brassieres give you X* appeal

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

continued

family could be so completely different. Well, our family went away for the weekend, and our grandmother stayed with us. One afternoon we went into the attic for something to take to a church rummage sale. While looking around, we found some love letters Dad had written to Mother—and we also found some adoption papers. It seems that both of us were adopted, but we have never been told.

My adopted sister, who is not very mature, says she doesn't see what difference it makes. We were tiny babies when they took us, and she says we wouldn't have known our own parents at that age, so she thinks it's just fine, and parents are parents no matter how a person got them. She likes our parents very much.

I am not very happy at home because our parents are so terribly, terribly strict. I have to be in at a certain time, and I have to do certain chores for my allowance, and I can stay up late only about once a month. I think I would be happier with my real parents.

I know from what state we were taken and all of that, and I have been wondering if I shouldn't get in touch with the place where I was adopted and try to find my real parents.

MAUREEN B.

A My grandmother used to say "Distant firewood is good firewood." This is just another way of saying "The fields are green far away."

The idea that has sprung into your mind, upon your discovery, Maureen, is that your natural parents would be more lenient, more indulgent, more easily bent to your desires. In ten years, you will have seen enough of the world to smile at such a notion.

At your age you are just beginning to realize that the world isn't run to suit you; it is a period of vast frustration. One has a dawning perception that "I am I," but one has not yet realized that everyone else has exactly the same sense of individual importance and dignity, and that the word "maturity" means simply that one has learned to discipline that "I am I" demand for rights.

At fifteen, we have definite ideas about what the world owes us, but sometimes we haven't stopped to realize what we owe the world. Have you ever figured out how many hours you would have to work in a store, or baby-sitting, to earn your own lodging, food, clothing, and medical care? Count it up sometime and you'll suddenly appreciate what your adoptive parents are doing for you. Try to construct an electric light bulb some time, and you will realize what previous generations have done for you. These two tasks should plant a sense of gratitude in your consciousness.

Finally: don't ever shout beneath a snow pack if you don't want to be killed by an avalanche.

Q I don't imagine you receive very many letters from the man in your TV audience, because I presume the average man would feel silly to be asking your advice.

However, you strike me as being a pretty nice gal. I've watched *December Bride* for a long time, and the relationship between you and your son-in-law in the story indicates that you have sold yourself to him. There couldn't be the sort of easy give-and-take that the story indicates, if he didn't respect you and your judgment. Okay, so

Continued on page 16



*She
was losing
him...*

**and she didn't
know why**

SHE HAD ADORED HIM from their first meeting and he seemed no less attracted to her. But, recently, his desire turned to indifference, and tonight there was a suggestion of a sneer on his lips as he wormed out of two dates they had planned later in the week. She was losing him . . . and she knew it. But, for what reason she hadn't the remotest idea.

What she didn't realize was that you may have good looks, nice clothes, a wonderful personality, but

they'll get you nowhere if you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

**No tooth paste kills germs
like this . . . instantly**

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.*

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral

hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action.

**Listerine Antiseptic clinically proved
four times better than tooth paste**

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to use Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH
4 times better than any tooth paste

"I've taken a load off my mind!"



"I'm a Tampax user now—and is it ever wonderful! I didn't even begin to realize how much I must have worried and fretted over 'the other way.' Tampax makes you feel like heaving one big, heart-felt sigh of relief—suddenly you seem as free as you do on any day! I've certainly taken a load off my mind by adopting it."

Internal sanitary protection has that effect on many people. By freeing you from the bulk and inconvenience of an external pad, it frees your mind, too. In fact, many Tampax users insist they tend to forget completely about time-of-the-month. All sorts of nagging reminders vanish—no odor problems, no disposal problems, no carrying problems! No wonder the restrained little Tampax package is tucked away unobtrusively in millions of bureau drawers, dressing tables and medicine chests.

Why delay any longer in getting this more modern, much more comfortable form of sanitary protection? Pick up a package of Tampax at your nearest drug or notion counter and *try it!* (3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior.) *You're bound to like it!* Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

WHAT SHOULD I DO? *continued from page 14*

that's why I'm coming to you for advice.

I'm in a jam. My family (my dad is a doctor) financed three years of college for me, hoping that I would start a pre-med course. Then I flunked-out. I'm sorry about the flunk-out, in a way, but in another way I think it was the only answer. I'm not cut out to be a doctor, no matter if my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather before me *were* doctors. I want to be my own man, not a member of a dynasty.

The trouble is that I don't know *what* I want to do. I don't seem to have any specific talent, nor a specific vocation. It would be a lot easier on everybody if I could say, "I want to be an artist," or "I want to be a mechanic," or "I want to be a salesman."

I guess what I am trying to say is that I'm a guy without direction. And what I want to know is, how does a fellow "find" himself? I don't think I'm completely worthless, but I do think I'm going to have to reach some conclusions about a means of earning a living or everyone to whom I'm related is going to give me up as a bad job.

All of this may be too indefinite for you to understand, much less answer, but I'd appreciate any opinions you care to express on the subject of:

NILES M.

A I don't consider your situation "indefinite" at all, Mr. M. It seems to me that you understand your quandary well, but at that point you have stopped.

Of course, it is understandable that you should feel a certain family-imposed sense of guilt over being unable to follow in your forebears' footsteps, but you should shed that burden at once. This country was built by men who didn't want to sink into the rut cut by the wagon wheels of earlier generations.

The first thing to tell yourself three times a day is: I have a right to be my own man. The next step is to ask yourself what you really enjoy, what interests you, what causes you to turn to a particular page in a magazine, or to ask questions of a specific person whose conversation attracts you.

When my grandson was small, we asked him one day what he wanted to do when he grew up. "I want to hike," he said. "That's what I really like, hiking." No one in the room laughed. A world of taste had been expressed, and rather well: he meant that he liked to be out in the open air, he liked a certain quality of adventurous exploration, he was interested in nature. From such tastes are developed our geologists, our archeologists, our engineers.

I believe that if you will start from as simple a beginning as "hiking," and ask yourself what you really like to do (because too many hours are spent in the business of earning one's living for those hours to be spent in open or secret revolt), and if you extend that sense of liking to the occupations that have grown out of the preference, you will undoubtedly "find" yourself.

Q For the past four years my mother-in-law has lived with us, and I have had to wait on her hand and foot. Lots of families have Granny living with them, and it is okay, but our Granny isn't what you could call a sweet old lady. She complains morning, noon, and night, and is always on the verge of dying. Last week, for instance, nothing would do but that we take her out to a cemetery where she

picked out a burial place for herself. She told my husband, "You make the down payment, Herb," but he didn't have the money with him, so she said she would send her own check the first of the week, which she hasn't done yet, and if I know her, she won't.

She has a little income from a widow's pension, but she uses it to pay premiums on her life insurance policies. I guess what makes me maddest is that the beneficiary of these policies is her sister who lives around two thousand miles away, and doesn't write in a blue moon.

I have talked to Granny a thousand times about changing her beneficiary and naming Herb, because it is a cinch that Herb is going to have to pay her burial expenses, but when I mention this sensible suggestion, Granny goes into her room and locks the door. I notice that she comes out for meals, but then she plays deaf, and won't answer questions, except if she wants to contradict someone.

Do you think there is some legal way, if we talked to a good lawyer, to make Granny do the right thing and change the beneficiary?

MRS. CLATE V.

A I enjoyed your letter very much, Mrs. V., because it gives a fascinating description of power politics on the domestic level. I must confess that, even though it may not be entirely deserved, my sympathy goes out to your husband, who would seem to be a neutral observer caught between two hostile camps.

If you really want to bring about better relations within the household, which would seem to me to be the first step toward realizing your long-range aims, I believe you will do well to realize that Granny's behavior may be, primarily, a bid for attention.

Many elderly persons feel themselves to be disregarded. Lacking the physical strength to command respect and deference, they must resort to creating annoyance in order to remind their families that the flesh may have withered, but the spirit, proud and bold as ever, remains unchanged. Every human being must have some sort of recognition. If it can't be obtained by one means, it must by another.

If Granny could be included in family discussions, if she could be praised for the things she knows, or has done, if she could be made to feel that she is a person of consequence in your lives, the odds are that she would become a far more pleasant and likable person than she appears to be at present.

Remember the old duel between the wind and the sun to determine which could tear off a human being's overcoat? The wind's power was not enough, and the sun didn't try force. He used benign warmth to win.

Perhaps you might be able to do the same.

Do you have a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the advice of Spring Byington? If so, address your letters to her, in care of Box 3101, Beverly Hills, California. If your problem is of general interest, Miss Byington will consider answering it in this column. All names will be held confidential.

Doctors Prove a One-Minute Massage with

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A *Cleaner, Fresher Complexion Today!*

Gets hidden dirt that ordinary cleansing methods miss!



1. *Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing! Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!*

2. *Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial! Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.*

Only a Soap This Mild can work so thoroughly yet so gently!

Palmolive beauty care cleans cleaner, cleans deeper, without irritation!



Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!



DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

it's the deodorant with the
new ingredient—glamour plus!



Sutton does more than guard-duty, it's a *pleasure* in your life. Applies without messing you up or slowing you down. Imparts a fragrance that's pure magic. Checks perspiration. Banishes odor as never before—beautifully! That's the story with Sutton. Short. But so sweet. Try it and see.

IN TWO DAINITY STICK STYLES:

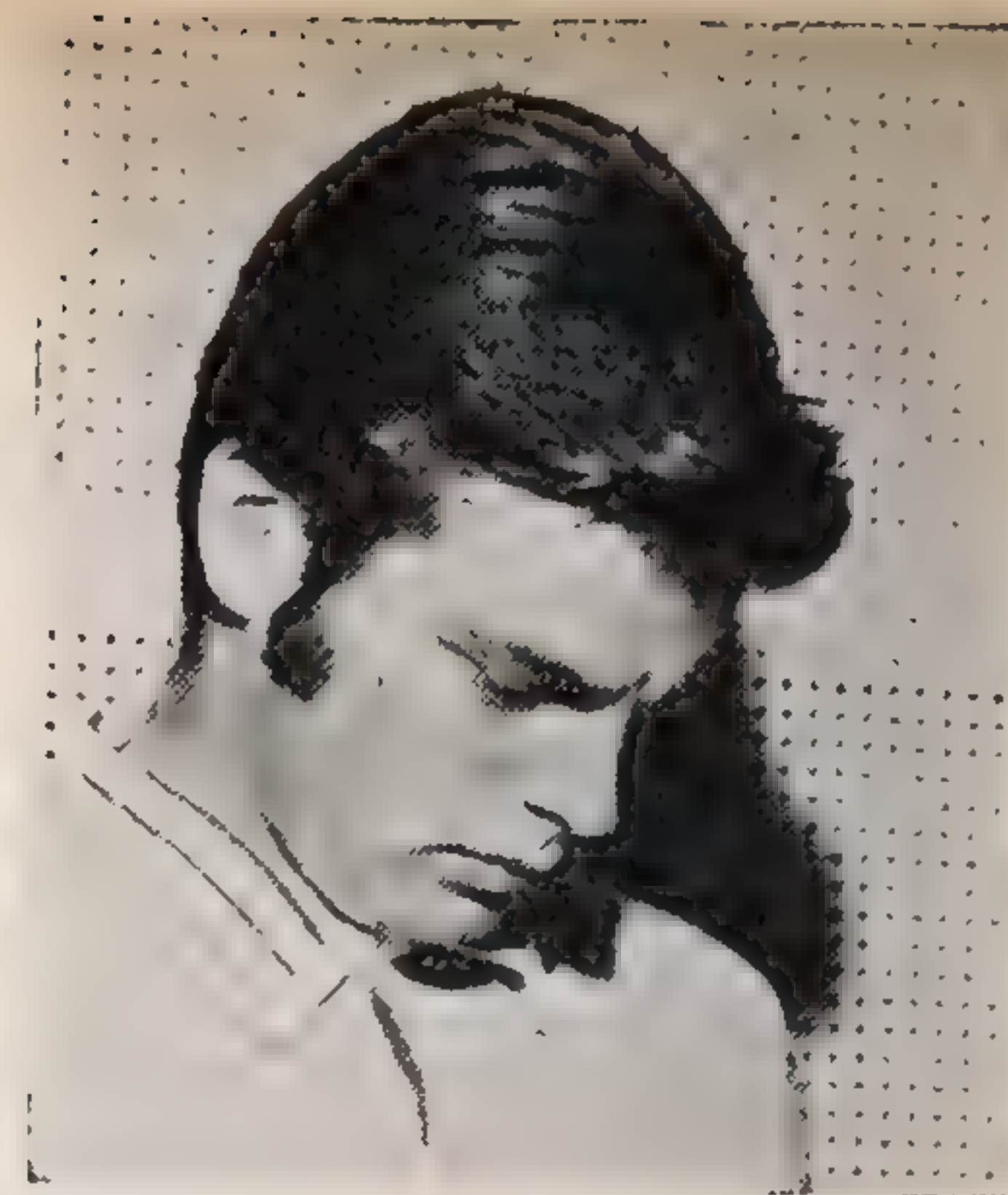
Sutton Swivel-Stick
in blue plastic case that works like a lipstick.....**69¢**_{plus tax}

Sutton Stick
with handy push-up tube, in blue jar.....**59¢**_{plus tax}

Sutton STICK

DEODORANT

SUTTON COSMETICS INC., 385 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.



Bob ventured—and gained a lot

Turn of a Caree.

BY ROBERT WAGNER

I'd been in one picture, "The Happy Years." Ace director William Wellman, a friend of my dad's, had given me a small part in the film.

At the time, Bill Wellman tried to talk M-G-M into signing me, but they didn't think much of the idea. "Stick for a couple of years," they advised me. "Then come back and see us."

Next I went to have words with MCA. They'd sign me, they said—I'd agree to study for a year at the Pasadena Playhouse. I was to talk to them again the following Monday.

The Sunday night before, I dropped by the Beverly Gourmet. It's a very informal place. There's entertainment by a fine pianist and, quite often, customers clown around and sing with him. That's exactly what I was doing.

After a while, a waitress appeared with a note. It was from Henry Willson, who was sitting near by. The note said that if I happened to be interested in a movie career, perhaps I would like to drop by his office next day.

Suddenly, I found myself at what might be termed a crossroad. What to do? I'd been told twice that it would be wise for me to concentrate on studying dramatics before even attempting to crash the movie game. I'd had practically no experience. Should I take the chance? Would I be foolhardy to try to take more tests before I had more training?

I had to make a decision, one that might effect my entire career. I remembered what Bill Wellman had once said to me: "Think you can do it and you can." I also recalled the saying, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained."

I took the chance. I turned my career over to the competent Henry Willson, and he steered me to 20th and a contract. I was lucky. I got my contract and my opportunity to learn. Drama coach Helena Sorrell worked with me and helped to give me confidence as well as training.

I took my chances. I've never regretted it. I don't think I ever will, if I can study and learn while I work.

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Half the time your hair is so dry you can't do a thing with it. Simply because modern shampoos wash all the beauty oils out of your hair and scalp!

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Your hair is silky soft, bursting with highlights . . . with the prettiest, healthiest-looking glow you ever saw!

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Suave^{*}
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or new Creme
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When, wonders Sidney, will Susan Hayward break that Oscar jinx?

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

With or without a prince, Grace Kelly remains a puzzle. Bet she will to him, too. . . . I was moved by Kim Novak, in "The Man with the Golden Arm," more than in any of her other movies. . . . For the most energetic actor, I nominate Yul Brynner. Man, what energy! . . . It seems to me that marriage has given Eddie Fisher more poise. . . . I know a guy whose favorite actress is still Clara Bow. Wonder if I could interest him in Piper Laurie? . . . With Anna Magnani, there is no in-between to the performance she gives. I admire her. . . . Lana Turner still remains one of the young set to me, and yet she's considered a veteran. . . . Few people know it, but Margaret O'Brien has a unique sense of humor. She ought to do a comedy. . . . Arnold Stang should get plenty of straight movie jobs. . . . Susan Strasberg, when an interviewer inquired whether or not she has dates with boys, said: "Let's just say I maintain a social life." Susie is not only the best of the young crop but, at only seventeen, the most diplomatic.

Sheree North is sincere in everything she does. . . . I don't care what they do to it, they can't improve on the

original of "It Happened One Night." . . . Poor Susan Hayward, always a bridesmaid and never a bride: She has been nominated for an Oscar three times but hasn't captured one yet, and it looks like the same old story for her performance in "I'll Cry Tomorrow." . . . I find it relaxing and enjoyable to see an old Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire musical. . . . Bob Wagner is always polite. . . . I think Ida Lupino was overlooked for her performance in "The Big Knife." . . . Paul Newman, regardless of how much he looks like Marlon Brando, just doesn't affect me the same way.

With all the hits on Broadway this year, Hollywood should be stocked with some ready-made stories—of course, with improvements! . . . Off-hand, I'd say Deborah Kerr should make a good Gertrude Lawrence. . . . Hollywood is a place where, after you become a star in the movies, you go to New York to learn how to act. . . . I'd see Jo Van Fleet in a movie any time. . . . I'm tired of pictures about maladjusted children. Give me a movie about a youngster like Elizabeth Taylor in "National Velvet." . . . Eva Marie Saint fits her name. . . . James Wong Howe

remains one of the best cameramen in the business. Recent proof: "Rose Tattoo" and "Picnic." . . . I don't believe Jack Palance as a lover.

William Holden is proving he can play anything. I'm anxious to see him with his black hair and mustache in "The Proud and the Profane." Holder certainly turned out to be the Golden Boy. . . . I disagree with people who say making movies is strictly a business and not art. I agree when they realize that the values can become mixed, with disastrous results. . . . Oscar and Emmy are strange names for highly coveted awards actors and actresses struggle to win. The movie are male and TV is female.

I'm pleased both Katharine Hepburn and Bette Davis have new movies coming up. . . . Why is it that I always get Richard Egan and George Nader confused, when they aren't really similar? . . . My favorite character, Mike Curtiz while directing a scene became annoyed because his actors blew their line a few times. Said Mike: "If I wasn't making such big money, I'd throw up my job in a minute. I wouldn't want the trouble of it for all the money in the world!" That's Hollywood for you



Sidney may know a guy for Piper—but she's still interested in Gene

Yul Brynner, rehearsing "King and I" with Deb Kerr, is tireless type



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GENTLE moments come as a welcome pause in the hurry of modern living. And a gentle smoke brings needed solace, too. That's why this new Philip Morris, made gentle for modern taste, has such special appeal for our younger smokers. Enjoy the gentle pleasure—the *fresh unfiltered flavor*—of today's new Philip Morris. Ask for it in the smart new package.



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To him you're just as lovely as a movie star

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Ruth Roman

. . . versatile actress, brunette beauty. Her dark hair and brown eyes "set off" her fresh radiant skin. Ruth says she thanks new Lux for the wonderful complexion!

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES



BEST ACTING: ANN SHERIDAN

On his good behavior at a dance with wife Ann, Steve tries hard to keep Sonny Tufts from baiting him into a fistfight

Come Next Spring

REPUBLIC, TRUCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ For contrast, here's an unassuming, thoroughly winning story of American farm people, with Ann Sheridan and Steve Cochran as a pair trying to mend a broken marriage. Steve's a runaway husband, once a drunkard, coming home after years of roving. His children (Sherry Jackson and Richard Eyer, both excellent) greet him with eager affection. For their sake, Ann lets him stay—as a hired man, though with a hint that he's on probation. Steve also faces the resentment and distrust of neighbors, especially Sonny Tufts, as a bully who'd hoped to win the deserted wife. Walter Brennan's slovenly farmer is another sturdy supporting role. The film is neatly plotted, with well-timed bursts of action. But words and situations all ring as true as Ann's portrait of a woman with considerable strength, heart and sense.

FAMILY

Richard III

LONDON, LOPERT;
VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ In a performance full of invigorating surprises, Laurence Olivier plays the 15th Century king celebrated in legend as England's most evil monarch. Also producing and directing this vibrant movie version of Shakespeare's play, he surrounds himself with other top British stars. Ralph Richardson is the nobleman who aids Richard in his murderous advance to the throne, but balks at killing children. As an earlier victim, John Gielgud makes Richard's older brother a sympathetic figure. Cedric Hardwicke is an aged king, pleading for peace. Among the ladies, Claire Bloom stands out, as Richard's beautiful, illusionless bride, while Pamela Brown scores a triumph of sly pantomime. It's the comedy element of Olivier's portrayal that's unexpected; in gleeful close-ups, his Richard confides each dastardly new plan to you.

FAMILY

Continued



BEST ACTING: LAURENCE OLIVIER

Toward Olivier, Claire Bloom feels both loathing and an odd attraction

P

HE KNEW HER LIPS...

**BUT NOT
HER
NAME**



nor the reason
she followed "the trail
of empty graves"!

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*SUSPENSE THAT
CUTS LIKE A WHIP!*

co starring

WILLIAM CAMPBELL • JOHN MCINTYRE

with BARTON MacLANE • EDWARD G. PLATT • HARRY MORGAN
Directed by JOHN STURGES • Screenplay by BORDEN CHASE • Produced by AARON ROSENBERG



The Conqueror

RKO; CINEMASCOPE,
TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Loaded with sweeping spectacle and colorful violence, this epic of ancient wars presents John Wayne as the Mongol chief-tain destined to be known as the mighty Genghis Khan. People played rough in those days, eight centuries ago, so Tartar princess Susan Hayward doesn't really mind being abducted by the arrogant warrior, though there's plenty of sparring before she'll admit it's love. Commanding enough in his manner, Wayne has a little trouble with the highfalutin' dialogue; but Pedro Armendariz, as his blood brother, tosses off imposing lines with real dignity. Other character players: Agnes Moorehead, Wayne's ferocious mother; Ted de Corsia, Susan's wicked father; Thomas Gomez, a luxury-loving ruler; John Hoyt, an untrustworthy soothsayer. **FAMILY**

Meet Me in Las Vegas

M-G-M;
CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ Take a fling with a delightfully light-hearted musical that shows off Cyd Charisse to her best advantage. The lithe-limbed dancer comes across warmly as a ballerina who's dedicated to her art—until, in Nevada's city of chance, she meets a gamblin' man, Dan Dailey. When he isn't rolling the dice or eyeing the wheel, Dan happens to be a solid rancher, with a sporty-type mother (Agnes Moorehead). Cyd's love-career conflict is interrupted by lively musical numbers, with a "Frankie and Johnny" ballet scoring tops. Cara Williams is charming as Cyd's red-headed rival. Lili Darvas, Jim Backus and the late Oscar Karlweis also brighten the scene with shrewd character jobs. **FAMILY**

Miracle in the Rain

WARNERS

✓✓✓ Tenderly sentimental, with loving close-ups of everyday life in New York City, this inspirational romance makes an engaging team of Jane Wyman and Van Johnson. Jane's a drab office worker, cautioned by her embittered mother (Josephine Hutchinson) to distrust men. But a chance meeting with GI Van, in the days of World War II, brings the youthful spinster to glowing life. Playing one of Jane's office-mates, Eileen Heckart does an endearing sketch of feminine friendship, too rare a theme. **FAMILY**

The Last Hunt

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE,
EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ Robert Taylor and Stewart Granger have strong and strongly contrasted roles in this solid drama about a true chapter in frontier history, the near-disappearance of the buffalo. Bob's a mean, unhappy guy, loving only the excitement of killing—either beasts or Indians, who to him are no more than animals. But Stewart goes about his buffalo-hunting with a sense of guilt, knowing that the great herds are

Continued



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receding into the past and that the Indians who depended upon them are threatened with starvation. His view is shared by Lloyd Nolan, as a philosophical, peg-legged hunter, and Russ Tamblyn, as a young half-breed. Debra Paget's an Indian maiden forced to join the group, and Constance Ford does a brief, realistic job as a barroom hussy. **FAMILY**

The Ladykillers

RANK, CONTINENTAL;
TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ You might call this tricky Alec Guinness comedy a farcical version of "The Desperate Hours." Alec's in top form as a master crook, with false fangs and a lank lock of hair over one eye. But the picture belongs to Katie Johnson, a sweet little old lady whose London home becomes the hangout for Alec and gang. All unknowing, Katie not only shelters the robbers but plays their accomplice in a neatly planned theft. Funniest of Alec's confederates are Cecil Parker, as a *Colonel Blimp* gone wrong, and Herbert Lom, as a trigger-happy hood. **FAMILY**

Doctor at Sea

RANK, REPUBLIC;
TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Dirk Bogarde, chief romantic idol of British moviegoers, has an amusing follow-up to the successful "Doctor in the House." Now a fully qualified physician, Dirk takes a post on a freighter and is catapulted into a new set of wacky adventures. The captain, played by the redoubtable James Robertson Justice, is a holy terror, a woman-hater who goes into a permanent frenzy when he's stuck with a pair of female passengers. The determined Brenda De Banzie just happens to be the daughter of the shipping line's owner. And her friend, pert Brigitte Bardot, is a French miss who soon catches the young doctor's eye. It's all pretty relaxed and disorganized, but good fun. **FAMILY**

The Lone Ranger

WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓ In a fast, competent Western, TV's Clayton Moore rides across the larger screen as the masked hero, with Jay Silverheels as his faithful side-kick, *Tonto*. Moore's mission is to play peacemaker in an area where Lyle Bettger, as a power-hungry rancher, is trying to stir up trouble with the Indians. Bonita Granville draws sympathy as Bettger's gentle, ill-treated wife, and Perry Lopez shows appeal in too short a role. **FAMILY**

The Sea Shall Not Have Them

U.A.

✓✓✓ Expert acting by a good British cast fills in the outlines of this tribute to the wartime air-sea rescue service. Anthony Steel's skipper of the sea-going RAF men, whose job is to save flyers forced down in the ocean. As the leading non-com aboard, Nigel Patrick's at his breezy best. Through the tense hours of the film's action, their

boat searches for a life raft on which Michael Redgrave, Dirk Bogarde and Bonar Colleano are desperate passengers, Redgrave clutching a briefcase filled with information vital to Allied victory. Bad weather, bungling, nerves and enemy guns threaten the mission, keeping the film taut, though it has no great depth. **FAMILY**

Red Sundown

U-I

✓✓✓ A lively horse opera puts Rory Calhoun in the familiar position of the gun-fighter who wants to live peaceably, but must do a clean-up job first. Seeing that rancher Robert Middleton has the town terrorized, Rory agrees to become sheriff Dean Jagger's deputy. The romantic interest is supplied by Martha Hyer, as Dean's daughter, and Lita Baron (Rory's wife offscreen) playing a lady of shifting loyalties. **FAMILY**

The Lieutenant Wore Skirts

20TH;
CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ Tom Ewell's irresistible clowning and Sheree North's amiable charms lend a bit of bounce to a comedy that isn't quite as deft as its stars. When Tom, a war veteran and an officer in the reserve, thinks he's about to be called back into service, wife Sheree decides she'll don uniform, too, with the hope that she'll be assigned to the same post. But he flunks his physical, and Sheree gets shipped off to Hawaii with the WAF. Following her, Tom finds himself in the odd situation of an officer's civilian husband, sharing domestic problems with Air Force wives, and that's good for several giggles. Les Tremayne's seen as Tom's debonair bachelor pal; Rita Moreno, as a friendly neighbor, does a frank impersonation of Marilyn Monroe. **ADULT**

The Bottom of the Bottle

20TH;
CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓ Van Johnson gets another highly colored emotional assignment in a story of two brothers. After doing part of a prison sentence that resulted from a drunken brawl, Van breaks out to join his wife (Nancy Gates) and three children in Mexico. He takes refuge at the Arizona home of his brother, Joseph Cotten, a snob whose coldness makes him a poor husband, as well as brother. Ruth Roman, as Cotten's wife, sympathizes with the fugitive. Though the outcome is obvious, the film builds up some suspense. **FAMILY**

Samurai

FINE ARTS, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓ Once again, the Japanese show how exquisitely they can handle color. Set in the Japan of the Middle Ages, the story isn't too strong, following hot-tempered Toshiro Mifune through his struggle to become a great warrior. Pretty Kaoru Yachigusa stands by him when his violent ways force him into a life of outlawry. **Continued**



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The many beautiful shots make the picture a pleasure to the eyes. There's a narration in English by William Holden, who saw the film in the Orient and took a hand in importing it. **ADULT**

Never Say Goodbye

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Rock Hudson and newcomer Cornell Borchers, a lovely German actress, team engagingly in a problem drama that hasn't too much conviction. Married in Vienna just after the war, Rock and Cornell are parted by his unjust suspicions of infidelity and by the dropping of the Iron Curtain. They meet again years later in the U. S., where Rock has returned with their small daughter (Shelley Fabares). He has told the child that her mother is dead. Reunited with her husband, Cornell does not reveal her identity to the little girl, who is hostile toward Rock's "second" wife. Cast in an uncharacteristically sympathetic role, George Sanders plays Cornell's loyal friend. **FAMILY**

Battle Stations

COLUMBIA

✓✓ Suggested by a true incident of World War II, this modest service film has a ship for a heroine. She's a gallant aircraft carrier, defying Japanese efforts to sink her. Her saga is seen from the viewpoint of chaplain John Lund. As the tough captain, Richard Boone leads a crew in which trouble-maker Keefe Brasselle, doughty non-com William Bendix and pilot William Leslie are the chief centers of interest. The use of newsreel clips adds authenticity. **FAMILY**

World in My Corner

U-I

✓✓ Conventional in its approach, this prize-ring story relies heavily on Audie Murphy's quiet authority and honest acting. A wrong-side-of-the-tracks kid with a grudge against the world, he's trained for a boxing career by John McIntire. But money becomes Audie's chief aim after he falls in love with Barbara Rush, daughter of his millionaire backer (Jeff Morrow). Eager to get rich quick, he considers selling out to gamblers. In a non-dancing role, hoofer Tommy Rall scores as a likable sharpie. **FAMILY**

Slightly Scarlet

RKO; SUPERSCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Just to get fans utterly confused, here are Rhonda Fleming and Arlene Dahl cast in the same movie. The two luscious red-heads play sisters. Rhonda's the good one; Arlene, the bad one, a kleptomaniac with other peculiarities. Though Rhonda is secretary to the honest mayor of her city (Kent Taylor), she gets romantically involved with John Payne, a dashing type who pretends to be of the reform element but is actually a racketeer. The story winds up in an explosion of violence, but the element of realism is lacking. **ADULT**

DARRYL F. ZANUCK presents

GREGORY PECK · JENNIFER JONES · FREDRIC MARCH

in 20th
Century-Fox's

"The
Man
in
the
Gray
Flannel
Suit"



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Address your letters to Readers Inc., PHOTOPLAY, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to your favorite stars, address of studio addresses see page 82. Ed.

READERS INC...

SOAP BOX:

I recently received my first issue of PHOTOPLAY and was very pleased with it. As a member of the only "Official Rock Hudson Fan Club," I'd like to thank you for the two wonderful articles about Rock and also for that very handsome colored photo.

In the article about Rock's marriage to Phyllis Gates there was no wedding picture. How about a picture of them together?

MIRIAM MIYAI
Honolulu, Hawaii



Here they are—Mr. and Mrs. Hudson

I want to thank you for the enjoyable story about Susan Hayward, "Trouble Bait," in your February issue.

I was greatly disturbed to read that just because of "gossips" Susan will probably lose her third chance for an Oscar. I think she greatly deserves this award and I am still disappointed that she did not receive it in 1953 for her wonderful performance as Jane Froman in "With a Song in My Heart."

I know Susan has her faults—who doesn't? There is no one in this world who is perfect.

So what if she did do something wrong? If she were just a plain ordinary person instead of a star the whole recent incident would have been forgotten as quickly as it happened. But just because she is so famous the gossip and scandal must go on and on until it ruins her life completely.

Some people seem to think that actors and actresses are inhuman; that they only make movies, money and try to be popular. They forget that there are many who have families and who try to lead normal lives, and many who are unable to do so because of the talk that is spread about them.

I have seen all of Susan's movies and

have read all the talk and stories about her. I feel there is a good reason behind what has happened and this can be proven only if we help, rather than condemn, her.

BARBARA A. ROMER
Albert Lea, Minnesota

May I take a little space in your magazine to ask when are the studios going to give Jeff Chandler a man-sized part instead of the effeminate roles we have been seeing him in lately? His part in "Woman on the Beach" was truly a flop. Why doesn't he get under the skin of his many roles and forget himself and his face? I've come to dislike his silly and affected expressions.

Please, let's see him in a good part.

DORIS FAULKNER
Liverpool, England

QUESTION BOX:

Could you please settle an argument? I say that Tyrone Power played in "Mississippi Gambler" and my girlfriend says it was Dale Robertson. Who is right?

DOROTHY BAAR
Lebanon, Pennsylvania
You are. It was Tyrone Power.—Ed.

Please tell me if the late Leslie Howard ever played Romeo in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet."

RUDOLPH DOROCAK
Bridgeport, Connecticut
Yes, he did.—Ed.

Will you please set us straight? My friend says that Vera-Ellen is single and I say she is married. Who is right? Also, how old is she, where was she born, what color are her hair and eyes?

Please put her picture in Readers Inc.
EILEEN WHITBECK
Sidney Center, New York
Vera-Ellen was married on November 19, 1955 to Victor Rothschild. She was born February 16, 1926 in Cincinnati, Ohio, has blond hair, blue eyes.—Ed.



Vera's another newlywed

I have just seen the movie "Apache Ambush" and would like to know the name of the actor who played the part of Abraham Lincoln. He certainly did a grand job and was almost the image of Abe Lincoln himself.

GEORGIA FLEMING
Glendive, Montana

His name is James Griffith.—Ed.

I saw the movie "My Sister Eileen" not too long ago and I would like to know the name of the young man who danced with Bob Fosse. He is a very good dancer and handsome, too. Will you please tell me who he is?

Can you tell me if he is appearing in any other movies?

BARBARA SCHEULER
Mount Pulaski, Illinois

His name is Tommy Rall. Born in Kansas City, Missouri, on December 27, he is rapidly rising in popularity. He's currently appearing in "World in My Corner," in which he has a non-dancing role.—Ed.



Good dancer—good-looking

CASTING:

I have just finished *The Moneyman* by Thomas B. Costain. It is one of the best books I have ever read. It would make a wonderful movie with the following cast: Michael Rennie as Jacques Cour; Pier Angeli as Valerie; Paul Newman as Sire D'Arley; Nina Foch as Isabeau; Marisa Pavan as Agnes Sorel, and Robert Mitchum as Regnault.

MARY CRAWFORD
Weston, West Virginia

I have just finished reading *Cloak of Laughter* by May Mellinger. I think it would make an excellent picture starring Alan Ladd as Terrence Lancaster; Rory Calhoun, Lance Cameron; Debbie Reynolds, Diana Devlon; Robert Wagner, Pat Green; Jean Simmons, Tessie.

KAREN BRADKOUSKI
Chicago, Illinois

Hollywood's favorite
**Lustre-Creme
 Shampoo...**



Cream or Lotion

"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Doris Day. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

**Never Dries—
 it Beautifies!**



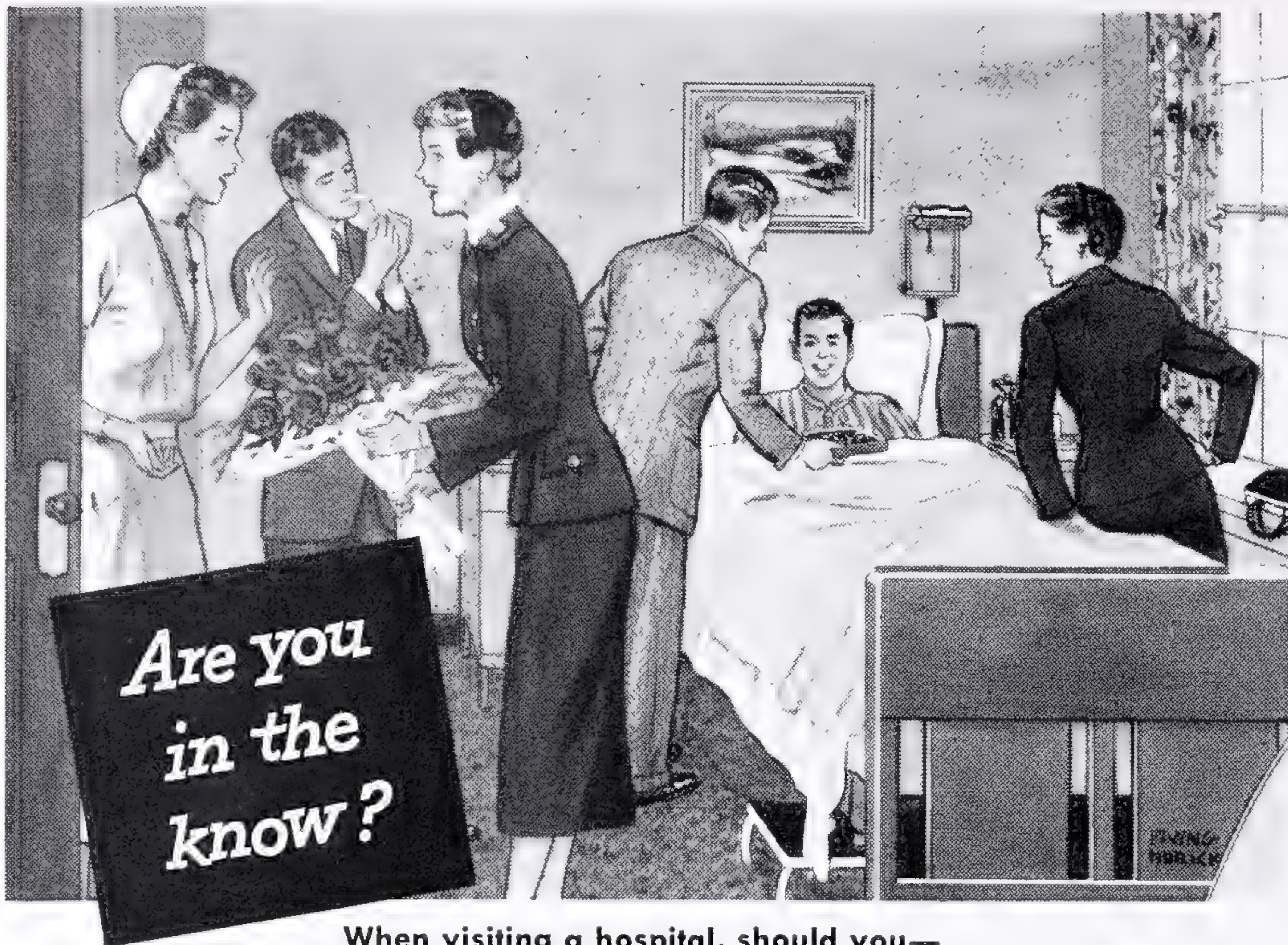
Doris Day

co-starring in ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

"THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH"

A Paramount Picture in VistaVision.

Color by Technicolor.

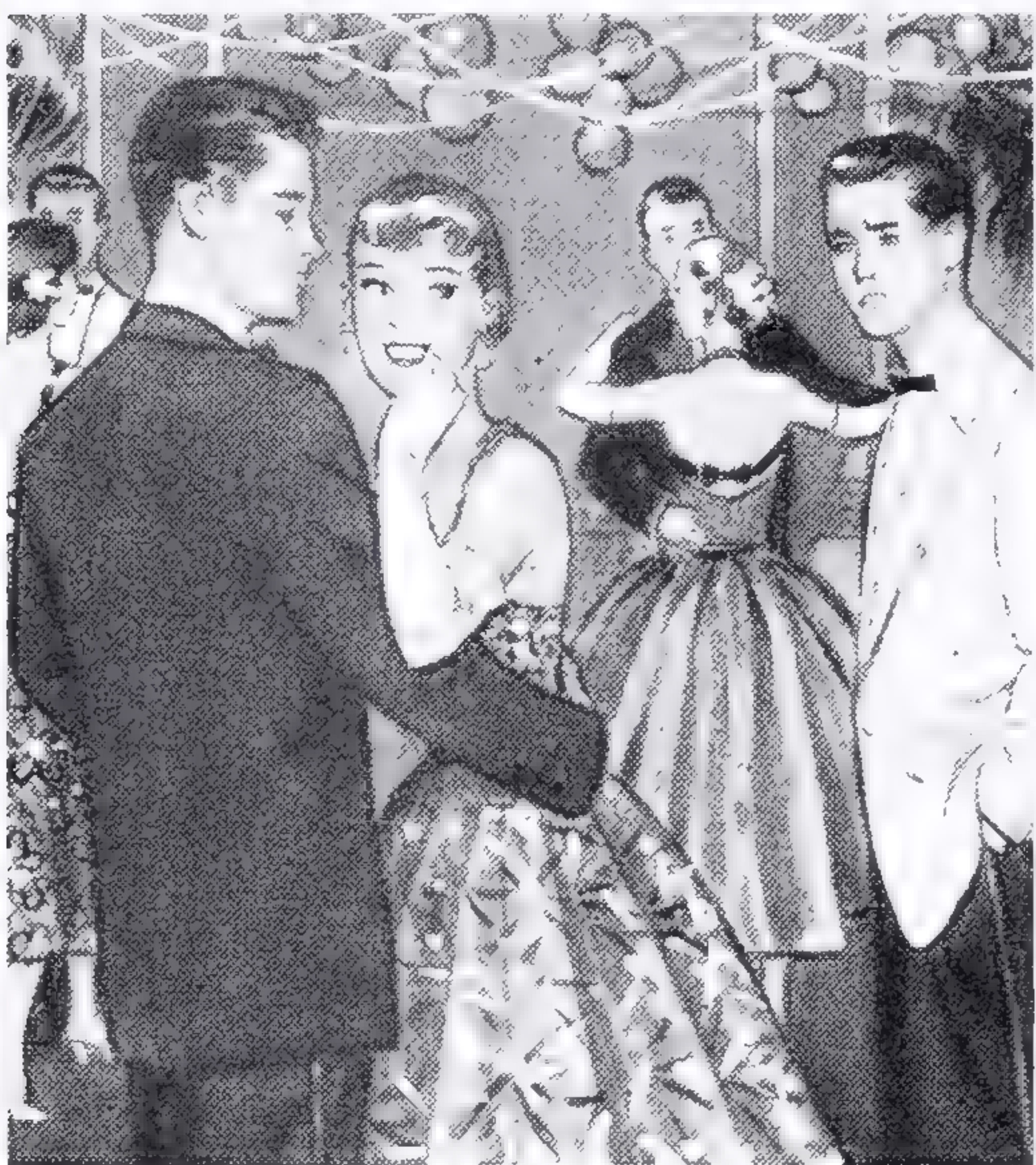


When visiting a hospital, should you—

- ☐ Razor up ☐ Remove your shoes ☐ Bring your buddies

Warning to patient: beware creeps bearing gifts! Even if they're his bosom cronies, they'd best sharpen up on hospital p's and q's. Do *you* arrive with fragile posies requiring daily care? Goodies that need special heating, or ice? Spare the harried nurses! Bring a plant, a book, or ice cream. P. S.: the

considerate visitor doesn't smoke without permission . . . doesn't sit on the bed. Rules are for patients' comfort, quick recovery. And for your own comfort (at calendar time) choose Kotex*—get softness that *holds its shape*, doesn't chafe. You see, *this* napkin is the one made to stay soft while you wear it.



Would he rate your sense of humor—

- ☐ Witches' brew ☐ Trustworthy
☐ From outer space

You know the girl with the lethal giggle (hyena brand) at someone's expense? The gossip, as she tells it, does get laughs. Trouble is, her dates feel uneasy, wonder who's next, and shy away. Boys prefer a brand of humor they can *trust*. On certain days, *you* can stay at ease with the sanitary napkin brand that gives *trustworthy protection* . . . the *complete absorbency you need*. That's Kotex! And you can wear Kotex on either side, safely.



To intrigue a new date, try—

- ☐ Eye matching ☐ Eye catching
☐ Boosting your Eye-Q

Out to rack up another eager heart? Here's an old feminine wile still new and startling: wear a dress in a color that exactly matches your eyes. It's a spellbinder known to set even the worldliest ticker off beat! You can take admiring glances serenely at *any time*—with Kotex; those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. And why not try all 3 sizes of Kotex to learn which one *exactly* suits your needs? Regular, Junior, Super.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Made for each other—Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic, they're designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So light-weight! And Kotex belts stay flat even after many washings. Dry in a wink. Buy two belts . . . *for a change!*



BRIEF

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for the month indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 25.

✓✓ ALL THAT HEAVEN ALLOWS—U-I, Technicolor: Mild romance reuniting Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson. As a well-to-do widow, Jane falls in love with Rock, a gardener, but her two grown children disapprove. (F) February

✓✓✓ ARTISTS AND MODELS—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: The latest Martin and Lewis romp gives horror comics a genial kidding. Dean teams with artist Dorothy Malone; Jerry, with model Shirley MacLaine. (F) February

✓✓✓✓ BENNY GOODMAN STORY, THE—U-I: Steve Allen, with Donna Reed opposite, proves a good choice for the bandleader role in a gentle musical biography, vibrant with good jazz. Many famed musicians play themselves. (F) March

✓✓✓✓ COURT JESTER, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Danny Kaye kids the medieval swashbuckler, as a timid soul who turns secret agent to dethrone a tyrant and win Glynis Johns. Lots of laughs, music. (F) March

✓✓✓✓ COURT-MARTIAL OF BILLY MITCHELL, THE—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Underplayed, forceful near-documentary. Gary Cooper's convincing as the 1920's Army flyer who risked his career by denouncing neglect of the air force. With Ralph Bellamy. (F) March

✓✓✓ DIANE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Historical romance, with Lana Turner as a French noblewoman who gives love and counsel to her king (Roger Moore). Marisa Pavan steals the show as Lana's royal rival. (A) March

✓✓ FOREVER, DARLING—M-G-M, Eastman Color: Playing a couple at odds, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz are endearing in a featherweight fantasy. Guardian angel James Mason offers advice to solve Lucy's problems. (F) March

✓✓ FURY AT GUNSIGHT PASS—Columbia: Modest Western. On the wedding day of Dick Long and Lisa Davis, bandits led by David Brian, Neville Brand invade their town. (F) March

✓✓ GLORY—RKO; SuperScope, Technicolor: In a cheerful horse-racing yarn, winsome Margaret O'Brien roots a beloved filly toward success, is courted by blueblood John Lupton and orchestra leader Byron Palmer. (F) March

✓✓✓ HELEN OF TROY—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Imposing spectacle about the ancient Greeks' war on Troy, set off by the illicit love of Helen (Rossana Podesta) and Paris (Jack Sernas). Good detail. (F) March

✓✓ HELL ON FRISCO BAY—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Routine waterfront melodrama pits ex-cop Alan Ladd against racketeer Edward G. Robinson. Joanne Dru plays Alan's wife, a night-club singer. (A) February

✓✓✓ HOUSTON STORY, THE—Columbia: Slashing crime story, with Gene Barry as a young oil driller out to control local rackets, displacing Edward Arnold. Barbara Hale does a switch as an unscrupulous night-club singer. (A) March

✓✓✓ I'LL CRY TOMORROW—M-G-M: Susan Hayward does an arresting job in the true story of Lillian Roth, singer who became an alcoholic. Jo Van Fleet and Richard Conte help make clinical details convincing. (A) January

REVIEWS

✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

✓✓✓ INDIAN FIGHTER, THE—U.A.: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Lusty tale of the frontier casts Kirk Douglas as a scout who contends with trouble-makers on a wagon train and romances an Indian maiden, Elsa Martinelli. (F) March

✓✓ INSIDE DETROIT—Columbia: Brisk racket-smashing yarn. President of a local, Dennis O'Keefe fights to keep crook Pat O'Brien from dominating the union. (A) February

✓✓ KILLER IS LOOSE, THE—U.A.: Compact thriller follows detective Joseph Cotten and wife Rhonda Fleming through a frightening day, as Wendell Corey breaks jail and goes on a mission of vengeance. (F) March

✓✓ LAST FRONTIER, THE—Columbia: CinemaScope, Technicolor: Lively Western. Mountain man Vic Mature reluctantly fights Sioux, loves Anne Bancroft, wife of Army officer Robert Preston. Guy Madison's a stand-by hero. (F) March

✓✓✓✓ MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM, THE—U.A.: Sordid, compelling drama gives Sinatra a powerful role as a narcotics addict who tries to break the habit. Kim Novak helps him, but his neurotic wife (Eleanor Parker, in another strong portrayal) is a handicap. (A) March

✓✓✓✓ NIGHT MY NUMBER CAME UP, THE—Rank, Continental: Shrewdly made British suspense film. Michael Redgrave and Alexander Knox, are among passengers on a terrifying plane trip. A dream has predicted disaster. (F) February

✓✓✓✓ OKLAHOMA!—Magna; Todd-AO, Eastman Color: Wonderful music, fresh outdoor zest. As frontier lovers, Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones are menaced by Rod Steiger. Gloria Grahame, Gene Nelson supply comedy. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ PICNIC—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Delightful, touching panorama of small-town life. Hobo William Holden drifts in on a summer day, to affect the fates of lovely Kim Novak, her kid sister (Susan Strasberg) and spinster schoolteacher Rosalind Russell. (F) March

✓✓✓✓ PRISONER, THE—Columbia: Beautifully acted British drama. As a cardinal in an Iron Curtain country, Alec Guinness is jailed and subjected to shattering interrogations by a knowing Red, Jack Hawkins. (A) February

✓✓✓✓ RANSOM!—M-G-M: Harrowing, intense account of a kidnapping. When manufacturer Glenn Ford's small son is taken, he defies public opinion and wife Donna Reed's anguish by refusing to pay ransom. (A) February

✓✓✓✓ ROSE TATTOO, THE—Paramount: In a striking comedy-drama, Anna Magnani's magnificent as a restless, warm-hearted widow, opposing daughter Marisa Pavan's love for Ben Cooper, until Burt Lancaster intervenes. (A) January

✓✓✓ SPOILERS, THE—U-I; Technicolor: Straightaway adventure yarn of gold-rush Alaska. Partners Jeff Chandler and Anne Baxter discover that Rory Calhoun, supposedly a good guy, is out to grab their mine. (F) February

✓✓✓ SQUARE JUNGLE, THE—U-I: Prize-ring movie with a fresh approach. Because of his upbringing, Tony Curtis pursues his career ruthlessly, estranging his girl, Pat Crowley, and his trainer, Ernest Borgnine. (F) February

✓✓ THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW—U-I: Familiar domestic problems of likable people. Fred MacMurray, neglected husband of Joan Bennett, is drawn to careerist Barbara Stanwyck. (F) March



AT LAST! YOU CAN

Stop
"Make-Up
Damage"

to your skin!

- Ordinary skin cleansers were never made for modern make-ups!

New-formula Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream is the modern cream especially blended to clean, soften, refine, and protect your complexion from the clogging, drying, aging effects of make-up!

Try it tonight—cream or liquid. Then sleep tight with a radiantly clean skin safe from "make-up damage."

Lady Esther

4 purpose
face cream



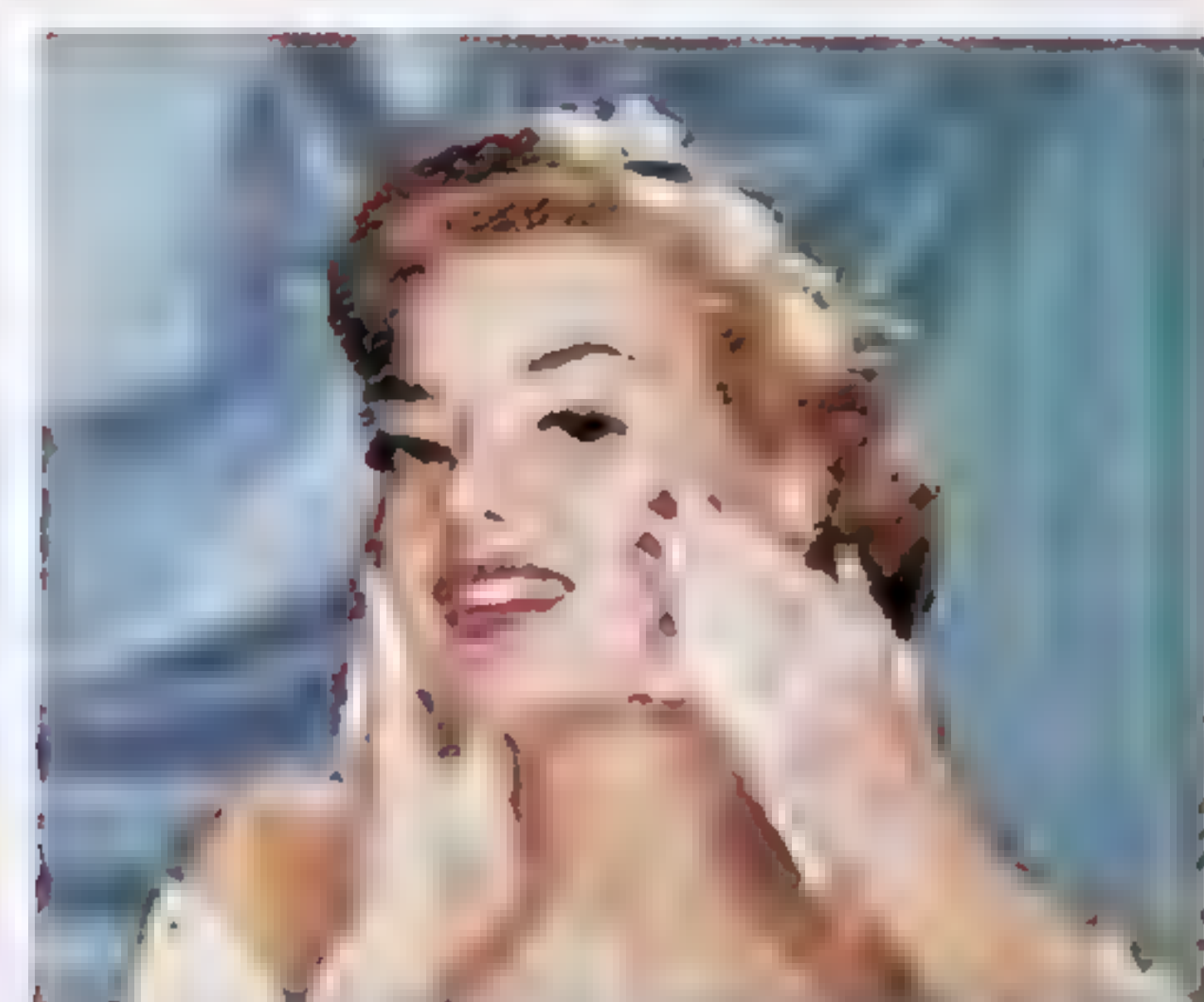


You can have **That Ivory Look** in just 7 days

Take a beauty tip from this little angel, and you'll have a heavenly complexion. Change to regular care with her beauty soap . . . pure, mild Ivory. Remember, the milder the soap, the prettier your skin will be. In only 7 days you'll have that fresh, young, satin-skin look—That Ivory Look.



100% PURE SOAP IT FLOATS



Wash your face regularly with pure, mild Ivory. Mild enough for baby's skin—so right for *your* complexion.

MORE DOCTORS ADVISE IVORY THAN ANY OTHER SOAP!

Leslie Caron: In feathered toque and wisp of veil, she intrigues the heart of the sophisticated male



Leslie Caron is in "Gaby"

EASTER'S TOP ATTRACTIONS

INSIDE STUFF

*Cal York's Gossip
of
Hollywood*

Thoughts For Spring: Leslie Caron's magic feet can dance in any language, but it's the rhythm of the Cha-Cha that drives her "Cra-zee!" Although the enchanting mademoiselle still loves to dance, she has decided to put away her professional dancing slippers in favor of acting. Leslie was bitten hard by the acting bug while making "Gaby" with John Kerr, who is a disciple of the Actors Studio in New York. And, since the starting of her next picture, "Wonderland," was postponed until after Easter, Leslie decided (like Marilyn Monroe) to improve her emoting ability at the famous studio. . . . On account of because it's Leap Year, perennially-popular Ann Miller may take the big leap! There's a local socialite, a wealthy Texan *and* a New York tycoon—all waiting for Miss Annie to say that three-letter word. . . . On the other hand, super-sexy Valerie French is anything but marriage-minded. The British-born actress, who plays opposite Glenn Ford in "Jubal," moved out of the Studio Club because she couldn't keep a dog there. She won't and can't keep a date with frustrated Hollywood wolves because, they say, there's a romance in her life that's supposedly top secret! . . . Julie Adams discovered nature—mother nature that is—when her handsome

Continued



Ann Miller: *A bountiful bonnet, but her extravagance you'll pardon. The flowers looked so heavenly, she wore the whole garden!*



Martha Hyer: *In her Easter bonnet with the red, red rose upon it, she's just about the gayest girl in this mad Easter whirl!*

Shirley MacLaine: *With impish glee, on the back of her head she places—her outsized bonnet and at the breeze makes faces!*



INSIDE STUFF

Continued

EASTER'S TOP ATTRACTIONS

hubby Ray Danton bought her a set of golf clubs. They tee off every weekend in Palm Springs, where Julie also takes tennis lessons at the Racquet Club. Skin-diving is next on Ray's long list of sports he wants to share with the little woman! . . . Although there's an exciting new playwright in Barbara Rush's life, and Jeff Hunter's dating perky Peggy King, the divorced couple still got together and planned an Easter-egg hunt for son Christopher. Barbara may have two important reasons for celebrating—if she signs that long-term contract with M-G-M.

While awaiting the stork, dainty danseuse Taina Elg moved into a larger house and painted and decorated the nursery with her own artistic hands. Practically on deadline, Taina's adored mother arrived from Finland in time to greet her new grandchild. . . . And the parents of pixie-faced Shirley MacLaine got the thrill of their lives when their daughter treated them to a trip around the world. Shirl herself went "Around the World in 80 Days"—in front of the cameras. And, while his now-famous wife was shooting scenes in Tokyo, director-husband Steve Parker studied the famous Japanese Kabuki Dancers. . . . Martha Hyer (they call her "Miss Color Radio" deep in the heart of Texas) suddenly discovered she could paint portraits. But the blond and beautiful one wasn't in front of her easel when (Continued on page 102)

Hats worn by Ann Miller, Martha Hyer, Julie Adams and Valerie French by Leslie-James • Ann Miller is in "The Opposite Sex"; Martha Hyer, in "Red Sundown"; Shirley MacLaine, in Hal Wallis' "Route 66"; Taina Elg, in "Gaby"; Julie Adams, in "Away All Boats"; Barbara Rush, in "The World in My Corner"; and Valerie French, in "Jubal"



Julie Adams: A delectable hat, this, for parading at Easter. For when milady gets hungry, here's something to feast 'er!



Barbara Rush: Her trim little straw sits primly, for sure, but who could deny that look in her eye!

Valerie French: Coyly she lowers the brim of her flower-bedecked hat. And guys' hearts start thumping—just . . . like . . . that!



Taina Elg: In gleaming white she graces the Easter scene, her snowy hat a fitting crown for a goddess serene



Hollywood learned he was a scrapper when he first tried to break into movies.

In the turbulent years that followed they came to know him for the champion he is

GLENN FORD:

IT'S FUN TO FIGHT

By Maxine Arnold

● Some years ago, an ex-Marine and his pretty wife sat watching a championship fight on TV. It was a heart-breaking fight; because a long-beloved champ was taking a real beating. At any moment, he would be going down for the final count. As his public watched and mourned, in the lives of two of them, an important decision was being made.

Turning to Glenn Ford, his wife said slowly, "He tried too long. This is what will happen when you try too long. I'm going to stop right now, while I'm on top."

That night Eleanor Powell—whose twinkling feet had long made her the toast of Broadway, Hollywood and the whole world—hung up her magic dancing shoes. For, with the wisdom of one born to show business and with the instinctive faith of a woman fully in love, she knew that her husband would be champion enough for one family.

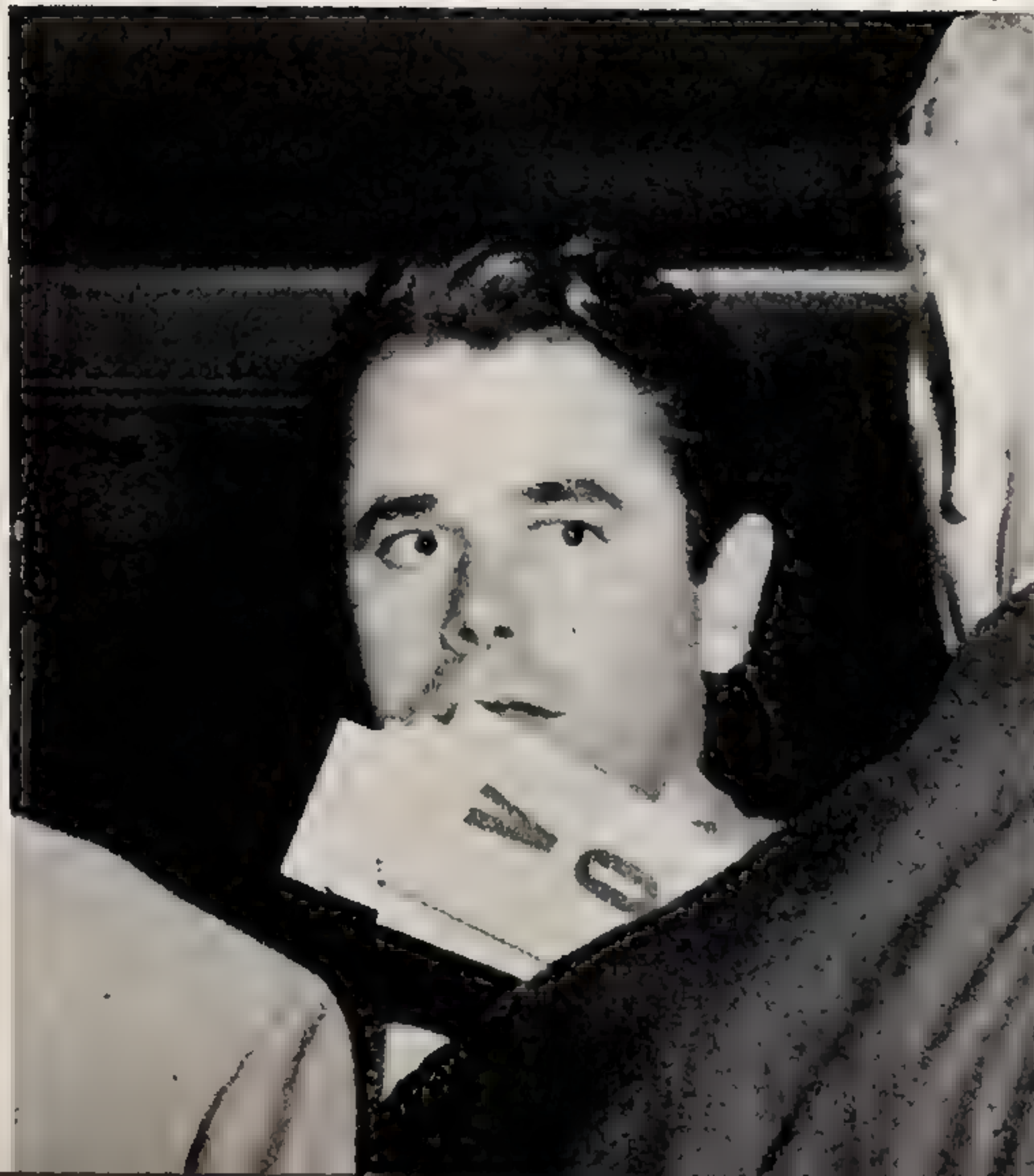
Glenn Ford had always had enough desire, enough ability, enough heart to make it. Nor was combat, in any form, a stranger to him. He had always had a natural inclination to stand up and be counted when the stakes were worthwhile.

Having heart had already brought Glenn reasonably far—otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to withstand the continual shock and commiseration evoked by casting directors around town. When he first set his sights on acting, he was (Continued on page 109)



Glenn was just getting movie breaks when he took off to fight for something else he believed in—as a Marine

Fearless in his convictions, his voice was heard often as member of board of directors of the Screen Actors' Guild



At Santa Monica High, former student Glenn gave some valuable pointers on acting to eager young drama students

At home, Glenn's as relaxed as a hibernating bear! And ruefully admits he's a pushover for his only son Pete





Who's whose? Early scenes in "Anything Goes" find Donald O'Connor courting Jeanmaire, Bing Crosby on Mitzi Gaynor's trail. But they wind up like this: Mitzi dancing with Don, Jeanmaire dating Bing. And each romantic moment echoes a famous song: "You're the Top," "It's De Lovely," "All Through the Night"



● A feast of color and music, lit by a dazzle of star-shine, is ready for you in Paramount's "Anything Goes." For Bing Crosby, Mitzi Gaynor and Donald O'Connor, the movie means a renewal of old friendships; for Jeanmaire, a welcome-back to Hollywood. Twenty years ago, Bing had his first go at the brilliant songs of the Cole Porter score, in a more modest version of "Anything Goes." Popular classics by now, they ring out with their freshness unimpaired, in rhythms as modern as tomorrow. Added to them are three new numbers, by Sammy Cahn and James Van Heusen. In two of these, Bing's teamed with Donald, who got his movie send-off eighteen years ago as Bing's little brother in "Sing You Sinners." Mitzi, too, can call Don brother; that was his role in the more recent hit "There's No Business Like Show Business." The typically American trio's joined by enchantingly French Jeanmaire, who made her Hollywood bow in "Hans Christian Andersen." With Bing and Don as a stage musical team, Mitzi and Jeanmaire vying for the leading-lady spot in the boys' new show, the story of "Anything Goes" follows a gay course against lush backgrounds in VistaVision and Technicolor.



To Jeanmaire goes the unforgettable "I Get a Kick out of You." Later, the voluptuous ballerina does this spectacular dream dance. Voyaging toward the U. S. on a luxury liner, she sees in her mind a picture of herself as a great Broadway success

GOES

Mitzi reverses the process, playing an American girl who scores a hit in a London night club. With real Gaynor gusto, she puts across the rousing title tune, "Anything Goes." All four stars are called on to do double duty, both singing and dancing. So they're a smash quartet in the finale, "Blow, Gabriel, Blow"



A

Prince...

Behind the fairy tale is another story—a very human one. Of a girl who stepped down from her lonely pedestal for the man who had said, “I will not marry except for love”

● The two men and the girl riding in the fabulously expensive convertible from New York to Philadelphia on the morning of January 5, 1956, looked exactly as people inside a fabulously expensive convertible should—but seldom do.


The girl was a breathtakingly lovely blond. One of the men, obviously American, was slim, handsome, and visibly well-bred. The other was just as visibly a Continental and, while he was very relaxed, he still displayed an air of jaunty authority.

All three of them were smiling, as well they should, for they were sharing the most wildly romantic secret—known only to the three of them (they thought) and the girl's parents. At that moment, they were heading toward the girl's home, to let the whole world in on their story that was so glamorous it seemed incredible—but was actually true.

“Turn on some music,” the girl said, “I feel like singing.” The American, who was doing the driving, flipped on the radio to a music station. “We are interrupting this program to bring you a news flash,” said the announcer at that exact second. “It has just been announced that Grace Kelly, the movie star, (Continued on page 80)



atches a Star

A black and white photograph of a woman, likely a celebrity, shown in profile from the chest up. She is smiling broadly, looking down and to the left. Her dark hair is styled in a classic, swept-back fashion. She is wearing a multi-strand pearl necklace. In the lower-left corner, she is holding a large, light-colored flower, possibly a lily. The background is dark and out of focus.

By
Ruth
Waterbury

Continued

A Prince... Catches a Star

Continued

Grace Kelly is next in
"High Society" and "The Swan"

The unbelievably

● In the midst of official announcements and high protocol, Grace Kelly's father told the news in a few simple words a romantic world could treasure: "You can see they're in love."

Even more eloquent were the expressions on the faces of the couple themselves as they met the hundred reporters who hurried to the Kellys' gracious



The rugged Gable made no secret of fact he found his "Mogambo" co-star to be a charming date



"To Catch a Thief" took Grace to Riviera—but not to catch a prince. They met much later

story of how it all happened

BY HELEN BOLSTAD

white-trimmed, red-brick colonial house on quiet Henry Street in East Falls, just outside Philadelphia. Grace's smile held a new radiant tenderness as she displayed her engagement ring.

And the Prince who sat beside her beamed with a pride which had nothing to do with his ancient house and many titles, for he had just found a new and

more meaningful one. He was now Grace Kelly's future husband. Of all the hopeful men who had sought this reigning beauty, he was the lucky one. Rainier III, Prince of Monaco, happily told the world he had literally caught a star.

That he had secretly wooed and won her was a story to capture the imagina-

tions of people everywhere, for even before they met, each was an outstanding romantic figure.

Grace's story, perhaps, was better known, for she has, in effect become not only a Princess of the Screen, but also the glowing symbol of do-it-yourself success. Although born well-to-do, she chose to (Continued on page 84)



Following "The Country Girl," Grace and Bing Crosby were lead items for Hollywood romantics



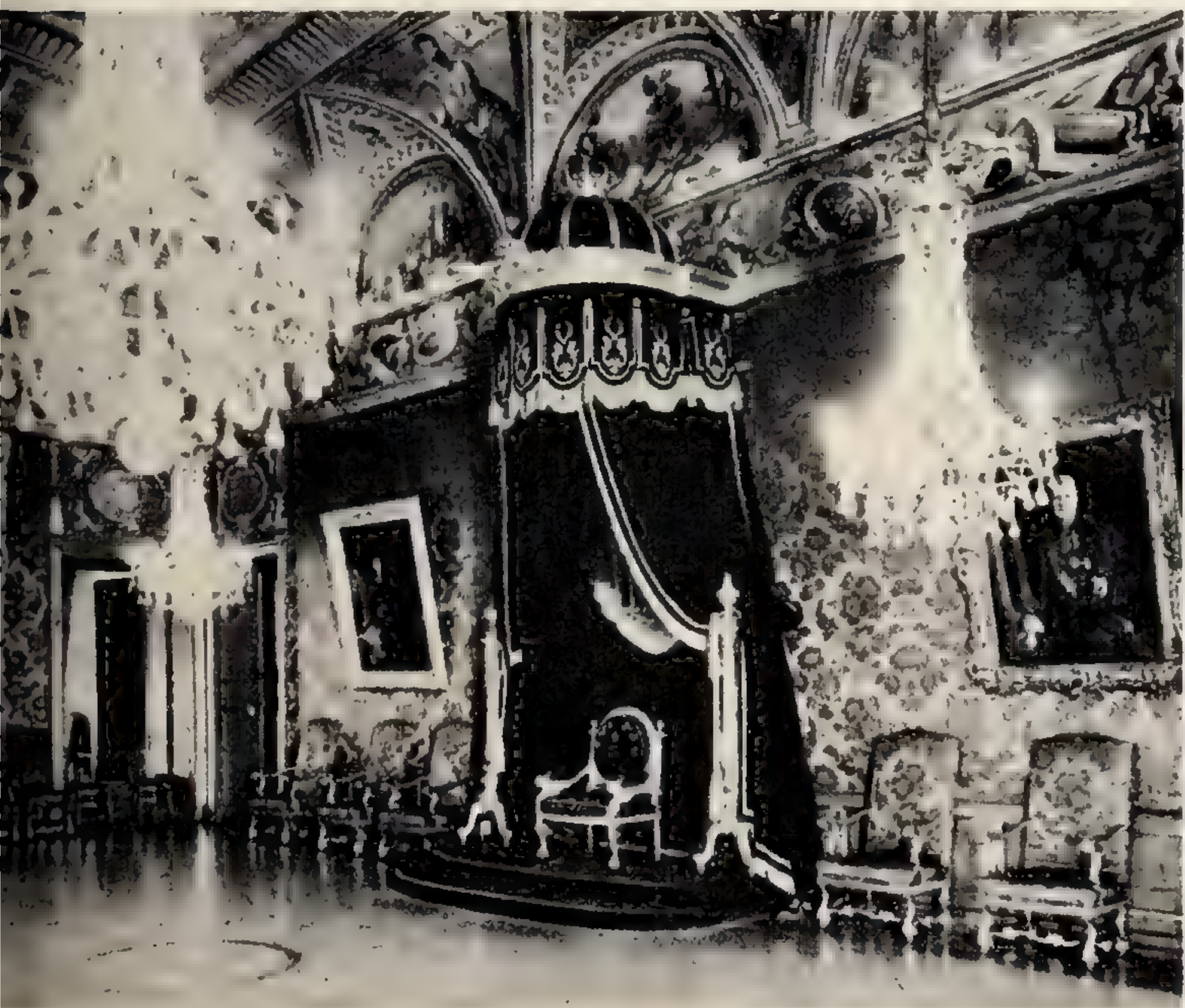
Oleg Cassini followed her from Hollywood to home—but his divorce stood in way of marriage



Jean Pierre Aumont told world of admiration for Grace but Riviera romance ended in America



With brother Kell, father John B. Kelly. When gossip threatened, her family went along on dates!

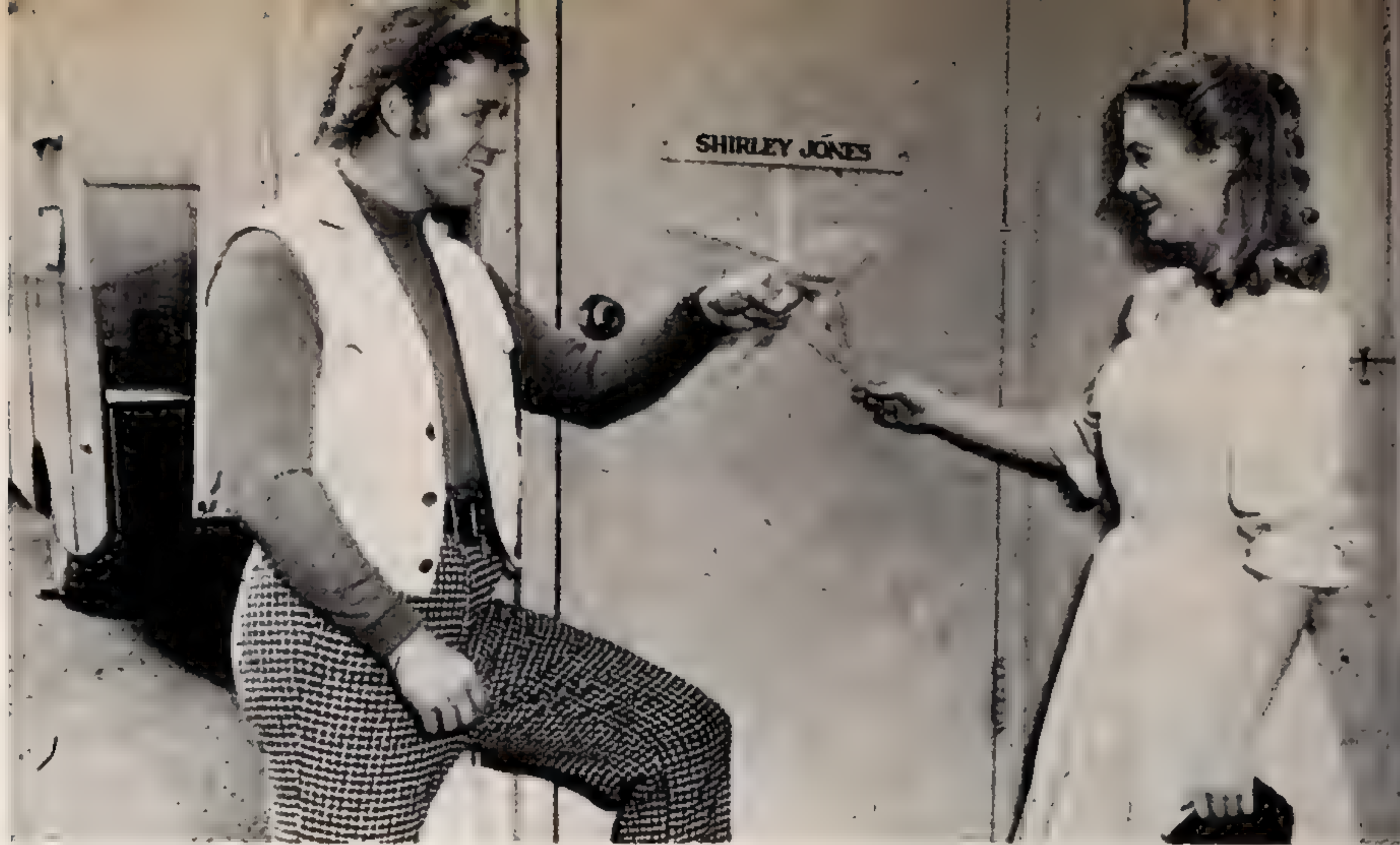


People of Monaco hope that marriage of Grace and her prince will be held in this throne room



At her home, Grace and the prince learned that his subjects had beat them to it with engagement news!

*"Sheila's the best wife in the world. Besides, she's a doll to look at!"
The MacRaes have been wed 15 years*



With co-star Shirley Jones on set of "Carousel." Playing the role of Billy Bigelow had been his dream since 1948!

BY GORDON MACRAE

The day last spring, when the papers reported that Frank Sinatra had been signed for the lead in "Carousel," one of my closest friends came over to the golf course as I was rounding the eighteenth green.

"This must be a tough blow to you, Gordon," he said, referring to the newspaper reports. "You so completely believed that after making 'Oklahoma!' you'd get this picture, too."

"I still believe it," I told him.

He stared at me dumbfounded, and I didn't blame him. On the surface it was a strange thing to say. The moment I'd seen the papers that morning I'd checked with my agent, and it was true: Frankie Sinatra was signed, sealed and delivered to star in "Carousel." The whole sky seemed to turn black as I read those words.

Yet my faith was still strong upon me, just as it had been when I started campaigning for the lead in "Oklahoma!" Then, everybody told me that a guy who'd been off the screen for a year was really cracked to even try to go after that one. Sure, Rodgers and Hammerstein tested me for *Curly* in "Oklahoma!"—but they tested just about everybody in town besides. For six months, while these tests went on and on, I went around Hollywood wearing the kind of boots I knew *Curly* would wear in the picture. For six months, as I read about this singer and that being considered, I let my hair grow long. And my wife Sheila actually set it in pin curls for me, so that when I went out, it would look the way *Curly's* hair should be. I also went around (Continued on page 90)

READY, ABLE and PRAYING

NOTE TO FRANK SINATRA:

You didn't walk out of the top role in "Carousel"—you were "believed" out! By this guy Gordon. And it's not the first time it's happened, either!



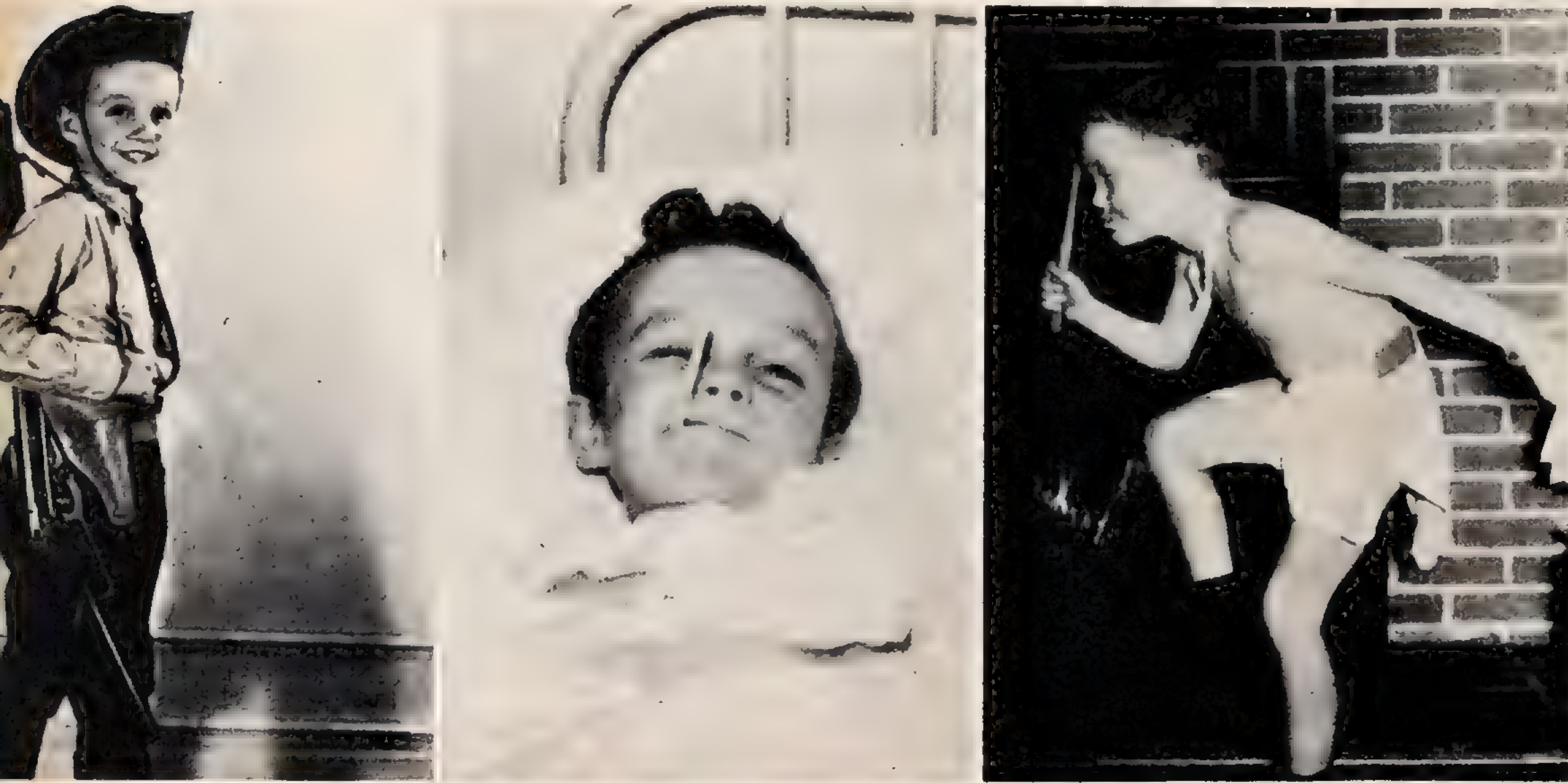
With Gar, Bruce, Sheila, Heather and Meredith. "I've been so happy in show business I hope the kids get into it too"

The family got into the act—memorized whole score of "Carousel" so Gordon would be ready when called!

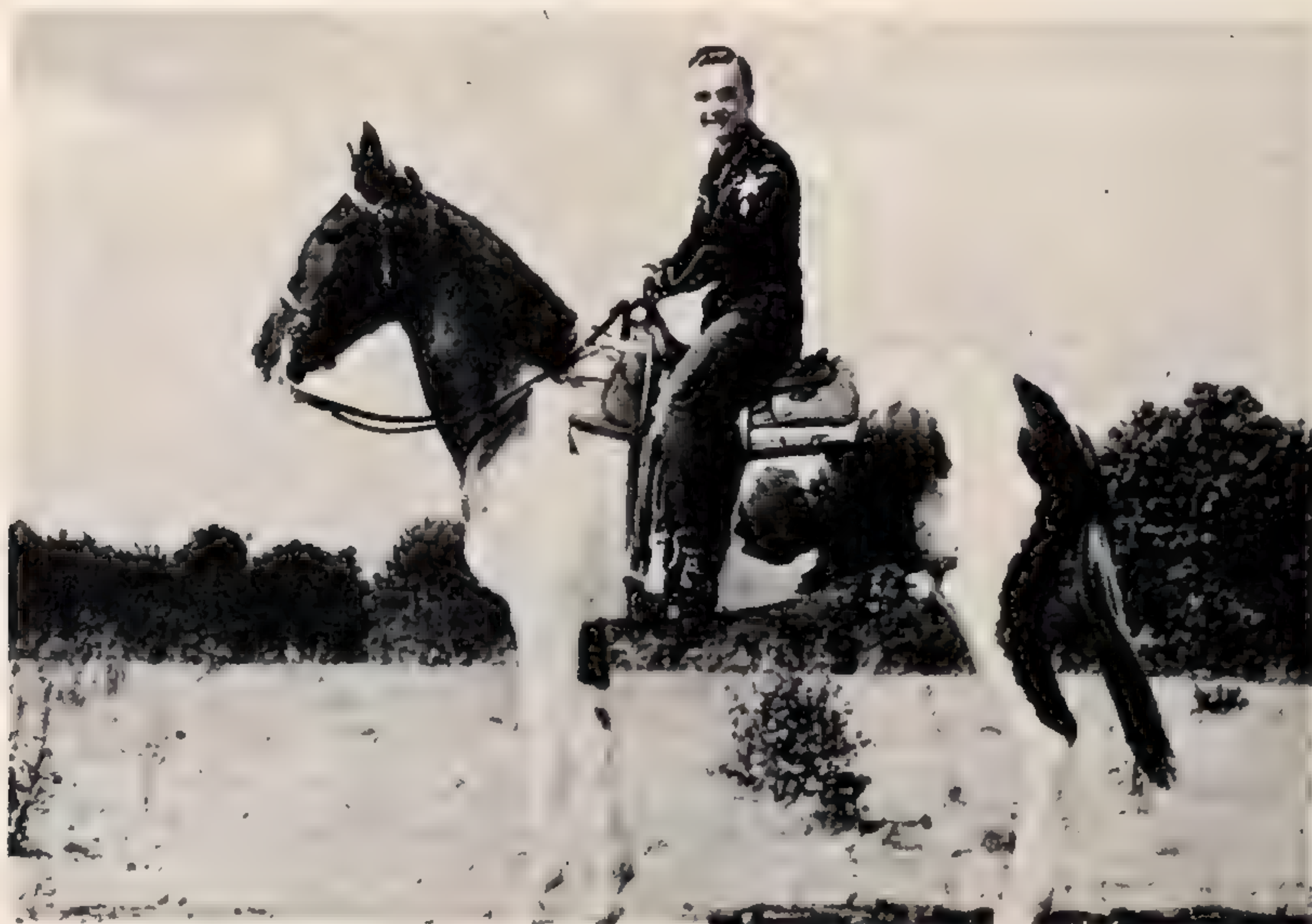




Baby Ben with mother, sister Bunny. Always good pals, Bunny is now in Hollywood with Ben, helping him keep house!



Ben loved to dress up, be "somebody." Picture of him with a wooden stick in his mouth was taken just after appendix operation. He was being the doctor—taking his temperature!



Always generous with others, his horse Gypsy was Ben's sole extravagance for himself. For years, they were inseparable

BEN.

● It was a Sunday evening during the winter of 1936. We had finished the dinner dishes and started into the living room to scoot our two youngsters off to bed. What we saw astonished us. Our five-year-old daughter, Bunny, was an enraptured audience of one while her three-year-old brother, Ben, was pantomiming the action of Jack Benny and his violin, playing "Love in Bloom" on the radio.

This could have been just an amusing story to tell the neighbors. It was, instead, a forecast of things to come.

We are convinced our son was born to be an actor. We couldn't have fought it even if we had wanted to. All the signs were there from the very beginning.

We remember when Ben was seven and hospitalized for appendicitis. A few hours after he had come from surgery, we were allowed to see him. We found him cheerfully lying in bed with a thin wooden stick in his mouth. When we asked what it was for, Ben removed the stick just long enough to explain: "Shhh, I'm taking my temperature." And for the rest of his stay he alternately play-acted doctor, nurse and "suffering" patient.

Ben was always happiest dressing up, being "somebody." There were times when he'd have four or five different outfits on in one day. The neighbors never knew what to expect. Nor did we. If the proper costume wasn't on hand, young Mr. Cooper wouldn't be at all discouraged, he'd merely improvise. For instance, one rainy night when he was five, he had finished listening to his favorite Western show and decided he was in a "Sitting Bull" mood. He hadn't been in this mood for some time, and consequently he had outgrown his Indian suit. But that didn't stop him. He took his sister's beads, a feather from Mom's hat, two washcloths, (Continued on page 106)

*It's a little lonely since you left home. But there are many things that keep you with us.
The framed dollar bill in the den. The crazy gift you bought with your first pay.
But most of all are the memories of a boy who was born to be an actor—and a gentle man*

Pardon our Pride

BY MR. & MRS. BENJAMIN A. COOPER

Ben Cooper is in "Rose Tattoo" and "Brother Van"





**“My Husband
Doesn’t Run Me”**

*She's known dictators
in her early war-shadowed life.
And you can take it
from Audrey Hepburn—
she didn't marry one!*



Above, Mel and Audrey in "War and Peace." To accusations that he dictates her career, Audrey says, "Not even my husband, whom I adore, can persuade me to do something against my own judgment." Below, on horse farm near home in Rome. "Our personal happiness will always come first!"

● Audrey Hepburn's famous urchin hair-do had disappeared, and her smooth dark locks, now long, were twisted into a pony-tail. But front-face, with her ragged bangs framing her inimitable elfin face, she still looked like a little boy.

Audrey was in Paris, after six months of grueling work and intense concentration as the heroine of Paramount's ambitious production, "War and Peace." She was taking a well deserved rest, while Mel Ferrer was exchanging sword points with French actor, Jean Marais, for the screen love of Ingrid Bergman in Jean Renoir's "Ellena." Audrey and Mel were still happily conforming to their design for living, quietly determined not to let the demands of their careers separate them.

Rarely has there been such excited and heated controversy about a star as there has been about Audrey Hepburn. Newspaper and magazine writers have discoursed at length about her dislike of being in the publicity spotlight. Movie critics have shouted that she jeopardized her career by staying off the screen so long. Gossips have insisted that Mel Ferrer is a modern-day Svengali, completely dominating Audrey and controlling her every word and move.

Most of this tongue-lashing has come from persons who have never even met either Audrey or Mel. But this hasn't prevented them from having certain pre-conceived ideas about them. Because Audrey rose to stardom so fast, they predict that her fall will be just as rapid. Because she is bewitching, enchanting and utterly charming on the screen, they insist that can't be her real personality. (Continued on page 104)



BY MARY WORTHINGTON JONES

INHERITED - A WORLD OF LOVE

By Wynn Roberts



It was a world Kirk never really knew—until Anne and Peter

Kirk Douglas is in
"The Indian Fighter"
and "Lust For Life"

● Peter Vincent Douglas may not sound like a girl's name to most people—particularly when this name belongs to a red-headed baby boy born the twenty-third of last November. Nor does such a name sound as though the little boy had been named for his mother, whose given name is Anne. Yet he is.

Furthermore, with a solid English-type surname like Douglas, it seems rather amazing that, eating his Pablum, on the luxurious sunporch of a brand-new house in Palm Springs, California, small Pete is actually the result of the dreams of a French grandfather and a Russian grandmother.

Sound crazy? Only as crazy as love often is at its most enchanting. Crazy as dreams usually are, particularly when they do come true. Crazy as Pete's father's gifted talents, and the opportunities that our land gives to all people who are courageous, persistent and utterly determined to grow.

For certainly, thirty years ago, in Amsterdam, New York, almost no one, looking at small Issur Danielovitch standing in his mother's kitchen—while that heroic woman tried to divide one egg and four slices of bread between him and six daughters, for their big meal of the day—would have predicted that in 1956, he would be the celebrity, Kirk Douglas.

Even three years ago, Kirk himself would never have predicted that on May 29, 1954, he'd be standing beside Anne Buydens in Las Vegas while she, with an innocent error in English, promised "to take, thee, Kirk, as my awful wedding husband."

Kirk had been utterly disillusioned about everything when he met Anne Buydens in France, where he had gone to make "Act of Love" in 1953. Life in (Continued on page 100)

became part of it





Besides being Bill's secretary, Elinor's also guide in a small museum! Office is lined with souvenirs of his travels

MY BOSS, BILL



Bill Holden is in "Picnic" and "Toward the Unknown"

● Because I like the job of being Bill Holden's secretary, I want to keep it. Therefore I can't write the story I'd really like to write—unless I want to start collecting unemployment! I'm exaggerating—but I'd still like to make my point!

When PHOTOPLAY requested the whole truth and nothing but the truth about working for Bill, my decision, naturally, rested on his decision. As always, while digesting the facts and weighing the consequences, Bill listened attentively and paced the floor. Then he stopped at the doorway and with a typical apologetic grin, he gave me the go signal.

"I don't mind, Elinor—if you don't mind." Then over his shoulder as he made his exit, he added: "But please do me a favor and don't make the halo fit too tight!"

I knew exactly what he was trying to tell me. No girlish squeals (not that I'd be guilty!) or super-superlatives. You know what I mean. Bill won't hold still for it. And, after twelve years in every phase of movie-studio employment, I believe I'm qualified to say such modesty as his is unparalleled. (Continued on page 88)

*I hope I haven't made
the halo fit too tight!*

*But like the other secretaries
say, when you work
for Bill, you're "Lucky"*

BY ELINOR MOLLER

With Brenda in the Virgin Islands, where he made "The Proud and the Profane." Night off is rare for Bill (with Brenda, Dick Powell). He always says he won't work so hard but keeps right on!





Barefoot Girl With Chic

After fourteen fiery, shoeless roles Rita Moreno graduated to high heels and a wiggle. Then opportunity knocked—her right back on her dancing feet • BY DEE PHILLIPS

Rita Moreno is also in "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts" and "The Vagabond King"



Rita hates to get up. And room overflows with fashion magazines she hoards for years!



Child and woman—warm, vital, honest



In spare time, Rita paints waste-baskets! Louise Martinson is one of two roommates



As a kid, Rita dreamed of being a princess in rich clothes, is one in "The King and I"

● Relaxing over coffee in the dining room of the house she shares with two other girls, vivacious Rita Moreno was gaily recalling her latest experiences at Twentieth during the making of "The King and I."

"The prop boys have repainted my chair on the set," she was telling her housemates, Louise Martinson and Florence Mitchel. "Remember the one I had during 'Untamed'? On the back was painted 'Rita Moreno?' Now it says, 'Rita Moreno' with no question mark, and they've drawn a hunk of dynamite under it. On the seat they've painted an exploding mushroom and a 'POW!' And yesterday before I got in, the hairdressers and wardrobe girls wrote 'Good Luck and Happy Days' across my dressing room mirror, with a star by it. Then the prop boys put a big gold star on my door. Aren't they wonderful?" bubbled size-eight Rita, her eyes sparkling with happy tears.

It was Sunday and the girls were catching up on each other's doings of the week. Louise Martinson, who has roommated with Rita for five years, is a beautiful blond from Boston, and her claim to fame is being the only combination female disc jockey and news commentator in the country. Florence Mitchel is a lovely up-and-coming TV and film actress. Rita Moreno, beautiful fiery Latin, has her toes firmly gripping the top rung of the stardom ladder.

There was an air of contentment and fulfillment in the room. Huge bullfight posters looked down from the walls at the remains of a hearty breakfast and coffee cups were being filled for the tenth time. Breakfast had started at 10 A.M. and it was now 2 P.M. (Continued on page 94)

a Guy and



Both want children. When? "The right time's anytime," says Eddie



On TV, Star Jubilee, Eddie's a so-so dancer but his wife'll teach him!



Marriage seemed sudden, but wasn't. Debbie rented home for them in Hollywood before their "elopement"



his dungaree Doll

BY
MARTIN
A. COHEN

The honeymoon was wonderful—and impossible. But it made Debbie and Eddie sure that pandemonium would always be paradise as long as they were together

Debbie's in "The Catered Affair" • Eddie will co-star with her in "Bundle of Joy"



Next summer, Eddie plans to take Debbie on real honeymoon abroad



Eddie's hi-fi playing sends Debbie—out of the room. He likes it loud!

• "We want ordinary things," says Debbie Reynolds Fisher, looking as pretty as ever but sounding mighty solemn. "After all, everyone wants about the same things out of marriage, and Eddie and I aren't any different." Maybe this is so, but during the first couple months of her "honeymoon," Debbie woke up most mornings to find business conferences going on in her living room, kitchen—and sometimes where she was hoping to take a shower.

And Eddie adds, flashing his famous boyish smile but sounding as serious as a UN delegate, "We want just normal things. The things every other couple wants. Why should we be different?"

Eddie and Debbie are being normal in what should normally be their living room but at the moment looks like the inside of an oversized, crazy mixed-up cornpopper. There are two agency men in one corner—supposedly conferring but actually jabbing at each other with king-size pencils—while an independent woman with an agency-type pencil scribbles into a notebook as if she were keeping score at a basketball game, and an unidentified pink-faced man mulls over

Continued



Both are serious about careers—but they don't intend to be separated



He kids about her cooking. "Deb's really a good cook, but a new one!"



*They compromised on going to the movies
—if Eddie has seen it, he'll go again!*

a Guy and his dungaree Doll

Continued

a crossword puzzle, crackling a pencil between his teeth. Then, too, a television set is on, displaying a quivering image, and two telephones are playing "Little Sir Echo" at full tilt. Two suspicious poodles and an anxious reporter with another nervous pencil, round out the scene. Everything and everyone is going at the same time. Suddenly, Eddie takes it all in with an appreciative grin and says, "Well, maybe it's not so normal after all."

The Fishers were married September 26, 1955 in upstate New York. They haven't yet had time off for a real honeymoon. The day after their wedding they returned to New York. Then they went to a bottlers' convention in Washington, D.C. Then back to New York. Next, to South Bend, Indiana. Back to New York. They flew to West Virginia. Back to New York. To Florida for another convention. Back to New York. To Philadelphia four times. Back to New York four times. Now count in Debbie's sudden flight to California when her mother took ill, plus Eddie's television shows, recording dates, conferences, rehearsals, promotion meetings, and so on. Add them all up and you have a faint idea of what it's like to be on a hectic honeymoon. But in spite of all the work and traveling, the newlywed Fishers were making heroic efforts to carry on like average newlyweds.

When Debbie began cooking, Eddie put in his thumb, pulled out a tacos and said, "Vive!" They went shopping together and suddenly Debbie heard herself saying, like any other spouse, "But you don't really need it, dear." And like all other newlyweds they were adjusting and planning, making little compromises and getting organized.

"I think it's the wife who should give in on an argument," says Debbie. "I think it's false pride to hold back and, if an apology is due, I like to beat Eddie to the punch. And I believe a wife should try, as much as possible, to adapt to the husband's way of life." Then she grins and says, "First thing I agreed to was to give in to Eddie and sleep late every morning as he does."

Actually, it had worried her a little. On the West Coast, a working movie star goes to bed early and rises early. On the Atlantic side, a star singer goes to work after noon, goes to bed after midnight and wakes around eleven. Debbie, knowing about this, recalls, "It bothered me a little. I thought after we married I'd be wide awake about six or seven and then have to wait around until

noon for Eddie to get up and say hello."

Debbie discovered it was easy to get up late. All she had to do was stay up late. She fell in with the new system so well that Eddie notes, "This morning I gave her an extra hour, and the day before it was at least an hour and a half."

Eddie is an eight-hour man and Debbie likes ten hours a night.

"Living on the West Coast, we don't have the same problem," Eddie says. "There my day starts much earlier—about eight. Of course, Debbie has even earlier hours, but I'll tell you" he says and smiles, "if she leaves for the studio at five-thirty or six, you know who's going to be at the door to kiss her goodbye—the poodles. It's not that my spirit isn't willing. It's just that the body won't cooperate that early in the morning."

So far, adjusting to minor problems has sometimes been a matter of mere physical agility. Eddie uses his hi-fidelity phonograph a good bit. Debbie likes music, too, but he likes the volume up so loud that you can hear the second trumpeter lighting up a cigarette. Eddie may say, "Listen to this, dear. I want to play something for you." So he puts on the record but when he turns around Debbie has disappeared. Usually, she has just gone to the far side of the room, her back braced to the wall to resist the musical storm.

Getting together on other minor things also requires a little bit of understanding. Both Eddie and Debbie admit they are impractical, but in different ways.

"Take shopping," Debbie says. "Everyone likes to shop—but me, I'm a bargain hunter. Unfortunately, sometimes I get carried away and come home with bargains I have no use for and, in the end, just give them away. Now Eddie's different. He gets to shop only two or three times a year, and he goes from department to department to buy everything."

Debbie was with Eddie when he took a fancy to a new sweater.

"You've got a blue one at home," she pointed out. "The exact shade of blue as this one."

"But I like this one better," Eddie said.

"But if you buy this," Debbie asked, "what will you do with the other?"

Telling about it, Debbie suddenly interrupts herself and says, "You know, Eddie deserved it. He's very fond of good clothes. And when you stop to remember there were periods in his life when he had to (Continued on page 98)



Star your man this Easter as
**"THE MAN IN THE
GRAY FLANNEL SUIT"**

A gal's guide to men's fashions
inspired by the new 20th Century-Fox picture,
selected for you by one of its stars,
lovely Marisa Pavan

Pretty Easter package, Marisa in a bright red hopsacking wool suit, detachable white linen-like collar. 5-15. Jaunty Junior. About \$50. Her natural straw sailor, a John Frederics Charmer.

A Silk repp tie, regimental striped in tones of navy, red, gray to add flash to his gray flannel suit. By Cavalier. \$2.50

B Charcoal gray ribbed socks in anklet length, one-sized via nylon stretch yarn, soft cotton lined. By Bur-Mil. About \$1

C Slim V.I.P. case, doubling as briefcase and overnight bag, inner plastic divider a portable desk. By Samsonite. \$19.50*

D Classic Oxford cloth button-down shirt, best choice for the *really* smart man. Here, tailored for smooth fit. Excello. \$5.95

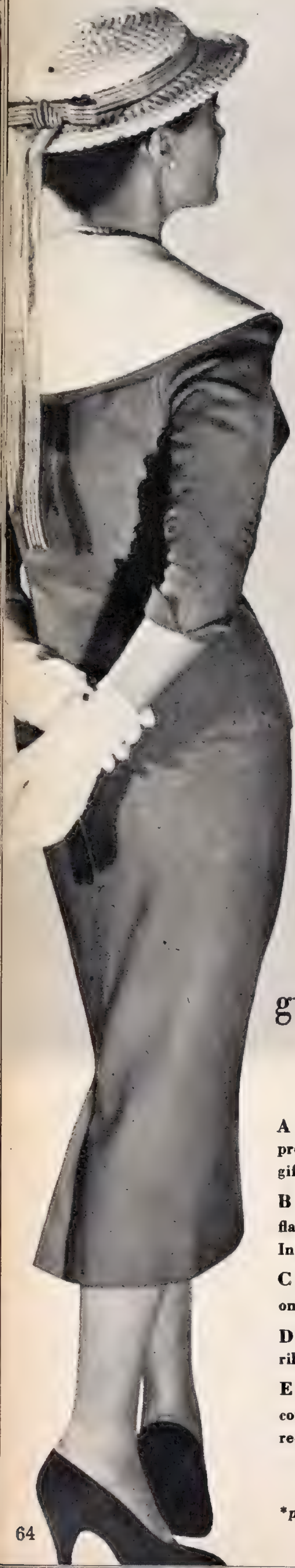
E Handsome shoe for Easter promenading, black smooth leather, Continental styled with low cut, wing tip. Kingsway. \$8.95

F Smart topping for spring—tawny gray fur felt hat with soft double-rolled brim designed to keep its shape. By Dobbs. \$15

*plus tax

For Where to Buy, see page 86

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS



guide to men's fashions *continued*

- A** Black and white saddle-stitched cowhide shaping a waterproof-lined case for his shaving paraphernalia. Foolproof gift to make a real Easter impression. By Hickok. \$4.95*
- B** Sleek leather billfold with removable pass case. Folds flat despite his raft of notes via expandable construction. In smooth, burnished mahogany cowhide. By Meeker. \$5*
- C** Lightweight pigskin tapered gloves. These in pale gray, on hand for a "gray flannel" spring. Daniel Hays. About \$7.95
- D** Designed strictly for the man in gray flannels—a black ribbed steerhide belt, textured metal buckle. Pioneer. \$2.50
- E** Good spark for flannel: diamond patterned socks in soft cotton, reinforced where it counts the most. Here, tones of red and black on light gray ground. By Interwoven. \$1

- F** Cuddle your man in cloud-soft Mazet Orlon, especially in a V-necked, long sleeved pullover. A dream in the washing and wearing departments. Sizes S, M, L. By Revere. \$8.95
- G** Creamy smooth after-shave lotion for the face you like to pamper, with a very *male* fragrance. Afta by Mennen. \$1*
- H** When he wants to look his elegant best—a textured silk gold tie, cross-striped in black. By Regal Ties. About \$2.50
- I** Casual shoe news: a black leather year ahead for spit and polished males. It's used here in an Italian-inspired, cross-strap lounge shoe. Designed by Thom McAn. \$8.95
- J** Most-wanted Easter remembrance: matching tie clip and cuff links—here, in gleaming mother-of-pearl accented with silvery ribs on black. These, by Swank. \$6* the set

K Seen on the impeccable male at home: pajamas doubling as loungers, the patch-pocketed, wing collared shirt in striped chambray, topping solid trousers. By Weldon. \$7.50

For list of stores, see Page 86

*plus tax



T OF COLOR TV
 W MAKE-UP
 DISCOVERY
 MAKES YOU

LOOK NATURALLY LOVELY DAY AND NIGHT IN ANY LIGHT



MAX FACTOR'S NEW *hi-fi* FLUID MAKE-UP

Hi-Fi ends the "made up" look once and for all! Because Max Factor, the make-up master, has achieved in Hi-Fi a whole new range of high fidelity shades never possible before.

Hi-Fi does for color what high fidelity does for music! Reproduces perfect natural skin tones that blend perfectly, naturally, with your own skin and stay soft and pretty, in bright sunlight or glaring artificial light.

Hi-Fi goes on like a dream... easily, quickly... veils flaws and heightens your true beauty with fresh, lovely color.

You'll love the sheer-satin texture of Hi-Fi... the way it smooths and softens your skin. It never streaks or smears.

You'll love the Hi-Fi look... and the way it makes *him* look at you! It all began with color TV. Glaring lights of color television made existing make-ups appear hard, unflattering. So the great TV studios called on Max Factor, who developed for their exclusive use a new color principle in a make-up that stays smooth and radiant under the most glaring light. And now Max Factor has created a new make-up for *you*, based on the same new color principle. Hi-Fi Fluid Make-Up!

It's the new idea, the young idea, the one make-up that makes you look just naturally lovely—day and night, in *any* light! Choose from six highly flattering, high fidelity shades in Hi-Fi Fluid Make-Up *today*. \$1.75 plus tax at your favorite cosmetics counters. FluidRouge in new high fidelity colors \$1.25 plus tax.

NEW
 HIGH FIDELITY
 COLORS
 NEVER
 BEFORE
 POSSIBLE

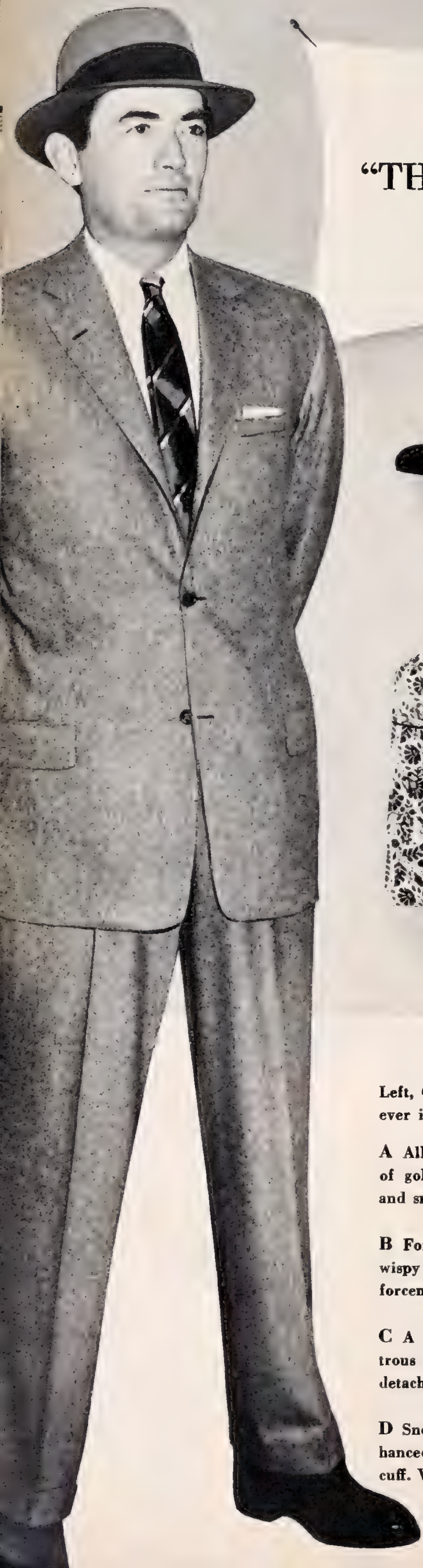


Send in this coupon for "Try Size" Hi-Fi, enough for at least TEN make-ups for only 25¢! You will also receive FREE Max Factor's new book "YOU AT YOUR LOVELIEST."

Max Factor, P. O. Box 941, Hollywood 28, California.
 Please send me my shade in the special "Try Size" Hi-Fi Fluid Make-Up. I enclose 25¢. My natural skin tone is (check one)
☐ fair (pink & white) ☐ ivory (creamy) ☐ medium (neutral) ☐ ruddy (rosy) ☐ olive (golden) ☐ tan

Name.....
 PLEASE PRINT
 Street..... City..... Zone..... State.....

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS



A



B

Fashion ways and means to catch the eye of
"THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT"
 new 20th Century-Fox film, starring Gregory Peck



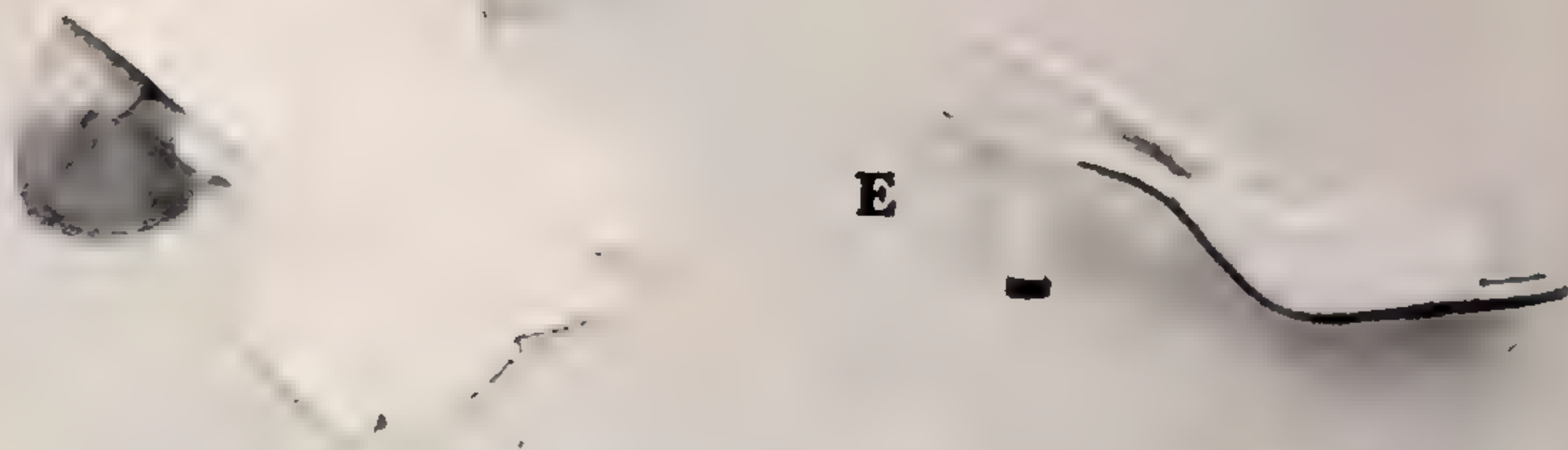
C



D



F



E



H

Left, Gregory Peck in the big spring look for men. The practical single-breasted gray flannel suit, smarter than ever in a new medium tone, with narrower lapels, flapped pockets, custom details. By Eagle Clothes. About \$75

A All the fire you need to spark a costume—bracelet of golden circlets set with a filigree of rhinestones and small baroque sham pearls. Grand Duchess. \$10*

B For the exposed footage of new spring shoes—a wispy nylon stocking with the merest bit of toe reinforcement. Color keyed to vibrant shades. Gotham. \$1.65

C A shoe to start the day, continue on and on: lustrous flight blue calf with white perforated "collar," detachable flat bow. Electra by Trim Tred. About \$11

D Snow white double-woven nylon short gloves, enhanced considerably by a ripple of petals at the wrist cuff. Very pretty flash for a spring suit. By Stetson. \$2

E Shoe with a very delicate air—open toe, open back, the slashed front held to the foot by a straight and narrow sling strap. Pastel kid. Connie by Wohl. \$7.95

F Large flat satchel, bamboo handled, its bright, hand-blocked cotton Paisley print a sure bet to fire anything you wear. Linen lined. By MM. \$15*

G Study in black and white: the belt, a circlet of black calf with its own white leather "collar," to make a neat waist even neater. By Speyer. About \$3

H Large silk crepe square in tones of beige and tangerine in a stylized sun print—to flash against the pale neutral shades of spring. By Vera. About \$3

*plus tax

For list of stores, see page 86

EXCITING
AS THE STARS!



MARTHA HYER
co-starring in
"RED SUNDOWN"
A Universal-International Picture
Print by TECHNICOLOR



Connie

SHOE CREATIONS

Radiant new Connies . . .
bringing the world of
fabulous fashion to your
feet! Intriguing braids,
subtle meshes, gleaming
leathers, in the hit colors
of the year! Hollywood
stars love them, you'll
adore them, and at such
terrific values, shopping
for them is a delight.

Award winners
at any price, only

695 AND 795



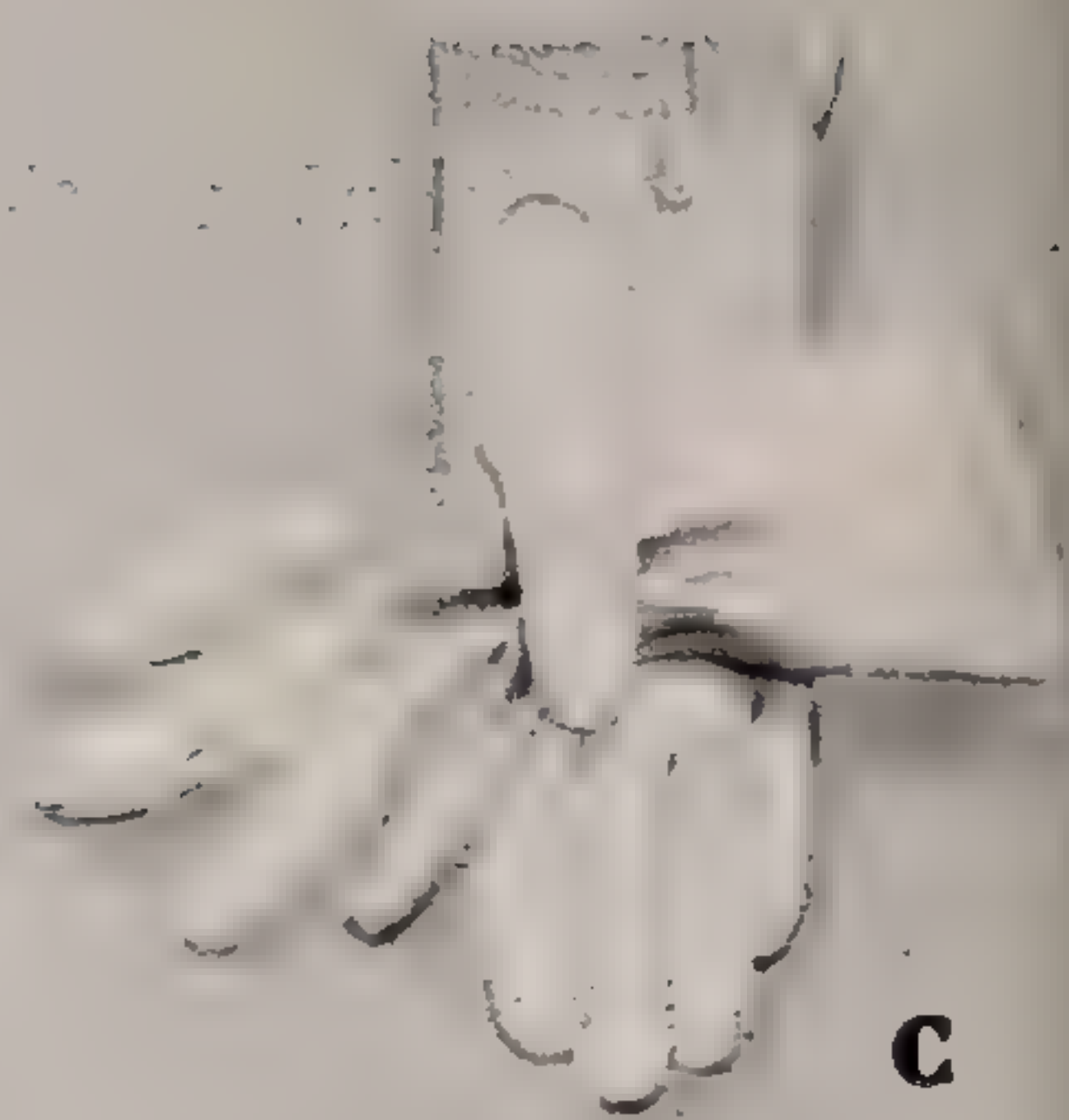
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS



A



B



C

Bright new Easter accessories for the lady on the arm of
"THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT"



D



E



F



G



H

A Making its point clear, sliver-heeled tan kid pumps with soft tapered toe. Gold-tipped bow trims a high riding instep. Lucky Stride by Edith Henry. \$10.95

B Sleeveless white cotton blouse with Oriental-flavored print in aqua and gold, to sparkle on its own or under an Easter suit. 28-38. By Ship 'n Shore. \$3.50

C For a handful of fashion: classic beige satin-finish glacé leather short gloves. The news: they're completely washable, dry good as new. By Superb. \$5

D Perfect spring casual—beige leather Cavalier flat shoe, sparked with a high pinked tongue, comfortably cushioned pancake heel. These, by Huskies. About \$5

* plus tax

E "Fresh Water" chalk-white baroque pearls shape a double strand necklace, \$10*; bracelet, \$8*; button earrings, \$3*. All sham, all glamour. By Marvella

F Fresh as an April shower—make-believe daisies to freshen a jaded collar, tuck into a belt to breathe new life into your spring wardrobe. Flower Modes. \$1

G An open toe, sling-back red calf pump, low-cut and bared for a spring evening. A fresh note—the flat buckle dotted with white beads. Grace Walker. \$10.95

H Burnished gray—new color excitement in a roomy leather flat satchel, with smart angular lines, inside zippered pocket, adjustable strap. By Mecker. \$15*

For list of stores, see Page 86

LOVABLE



HOW TO FEEL LIKE A MILLIONAIRESS...

LET LOVABLE SUPPORT YOU!

Rich and deserving...Lovable bras, inlaid with precious foam,
make your figure your fortune!

*Fabulous camouflages, lavishly embroidered and buoyantly foam-lined,
they lift lightly, hold surely, curve so-o-o nicely.*

Left: "Add-Vantage," foam-lined stitched cups. White, black cotton. \$2.00

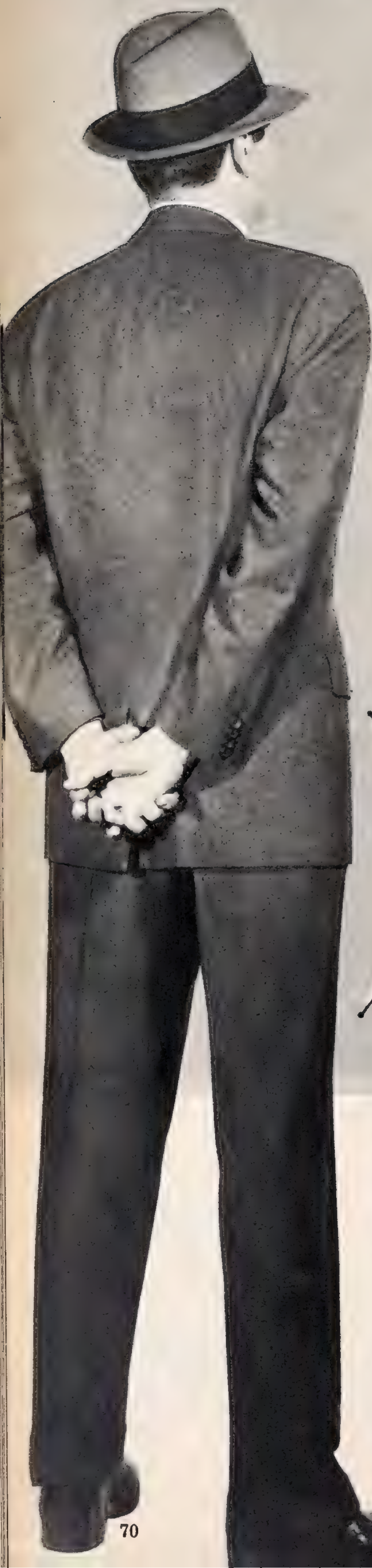
Right: "Interplay," light foam lining; band separates divinely. White cotton. \$1.50

The Lovable Brassiere Co. • 180 Madison Avenue, New York 16 • Also in Canada.



IT COSTS SO LITTLE TO LOOK LOVABLE

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS



Shining accessory accents
to share the spotlight with
"THE MAN IN
THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT"

A Longish scarf, dress-up variety, to save for a special day. This one in white organza, striped with gleaming gilt and shades of blue. Baar & Beards. \$1

B Flattering footnote: black patent pump, elegantly pointed and polished, with slimmed-down heel, a low-cut vamp bridged with a flat bow. Velvet Step. \$10.95

C Fashion creed: coordinate your stocking color with your costume this spring. For the new grays, sheer flattering "Grey Beauty" stockings. By Phoenix. \$1.65

D Striking satin stripes on a sleeveless shirt of white cotton and nylon that happily shuns ironing. Sizes 28-40. Peter Pan design by New Era. About \$3

E Sleek shape for spring—a long narrow boxy satchel in glistening black patent, its rigid handle underlined with gilt. Designed by Bobbie Jerome. \$7.95*

F Rounding out the patent picture: a black patent Empire bow set on a red suede-like belt that mates separates with a flair. By Charm Belts. About \$2.50

G Covering the casual scene—a stripping sandal in pale colored leather, twin-buckled and set on a flat wedge pancake sole. These by Honeydebs. About \$4

H Short white cotton gloves—the news, their delicate floral embroidery sprinkled with tiny seed "pearls," and a pretty scalloped border. By Wear-Right. \$3.50

*plus tax

For Where to Buy, see page 86

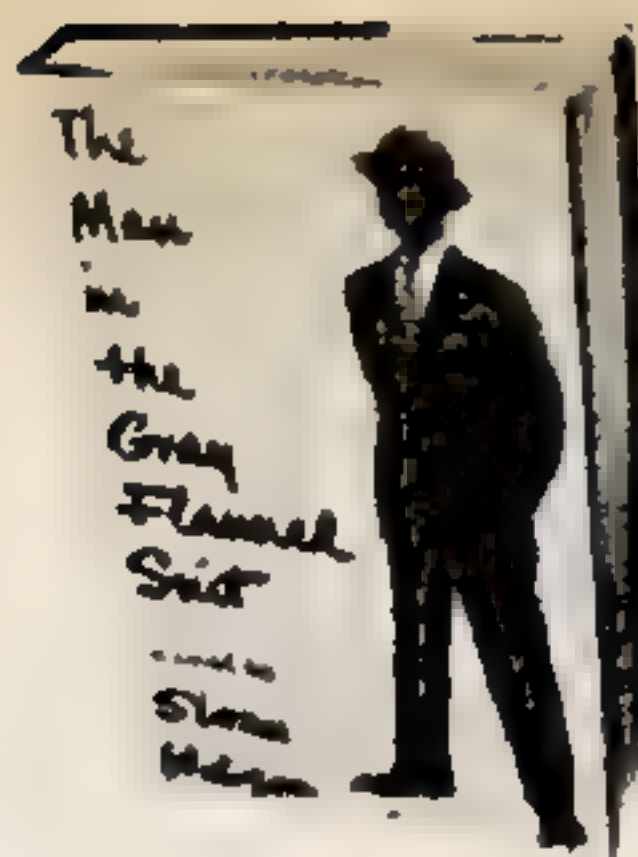
WHY
GREGORY PECK
CHOSE
EAGLE CLOTHES
TO WEAR IN

*The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit**

MR. GREGORY PECK, the distinguished motion picture star, is noted for his realism. Because the suit plays such an important part in his portrayal of "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," he sought the kind of gray flannel that a rising young executive would really wear. It must be well tailored, he specified, must be casually yet correctly styled, of good quality yet priced within the means of a man of

moderate income, at about \$75.00. He found precisely the right suit bearing an Eagle Clothes label, and it is an Eagle flannel you see him wear in the title role of "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit."

See Eagle's GREGORY GRAY flannels at fine stores in leading cities. For name of dealer nearest you, write to EAGLE CLOTHES, Inc., 1107 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.



*A 20th Century-Fox CinemaScope Film produced by Darryl F. Zanuck.



PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS



A



B



C

A Smart rain insurance—handsome, barrel-shaped bag that totes its own matching umbrella set in a patent sheath. The bag in water-repellent acetate, polka-dotted in plastic. Brella-Bag by Giant. About \$6*

B Fun and fancy for wet weather days. It's real glamour afoot with clear plastic rainboots, these designed to fit most heels, with smooth seamfree lines, safety-first treads. Rain Dears by Lucky. About \$2

C Coordinated rain fashion: a black waterproofed acetate coat with cheery white bowknot-printed cotton lining. The matching hair protector, a perky bow-topped hat that clips to the head. Both under \$40. Umbrella in matching print. All by Town Creations

*plus tax

For list of stores, see page 86

Pretty prints, gleaming accessories
add up to fashion spice and
sunny highlights for a rainy day

MARISA PAVAN PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTA
FASHION PHOTOGRAPHS, BERT AND STAN ROCKFIELD

this
will
make
your



DRAWINGS BY FLORENCE KEVESON

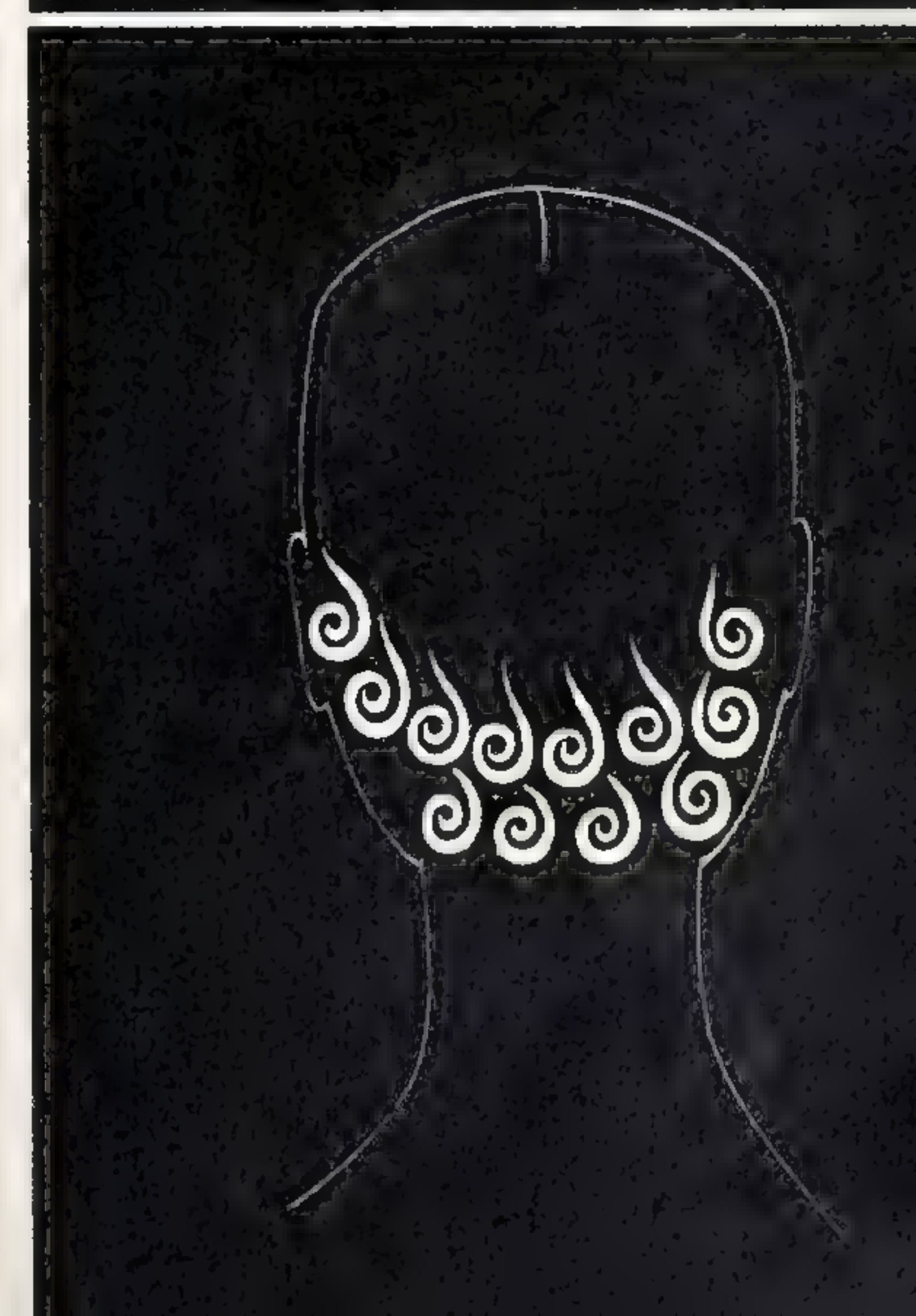
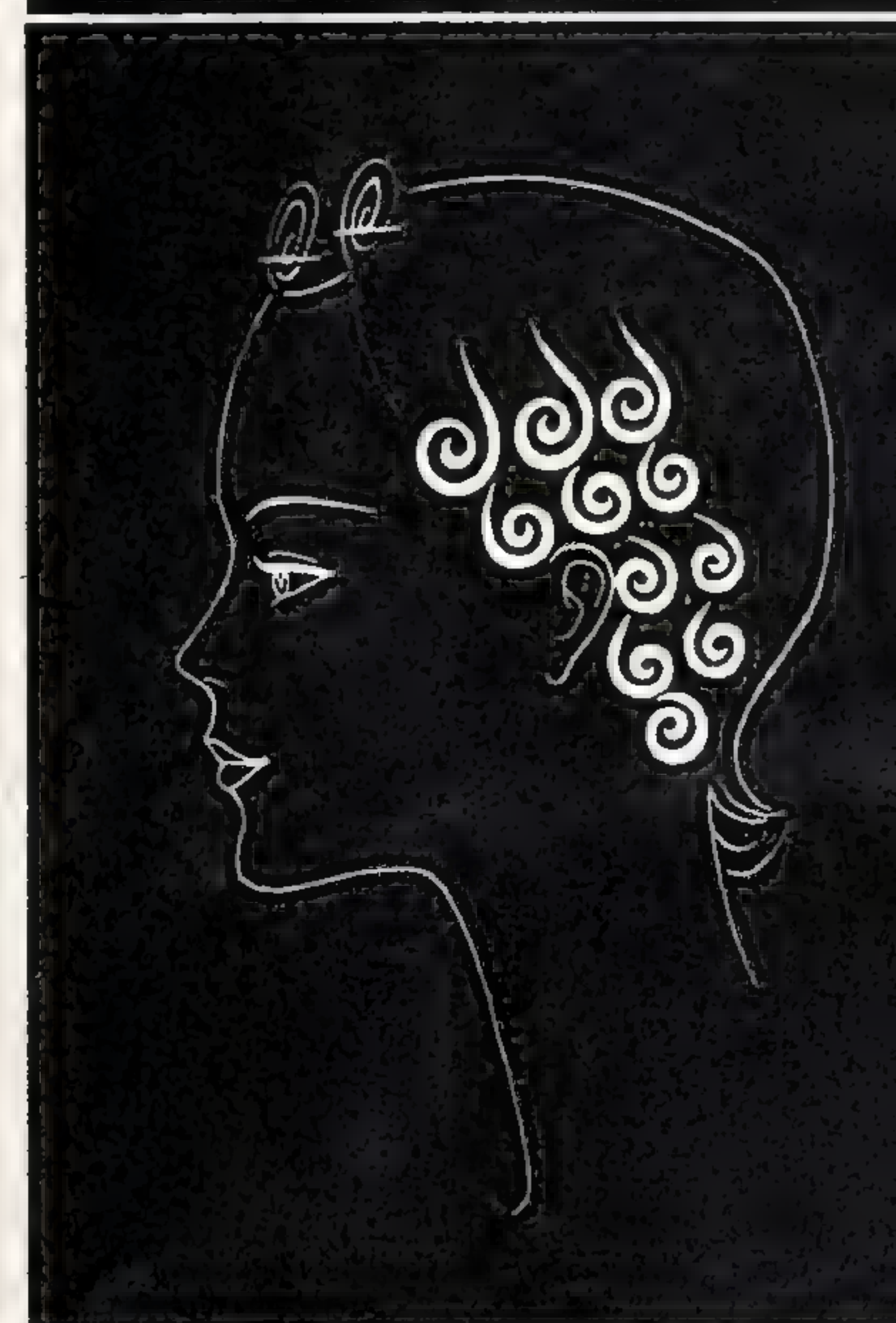
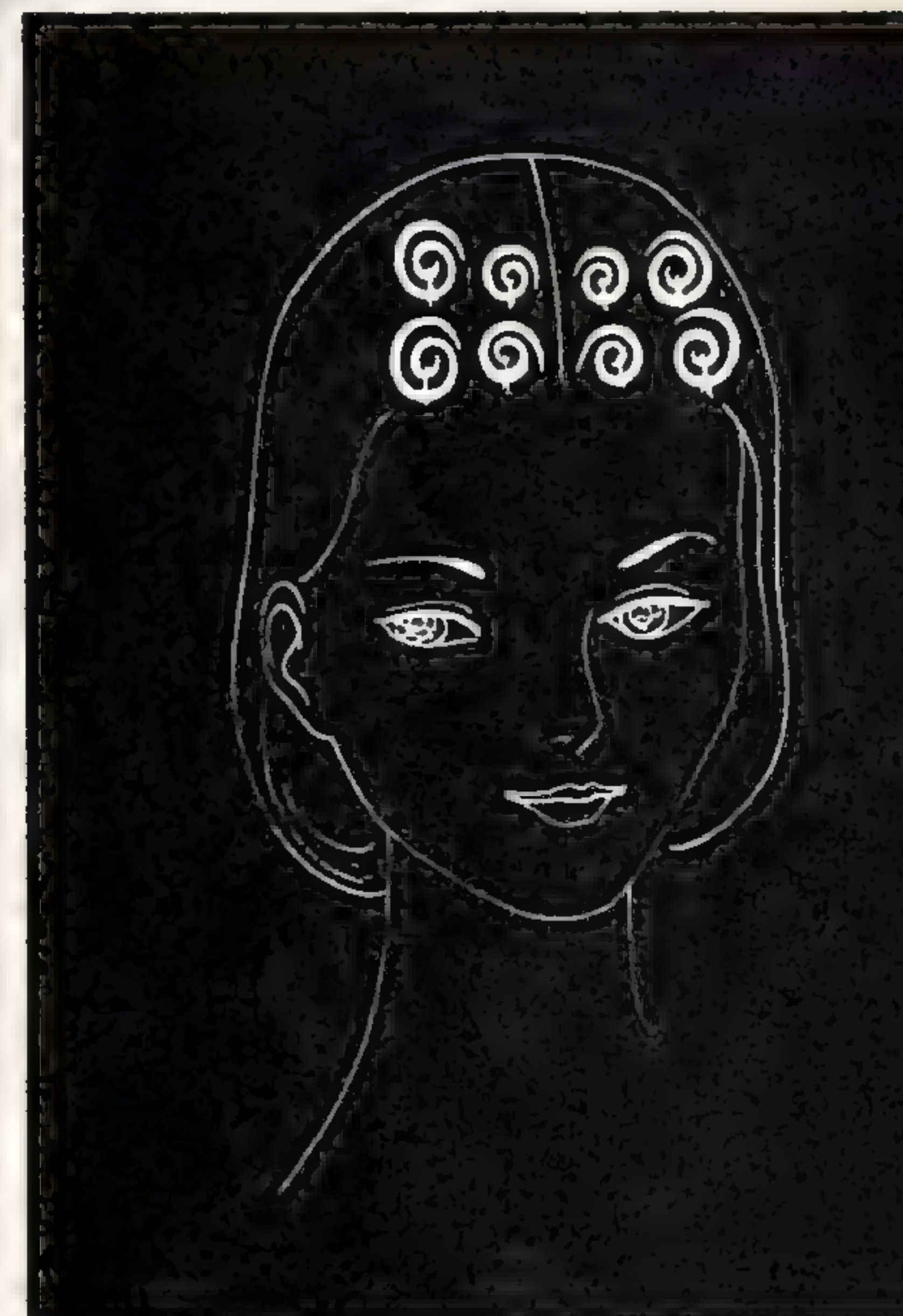
hair curl



JARMA LEWIS IS IN M-G-M'S "IT'S A DOG'S LIFE"

Jarma has a complete permanent every three months, uses large-size curling rods for a loose, but long-lasting wave. To touch up side sections after a haircut (above), she uses a small kit designed for that purpose. Parting off tresses about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch deep and as wide as the curling rod, she folds end paper around tress and slides it down well below ends of hair. Making sure that strands are about the same length and smoothed across full length of curling rod, she winds rod to point where wave will fall in finished hairdo, then gives it one more turn before fastening on top of curl. Results: even waves, where she wants them.

Casual, but very feminine, Jarma's hairdo is easy to set: For stand-up curls over forehead, wind as usual, but anchor only bottom of curl, so that it stands up in a circle. Curls closest to center are smallest (see top sketch). For sides, set rows of large curls, pinned flat to head, in forward and reverse directions (center sketch). Two rows of curls in back are set low at nape of neck (bottom sketch). When hair is dry, model top curls around finger and urge gently onto forehead. Swirl sides softly over ears and comb back hair into loose curls.



BY HARRIET SEGMAN

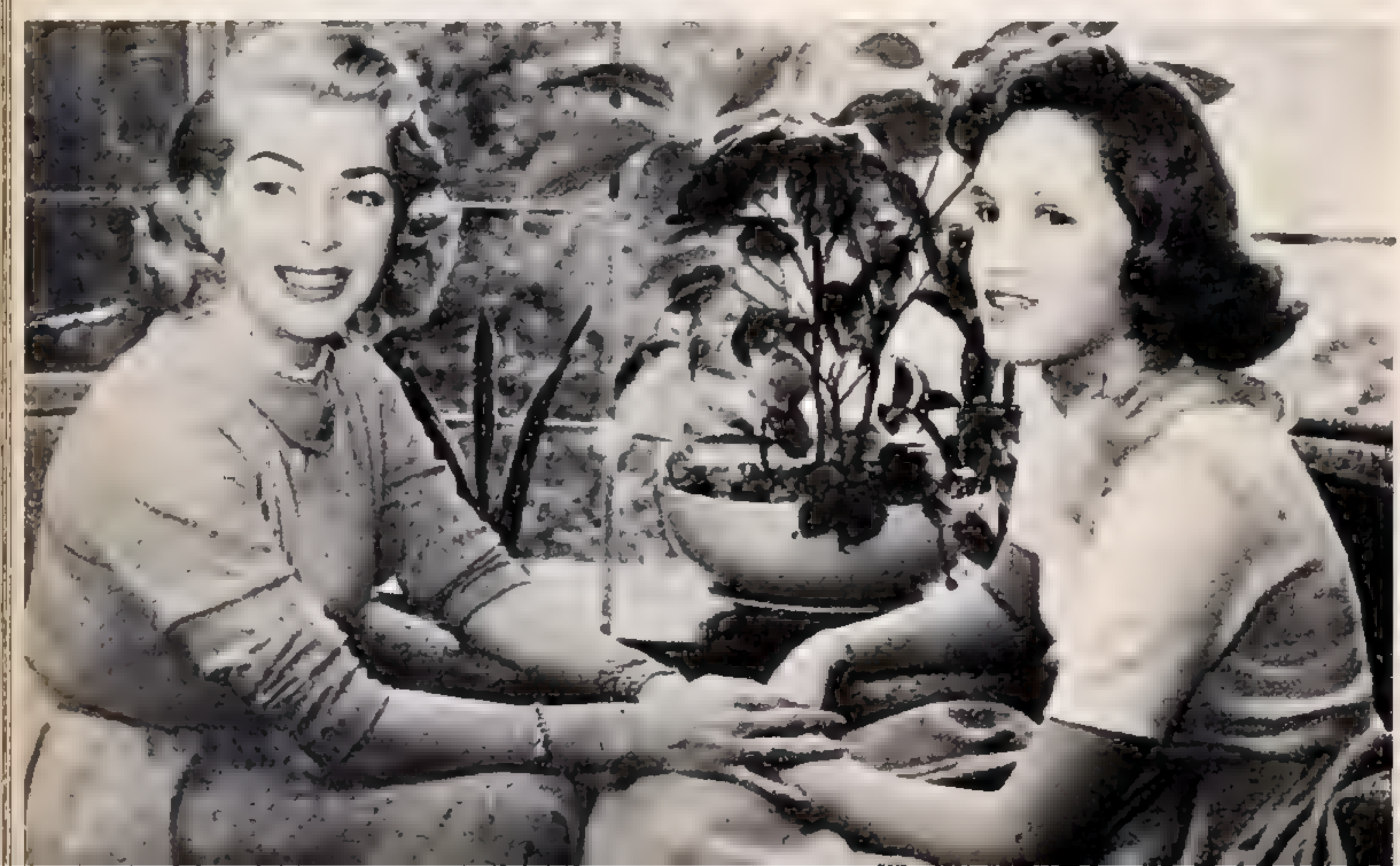
No droopy bangs or straggly curls for Jarma Lewis. Not even sometimes. Like most girls, she finds that some strands need rewaving before others. Hair grows on an average of half an inch a month, but varies with the seasons and even from place to place on the same head. Sometimes, too, a haircut leaves some sections minus all curl. Jarma's happy solution: touch-up curls, between regular permanents, as often as she needs them, her hair trimmed, first, of previously waved ends.



Like most girls of twelve, Cheryl dreams of being grown-up—wants to get there in one quick rush!



Lana is guiding Cheryl into being a thoughtful, understanding person, ready for responsibility later



YOUNG IDEAS:

SOCIAL PROBLEM

when there's

BY MARK FLANDERS

● On the set of 20th's "The Rains of Ranchipur," dressed in faded-blue denim play clothes, Lana Turner looked like a young girl, a beautiful young girl. It was hard to realize she was the same Lana Turner who portrays the glamorous Lady Esketh in "The Rains."

Lana's expression was a happy one and her eyes sparkled with eagerness, for she was talking about something very near and dear to her—her daughter Cheryl—and of her hopes and dreams for Cheryl.

"Cherie is twelve now," Lana was saying. "She's right on the threshold of her teens—the 'perilous teens' as they're known to so many parents. I'm young enough to remember them well, and I can recall how important everything seems at that age. You feel you have to live life all at once, before it gets away from you. You don't want to miss out on a single experience. You're afraid if you do, you'll be left behind, and you're scared to death of that, of being called a wallflower. You desperately want to be liked by everyone. I know; I went through it all. And how I would have appreciated it if someone had just given me a set of rules to guide me through that growing-up period.

"Instead," Lana continued, "it's taken me ten years of experience and study to find out some of the important answers to life. Now if I can impart them to Cheryl while she's still young, she will be spared many of the mistakes I made and that countless other teenagers have made throughout the years because they've had no one to understand or advise them."

As Cheryl steps into the teen age of awareness and starts upon a busy round of parties, dates and the general business of growing up, Lana knows that one of the first items on her daughter's list of new-found interests will be boys. Lana and her husband, Lex Barker, look forward to the time Cheryl starts dating, just as Cheryl herself does, and sometimes they make a game out of discussing Cheryl's first date.

Lana will start the kidding by saying, "One day it will happen, Cherie, I just know it will. I can see it all plainly. It will probably be a Sunday, and we'll be sitting in the living room, reading the papers. (Continued on page 78)

LANA TURNER WAS LAST IN "DIANE" AND "THE RAINS OF RANCHIPUR"

If Cheryl listens to Mom, she won't wear a halo or fly around with wings, but she will learn that the teens can be a heavenly age

a daughter in the house

'I'm young enough to remember my own teen problems. And I don't want Cheryl going to outsiders for help,' says Lana Turner



what's spinning?

BY CHRIS DAGGETT

NOW is the time when everyone's fancy turns to thoughts of love—or how to pay their income tax. If your thought train runs on the track of love, you will enjoy listening to a new Jackie Gleason album. His latest and his greatest on Capitol records include "You're My Greatest Love," "You Call It Madness," "I'm Glad There Is You," "You and the Night and the Music," "It's the Talk of the Town," "My Sin," "Coquette," "Guilty," and "She's Funny That Way." There are sixteen selections in all in this, his best album to date. Jackie was born in Brooklyn, February 26, 1916.

When he was fifteen, and after scoring a terrific success on an amateur show at the Halsey Theatre, he was hired as emcee for three dollars a week. In the next few years he took, among others, a job as a dare-devil driver in an auto circus and as an exhibition diver in the water follies. In 1940, Jack Warner signed him to a movie contract and Jackie made five Hollywood pictures. He then returned to New York to appear on Broadway in "Hellzapoppin'" and "Artists and Models." Stardom finally came with the leads in the Broadway productions of "Follow the Girls," "Keep Off the Grass," and "Rosalie." Jackie made his TV bow in *Life Of Riley* and then became the star performer on *Cavalcade Of Stars*. Today, with his own television show, he is rated as one of the top performers in the country.

Comedy is a very serious matter to Steve Allen, star of *Tonight* on TV and, from a professional standpoint, Steve admits that trying to be funny five nights a week is no laughing matter. Steve's versatility is not confined to TV, however, as he is a pianist of exceptional talent and has a number of fine record albums to his credit. He is also a songwriter of proven success, having written such tunes as "Let's Go to Church on Sunday Morning," which sold over 300,000 copies. Then, too, in 1954, he started the craze for fairytales in be-bop lingo. Steve has, in addition, appeared in three motion pictures, the latest being "The Benny Goodman Story" in which he plays the title role. But I'm not through yet, he also sings! In his latest Coral album he shows his

ability to handle a smart lyric in a thoroughly musical manner. The album is entitled simply "Steve Sings," and he sticks to the great standards such as "Pennies from Heaven," "Sugar," and "There Will Never Be Another You."

Roger Williams, the young man who scored such a smash with his piano rendition of "Autumn Leaves," has a new twelve-inch LP entitled "Wanting You." Also included on the record are his hit "Autumn Leaves," plus "Beyond the Sea," "Night Wind," "Summertime," "My Dream Sonata," and "Minute Waltz Variation." If you enjoy piano played superbly, this is an album you should definitely add to your collection.

Perhaps, in recent weeks, you have heard a haunting ballad on the radio, entitled "Cry Me a River," sung by a young lady named Julie London, who was formerly married to Jack Webb. She has been dubbed the girl with the "come-hither voice." Now she has a new album out, on the Liberty label, and this reviewer has never heard an album by a female vocalist done so superbly before. Entitled "Julie Is Her Name," it features her singing such standards as "Easy Street," "Gone with the Wind," "Say it Isn't So," "I Should Care," and "It Never Entered My Mind." Perhaps the most enjoyable of all the songs in the album is "Laura." Miss London puts all of the feeling of a lost love into this number. The first eight or ten bars are done completely without musical accompaniment, only her husky, throaty voice pouring out the liquid sounds. It's a treat well worth hearing. Also watch for her next twelve-inch LP, "About the Blues."

The RCA Victor recording of the "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 1," featuring Emil Gilels with Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, is the first American recording with orchestra to be made by the outstanding Russian pianist. Mr. Gilels was born in Odessa in 1916 and, at fifteen, won first prize in a contest open to all Russian pianists. In recent years, he has made a number of concert tours in Europe and has been widely acclaimed. When a



LANA AND SISTER NATALIE WOOD, BOTH STAR IN "THE SEARCHERS," WARNERS. SEE BELOW FOR INFORMATION

Disc jockey Lana Wood (small-fry network), with her compact, portable child's phonograph. The sturdy lightweight case in washable two-color combinations. AC. By Vanity Fair. \$12.95

Shown with big sister Natalie Wood, Warners, Lana wears black rayon linen, the dress full-skirted and cheered with striped yoke and pocket, orange-piped. 7-12. Westway. About \$10

Her dress-up pumps, classic black patent with pretty beaded trim bordering the instep cut-outs. Also in pastel calf. Tangy by Scamperroos. About \$5.50. Smaller sizes slightly less

classical recording, such as this, sells like a pop record, you know it's time to add it to your collection.

Also in the classical vein, RCA Victor has just released two albums in conjunction with the movie, "Richard III." One is the complete soundtrack—words and music—from the movie, on three 12-inch LPs. The other is "Highlights of Richard III," on one 12-inch LP. The music was composed by William Walton, and the star performers include Sir Laurence Olivier, Claire Bloom, Sir Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud and Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

"Concorde," a new 12-inch LP featuring the Modern Jazz Quartet, has caused quite a buzz in jazz circles lately. The quartet is comprised of Milt Jackson on vibes, Percy Heath on bass, Connie Kay on drums, and John Lewis on piano. John also does most of the writing and arranging for the group. Those in the know are saying that the quartet has never played better. This is Connie Kay's first side cut with the M.J.Q., and it is refreshing to hear a drummer who not only plays with taste but who also refrains from exhibitionism. He has a good steady cymbal beat which backs Milt Jackson nicely on several sides. Milt plays equally well on the swinging sides and the soft and melodious ones. This tremendously good album is on the Prestige label.

For your collection:

If you have all ten, you've hit the musical jackpot. If only eight are in your possession, give yourself a musical demerit. If you only own six, look out, your allowance is showing:

1. A follow-up to their fabulous, "Moments to Remember," the Four Lads have a new one, "No, Not Much," on Columbia.
2. Kay Starr has finally hit the top with "Rock and Roll Waltz," on the RCA Victor label.
3. Blues with a feeling by Dinah Washington, on Mercury, she sings "The Show Must Go On."
4. Chalk up another big one for Pat Boone. This musical young man from Texas sings "I'll Be Home" and "Tutti-Frutti." (Dot)
5. "Moritat," the theme from the "Three Penny Opera," has been recorded on the M-G-M label by the Dick Hyman Trio.
6. On Decca, Al Hibbler does it again with "11th Hour Melody." A great melody by a great artist.
7. The Four Coins will sell you on "Memories of You" on the Epic label.
8. The Four Fellows have a new ballad to follow-up "Soldier Boy." Titled "Fallen Angel," it is on the Glory label.
9. On the Gee label, The Teenagers smash home with a tune called "Why Do Fools Fall in Love?"
10. Watch for Capitol's new album containing eighteen wonderful selections from the Universal-International film, "The Benny Goodman Story."



Across

1. "The Indian"
6. Mario Lanza's specialty is singing
12. Julie Adams' groom
13. "There's Tomorrow"
15. Where Lamas and Haymes were born (abbreviation)
16. Last seen in "The View from Pompey's Head"
18. Barbara Stanwyck's son
19. Davy Crockett's boss—also Mickey Mouse's
21. "Fine and" (song)
23. "... Greater Love" (song)
25. Belonging to Miss Powers
26. Steve Allen's role (initials)
27. "..... Gobi," 1953 Widmark film
28. Army captain in 1 Across
30. Last seen in "The Virgin Queen"
31. Rodgers writes the tune; Hammerstein, the
34. He's "The Man with the Golden Arm" (initials)
35. "Where .. When" (song)
36. Forever Lucy's darling (initials)
39. Kettle movies are deliberately, delightfully
42. Peck and Gable have both played big hunters
45. Type of shot in a movie (abbreviation)
46. "The Trouble with"
47. Burt Lancaster wears one on his chest—for a film
49. Kim's kid sister in "Picnic" (initials)
50. "..... Detroit"
53. "..... and Models"
57. Gene and Lori
59. Janet is

61. Every star longs for an Oscar-winning

62. Beloved current musical
64. Where jazz was born (second part of name)
66. Character actors Hunter and Keith
67. Heroine of "The Square Jungle"
69. Aldo's leading lady in "Battle Cry" (initials)
70. Comic who played a WAF's husband
71. "... Wore a Yellow Ribbon"

Down

1. June Haver's husband
2. Star of "The Last Hunt"
3. "Hold My" (song)
4. Last seen in "The Long Gray Line" (nickname)
5. "The of Ranchipur"
6. "Our Very"
7. Mrs. Vic Damone (initials)
8. Liz Taylor is mighty easy on the ...
9. Carrot-topped comedian (initials)
10. "Flame of the"
11. They annoyed the heroine in "Lady and the Tramp"
14. The racketeers in "The Houston Story" are strictly out for
17. Roy Rogers' old pardner
19. ".... Till the Sun Shines, Nellie" (song)
20. A wise star is never toward public or press
22. Star of 10 Down (initials)
24. "Meet Me .. Las Vegas"
25. Pal of Audie's in "To Hell and Back" (initials)

28. Top British star, a sensation in "The Prisoner"
29. Metro's mascot
32. Johnnie Ray's first big song hit
33. Star of 1 Across (initials)
37. Rita Hayworth's former father-in-law
38. ".... of the Kingdom," early Gregory Peck film
40. He'll team with Bing in "Anything Goes"
41. Schoolteacher in "Picnic"
43. She used to play Andy Hardy's best girl (initials)
44. Phyllis is Rock's ...
46. He was *Major Benson*
47. Van Johnson's home state (abbreviation)
48. Janet Leigh's most recent role
51. Mrs. George Montgomery (initials)
52. 1954's best supporting actor (initials)
53. "... Anyone Who Knows" (song)
54. "The Big", John Wayne's first movie hit
55. First name of 70 Across
56. Stars, too, like to take of their kids
58. Durante's famous for this
60. Studios search far to find a good location
61. Prosecuting attorney in "The Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell"—also the screen's *Pore Jud*
63. TV m.c. who hands out lots of money
65. Todd-... (new process)
68. She'll star with her husband in "War and Peace" (initials)

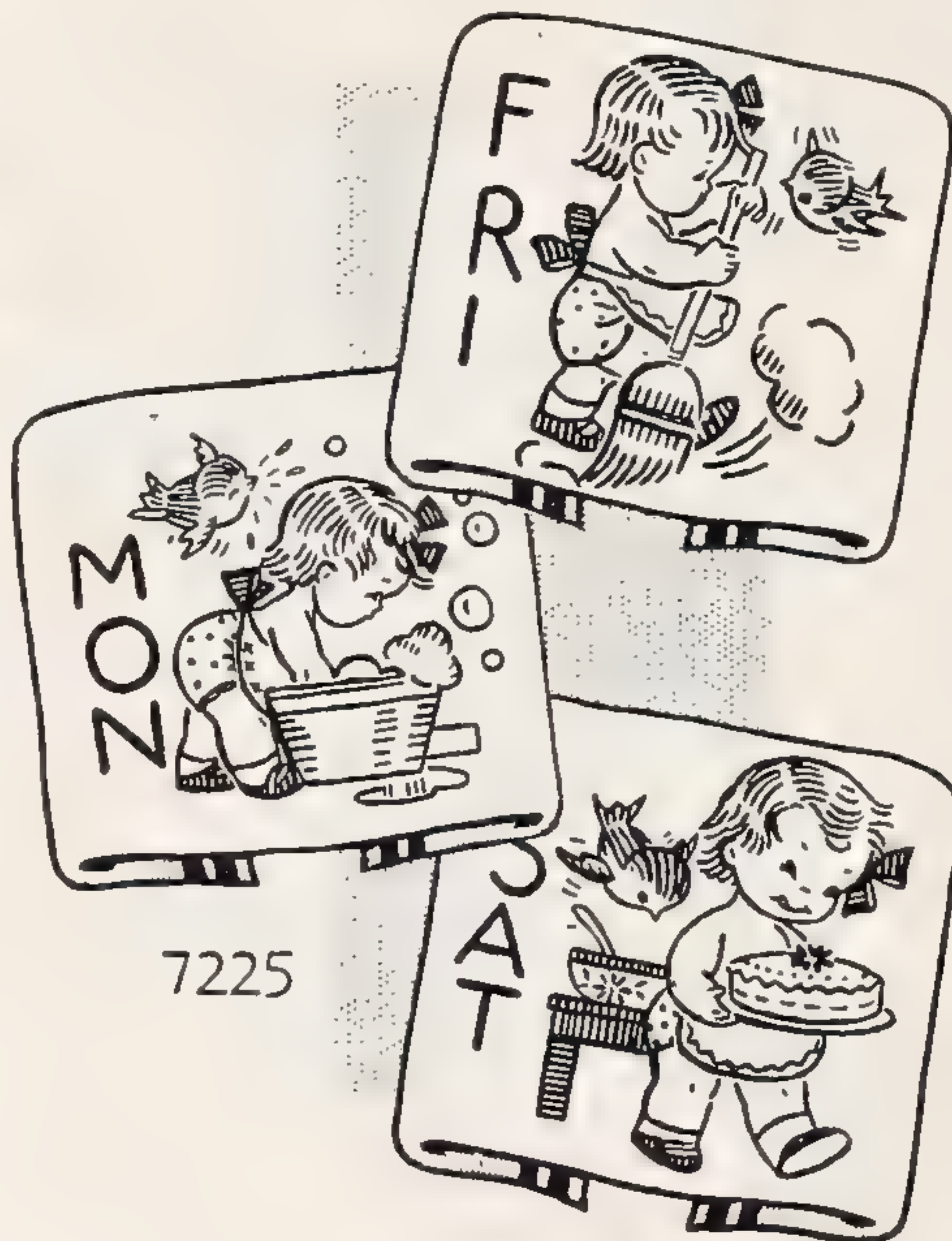
NEEDLE NEWS



833

833—Easy-crochet this little cape in lacy pineapple pattern. In sizes Small, Medium, Large. Use 3-ply fingering yarn or mercerized crochet and knitting cotton.

7225—Brighten household chores with these cute motifs. Easy to embroider on kitchen towels. Set of seven embroidery transfers included. Each design about 5 by 6 inches.



7225

603—Crochet roses in color to decorate this new doily. They stand up in lifelike form against their lovely background. Larger doily 21 inches in No. 30 mercerized cotton; smaller one to match.



603



7055
SIZES
2-10

7055—Adorable pinafore for daughter! Whirly skirt, saucy bow ties and a "ballet slipper" pocket of embroidery. Child's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Tissue pattern, transfer of embroidery motifs. State size.



7385

7385—Build your own wooden lawn or patio chairs. Easy to do—saves many dollars! Simple directions. Actual-size paper pattern parts included, with number guide.

when there's a daughter in

Suddenly the doorbell will ring. We'll look at each other, wondering who it is. Then I'll answer the door, and there will be a funny-looking fellow, his hair probably combed into a ducktail, with a hot rod parked in the driveway."

At which point Cheryl laughs, "Oh, *Moth-er!*"

"Yes, he'll be standing there," Lana continues. "He'll be wearing jeans and a leather jacket, and his hands *certainly* will be crammed into his back pockets. And he'll probably be chewing gum, looking like a cow chewing its cud."

"Oh, *Moth-er!*" Cheryl laughs again. The picture is too much for her.

"Hi, Mrs. Bark-er," the young man will say, according to Lana, speaking between lusty chaws on his chewing gum. "Is Cher-yl in?"

"Oh, *Moth-er!*" Cheryl exclaims once more. "You know it's not going to happen that way. You know I have better taste than to go out with a rude boy like that."

Then Lex, whom Cheryl affectionately calls Po, chimes in on the fun. "Perhaps I'll be the one to answer the door. I'll say to him, 'What's your problem, son?'"

"But, Po," Cheryl argues, "he's supposed to be coming to see *me*."

"Well, sure, I know that," says Lex, continuing with his version of the story, and pretending to be talking to a young man standing in front of him. "Haven't you got the wrong address, son?" Then, in a young voice, he says, "Is Cher-yl around?"

By this time, the scene has become so real to Cheryl, she is hanging on every word. "Go on, Po," she urges, "what'll you say then?"

"Son," Lex continues, sounding stern, "when I was your age, we were never allowed to call for girls with our hands in our pockets. And we were told to ask for them as *Miss So-and-So*. Now, if you think you can handle that, let's hear it."

All of this greatly stirs Cheryl's imagination, says Lana. For, like any other twelve-year-old girl, she enjoys dreaming of the dates that lie ahead. She is amused by Lana's and Lex's joking pictures of her first boyfriend-to-be, but she also sees the seriousness beneath it all. She knows that what Lana and Lex are trying to convey to her is that they are interested in and concerned about the kind of boy she will go out with. And, ten to one, when she does start dating, Cheryl will want the boy to be someone she will be proud to introduce to her folks.

Just as a girl of twelve dreams of future dates, so she dreams of being grown-up, says Lana. In fact, she wants to get there in one quick rush. Usually, she thinks the way to do it is with lipstick, high heels and formal clothes. Realizing this, Lana has advised Cheryl, "Leave things to look forward to. Don't spoil the happiness and excitement that belong to the teens by doing things ahead of time."

Lana knows what pressure an eager young girl can put on her mother. She is young enough to remember how she tormented her own mother at that age. So she understands Cheryl's feelings when she begs to be allowed to use lipstick. Her excuse, of course, is the time-worn one of "all the other girls do it."

However, Lana refuses to be moved by such pleas. "Cheryl, honey," she says, "you're not all the other girls."

"But, gee," counters Cheryl, "all the other mothers let them."

"Cheryl, I'm not all the other mothers," says Lana, then goes on to explain why Cheryl shouldn't wear lipstick at her age. "You're only twelve, Cheryl. The lipstick, high heels and formals go with fifteen, six-

PHOTOPLAY'S PATTERN OF THE MONTH

the house (Continued from page 74)

teen and seventeen. If you do all these things now, everything will be old-hat then, and you'll just be restless and dissatisfied with life."

This is all a part of Lana's belief that it is very important for a young girl to always have a goal toward which she can move during the process of growing up. In this way, she won't become blasé and start searching for other thrills that may get her into trouble.

One of the most important ideas Lana has tried to instill in Cheryl is found in the Golden Rule—to do unto others as you would have them do unto you. This, Lana believes, is not just a saying in the Bible to be memorized, recited, then forgotten. "It took me some time," she says, "to find out that the Golden Rule is the secret of happiness, and that one's pleasure comes from giving rather than receiving."

Lana began teaching Cheryl this rule when she was just a tot. For instance, if Cheryl had two cookies, Lana would urge her to offer one to a friend. "It was only a little thing," says Lana, "but that's all a small child can grasp."

Later on, when friends came to share the swimming pool, Lana would urge Cheryl to offer them her best and newest toy instead of keeping it just for herself.

"You don't need to worry, Cheryl," Lana would say. "Everything you give will come back to you eventually. Maybe in a different form, but it will come back. And when it does, it will be much more delightful and wonderful than what you gave—even if it's just the feeling inside of warmth and happiness."

Lana feels that by now, Cheryl should realize that there are other gifts such as patience, understanding and time which require, perhaps, greater sacrifice and mean more than material gifts. To help Cheryl understand this, Lana often asks her to run little errands—perhaps to bring her a sweater, or a glass of water, or the newspaper—because, "I should like so much to have Cheryl experience the pleasure that acts of thoughtfulness give not only to others, but to oneself."

Lana has another theory for Cheryl, one that has been of so much use to herself since she discovered it: *Change the attitude and you change the problem.*

"That's just good old common sense," Lana feels. "If you have a problem and you sit around despairing about it you make the problem even bigger. If, on the other hand, you change your attitude, the problem will often unravel itself without any trouble at all."

Lana has shown Cheryl how to use this idea in her school work. Once, when she was in the third grade, Cheryl brought her arithmetic book home and threw it down in a fit of childish impatience. She could not understand it, she said. It was silly and horrible. Lana suggested that she look at it from another light. Arithmetic, she explained, was really a challenge, a kind of game that could be fun. Cheryl grasped the idea and, on her next report card, she got a "B" in Arithmetic.

Lana feels that since Cheryl is now entering her teens she will find this rule especially useful, for these are the years when what seem like small troubles to adults loom large and menacing to a teenager. "If Cheryl can just learn that most of her problems spring from her own attitude, she will be on her way to solving them."

Lana's next bit of advice for Cheryl is: *Learn to accept responsibility.*

Lana has tried to instill in her daughter this sense of responsibility from the very

(Continued on page 92)



ADVANCE PATTERN
NO. 7863—50¢

smooth sewing ahead:

springtime sailor dress

● You'll cut a real neat figure this spring in this saucy princess-line dress. From the nipped and pointed low waistline, the skirt bells out to a wide swirling hemline. This "Sew-Easy" printed pattern has a neckline tie stolen direct from the navy, with winged collar and cuffed sleeves cut in one piece with bodice for easy fitting and sewing. Center back zipper closing is extra insurance for figure-hugging line. Plaid

cotton version, left, has pretty tabbed detail accenting the hipline and tie. For dressier wear, sew it, right, in polka-dotted taffeta skirt with solid color bodice. Junior sizes 9-17. Size 15 takes $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44-inch fabric with allowance for matching plaid. You'll need $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards for polka-dotted skirt and tie and $1\frac{5}{8}$ for solid color bodice. The pattern includes illustrated instructions for cutting and sewing.

To order your Pattern of the Month, send 50¢ in coin, with pattern number and size, to Advance Pattern Company, Dept. P, P. O. Box 21, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, New York

A Prince . . . Catches a Star

(Continued from page 44)

has become engaged to Prince Rainier III, ruler of the principality of Monaco."

Instantly, Morgan Hudgins, who was driving the car, pulled it to a stop, cut the ignition, and snapped off the radio. "But how?" he gasped.

His Serene Highness, Rainier III—Duc de Valentinois, Marquis des Beaux, Baron du Buis, and some other twenty-four legal names—also gasped, "But how?"

But the beautiful girl in the car, Grace Kelly, laughed merrily. Bowing with ironic dignity to the very handsome, thirty-two-year-old prince seated beside her, she said, "Your Serene Highness, I fear your country doesn't know how to keep a secret." Then turning her happy eyes to Hudgins—who has been her press agent ever since she signed her M-G-M contract in 1952, and has gradually become her close, good friend—she said, "So now let us go on to attend Mr. and Mrs. Kelly's announcement to the press and see if the cat which got let out of the bag has left even the bag behind it."

Thus it was that Grace Kelly's unbelievably perfect love story was released to the world. Thus it is that one of the most incredible careers that even incredible Hollywood has ever seen reaches a new height. And thus it was that this flawless young beauty, with her flawless taste, demonstrated once again her positive genius for working her life out with the perfection that all lives should work out—but not one in a million ever does.

That day, January 5, Grace Kelly and her bachelor prince—handsome, young, colorful and intelligent absolute ruler of his small kingdom—went on to answer the hundreds of questions from scores of reporters, pose for hundreds of pictures for scores of photographers, talk into microphones, talk into tape recorders.

Next day and the days following, there were literally hundreds of thousands of words written about them and hundreds of photographs of them printed, throughout this country and abroad.

Yet here's a story that clearly reveals Grace's feelings toward this really superior man who has won her dreaming young heart. And there are others, including the real story of their meeting.

Rainier III, direct descendant of a royal house which has ruled his kingdom for many centuries, accustomed to publicity all his life—as all royalty has to become accustomed—was, nevertheless, quite overwhelmed by the deluge of publicity that engulfed him when he became Grace Kelly's fiancé. Shepherded by Morgan Hudgins, helped by Grace, he went charmingly through the first big press conference, the first photographic onslaught. But, when the three of them headed back to New York that evening and he went to his hotel and saw the mob of reporters waiting there, he had his car circle the hotel for nearly three hours before he managed to slip in unseen through a side door. And the next night, when he led his princess-to-be into the Monte Carlo Ball at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York (Monte Carlo being Monaco's most colorful spot as well as its chief source of income), he had to run the publicity gauntlet again, answer more questions, pose for more pictures.

"By now," he said to Grace, "I thought we could be alone—at least somewhat, have some privacy."

Grace, who has to wear flat heels so that she won't top him, gave him her radiant smile and gave his hand a small, comforting squeeze. Maybe she was remembering the quote that her royal hus-

band-to-be had given out only last spring to *Collier's*, when for the first time he had publicly mentioned that he knew he must marry and have an heir or Monaco would lose its throne. Rainier certainly knew he was the greatest matrimonial catch in all Europe but, he had said then, "I consider it a duty to my people to get married, but there is a higher duty above politics, the duty of a man to be true to himself, to fulfill himself as a human being, by taking a wife he loves and consummating that love. I will not marry except for love. I will not agree to a loveless marriage."

And surely Grace was recalling that Rainier also said he did not like girls who were "highly charged sexy wenches." His ideal girl, he had said, was "fair-haired and of light complexion, graceful and feminine, with a sort of subtle beauty that grows on you, with long, flowing hair, free to the wind." He had barely known Grace at that time, and yet he had described her exactly.

Yet, that was just what her hair had not been—long and flowing and free to the wind—the first time she met him. It was much to her distress that it was not. For Grace did not meet His Highness while she was making "To Catch a Thief," as almost every story about their engagement has said. The truth is much simpler—and probably from Grace's angle—more satisfying. For beneath all her beauty, behind all her talent, she is a serious girl, coming from a serious, hard-working—albeit vastly colorful—family.

Grace met Rainier when both of them were working at their respective jobs. She was making a layout for the French picture magazine, *Paris Match*. The Prince agreed to be photographed with her because the publicity would be good for his little kingdom.

This occurred late last spring, a good time after "To Catch a Thief" had been filmed, and at first all their meeting seemed to have led to was the red-hot rumors that Grace was madly in love with Jean Pierre Aumont and he with her.

Grace had gone to Cannes, in the south of France—and only a few miles from Monaco (which, incidentally, the Prince has taught her is pronounced MONaco)—for its famous Film Festival. A lot of other Hollywood personalities had gone, too, but certainly—and characteristically—Grace was the only one who had a chaperone. This lady—and a lady of title—was Gladys de Segonzac.

Probably no girl who has ever achieved film fame needs a chaperone less than the beautifully-bred Grace Kelly. She had no chaperone—nor did she need one—in North Africa when she was making "Mogambo" with Clark Gable . . . or in South America when she was making "Green Fire" with Stewart Granger . . . or in Japan when she was doing "The Bridges at Toko-Ri" with Bill Holden . . . or on a desert location when she was making "High Noon" with Gary Cooper.

Yet, the very fact that she did have Gladys de Segonzac along, proved how much she had learned about Hollywood and how far she had come from her more naïve days when she made "Mogambo" and nearly got her heart broken by Gable in the process—of which, I'll tell you more later.

On the trip to the Cannes Film Festival, Grace had Gladys along for companionship when she wanted it, and for a convenient alibi from engagements she didn't want to accept. But she never thought of taking Gladys along on such a workaday thing as the layout she had agreed to make for *Paris Match*, a layout which had

been set up by Pierre Galante, the ace French journalist, who is married to Olivia de Havilland.

Actually, the layout was arranged with such rapidity that Grace, herself, wasn't ready for it. As a fashion model in New York, before she achieved film fame, she had mastered the trick of looking perfectly groomed all day, even though many of those days meant working from nine in the morning till six or seven at night. And, as Grace, herself, has said of modeling, "You learn how to stand and smile, hour after hour and never let your hair get disarranged, or your lipstick blurred, even though your head is aching violently and you think you may faint of fatigue."

In Cannes, however, Pierre Galante called for Grace so early and so suddenly, she hadn't had time to have her hair set, or her traveling dress pressed. Grace bound her hair back under a scarf, gave her dress as good a shake-out from its slight wrinkles as she could, put on her glasses—which her near-sightedness necessitates when she's not in front of the camera—and set out. She was aware of not looking her best, a fact that annoyed her. She wasn't entirely aware, until they were well underway, that Galante often acted as a kind of press agent for Monaco and its Prince.

The Prince's palace has a mere 295 rooms with sixty servants to maintain it. Actually, his own quarters consist of a five-room apartment, done in quiet, modern luxury. Anchored in the near-by Mediterranean, are his three yachts, one of which is 141 feet long. In the palace garage, and naturally Grace did not know this, were fifteen different cars, though Rainier insists he doesn't buy more than about six a year. He also has a private villa in near-by France, an apartment in Paris, his private menagerie in Monaco, his eight-man motorcycle escort and his small, private, but highly efficient army.

The day the pictures were to be taken for the *Paris Match* layout, the Prince kept Miss Kelly waiting for an hour. But once he got there, he was very polite and considerate. He brought out one of his lion cubs and asked Grace to pose with it. "Your Leo the Lion is much too old for you to be seen with," he explained, alluding to M-G-M's famous mascot. And, if Grace was delighted to discover that he spoke flawless English, Rainier was probably just as delighted to discover that she spoke flawless French.

The picture-taking was soon over, however. The lion cub went back to its cage, the Prince went back to his palace, the movie star went back to Cannes. Two days later, she accidentally ran into Jean Pierre Aumont in Cannes—or so Grace thought at the time.

It was not their first meeting. As long ago as 1953, they had played together in a dramatic sketch on TV. Jean Pierre was then the recent widower of Maria Montez and the lovely Miss Kelly was still completely unknown, a rich Philadelphia girl determinedly making her own living, a beauty who insisted she could and would learn to act. On the Riviera in 1955, Jean Pierre was a widower, very charming, very debonair, very devoted.

The main thing people always forget in discussing Grace's sexual charm is that every one of the fascinating men with whom her name has been associated in Hollywood—Clark Gable, Ray Milland, Bing Crosby, Spencer Tracy—is old enough to be her father.

Not so Jean Pierre, however. And it was spring on the Riviera, the nights were

(Continued on page 82)

What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's **MISSING-MISSING-MISSING** in every other leading toothpaste?



It's **GARDOL!**
And Colgate's with Gardol gives
up to **7 TIMES LONGER**
PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH
DECAY and a **CLEANER,**
FRESHER BREATH ALL DAY
with just one brushing!

GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

**MINUTES AFTER
BRUSHING WITH ANY
TOOTHPASTE**



**DECAY-CAUSING
BACTERIA RETURN TO
ATTACK YOUR TEETH!**

**12 HOURS AFTER
ONE COLGATE BRUSHING
GARDOL IS**

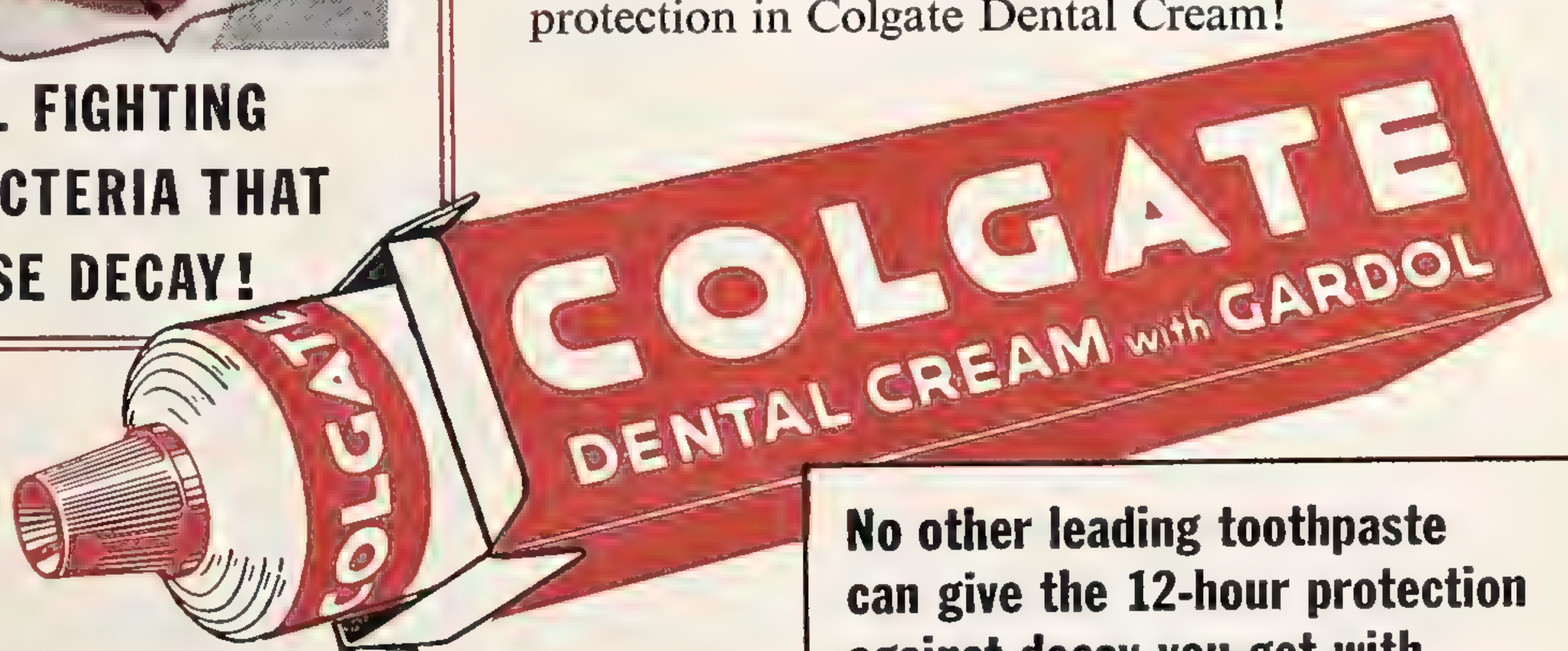


**STILL FIGHTING
THE BACTERIA THAT
CAUSE DECAY!**

Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria come back in minutes, to form acids that cause decay. Colgate's, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* *keeps on* fighting tooth decay 12 hours or more!

Thus, morning brushings with Colgate's help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Because the Gardol in Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that lasts for 12 hours *with just one brushing*. Ask your dentist how often you should brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And—at *all times*—get Gardol protection in Colgate Dental Cream!

Cleans Your Breath
While It
Guards Your Teeth



No other leading toothpaste
can give the 12-hour protection
against decay you get with
Colgate's with just one brushing!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

(Continued from page 80)

made for dancing, the air was scented with flowers and the moon was full. So it was only natural that twenty-six-year-old Miss Kelly, often chaperoned by her friend Gladys, should go dancing and dining with such an eligible bachelor and thoroughly enjoy it. Until that evening that is, when they were alone in a very out-of-the-way little restaurant, out of doors, and Jean Pierre was making ardent speeches and gestures, and she heard a camera shutter click. Startled, Grace glanced around and saw a cameraman rushing away. There was no way the cameraman could have known where she was—without having been told.

M-G-M finally tracked the photographer down for her and tried to get the negatives away from him, but he insisted they were already sold. And it was even worse when Grace discovered that during a previous evening, at a theatre with Jean Pierre, she had been photographed by an infra-red camera—meaning she couldn't possibly know that the shots were being taken. Both sets of photographs, looking highly romantic, were published after Grace got back to America, and Jean Pierre gave out ardent statements regarding her. Grace, after her fashion, said nothing—just as she has never revealed, by so much as the flutter of an eyelash, the heart turmoil that Clark Gable caused her when they made "Mogambo" together, a turmoil that may very well have served her well later, perhaps, in making "The Country Girl."

She learns from everything, this Kelly girl. This is her outstanding characteristic and she cannot be fully understood unless you recognize this wonderful quality in her.

For instance, she gave the impression between "Fourteen Hours," her first film, and "High Noon," her second—more than a year later—that she wasn't too interested in movies.

She gave out that impression—but she never said so in words. And the impression was not true. For one thing, Grace is a creative artist through and through, and she loves acting with the passion of a creator. But with her intelligence, nobody had to tell her that she hadn't registered at all in "Fourteen Hours." While it isn't generally known, she had this fact pointed out to her by the swift brutality of several Hollywood agents who—to their eternal chagrin—refused to handle her.

A lesser girl might have been so discouraged she would have quit, then and there. Or a foolish one might have given out large statements, as many have, about hating Hollywood.

Not Grace. She went back to New York, and back to work, on TV, or in little theatres, or anything else in which she could learn her chosen profession. But when Stanley Kramer came after her for "High Noon," she acted just faintly reluctant, just faintly uneager—just enough to be provocative and different.

She was very sweet and charming in "High Noon." No more than that—but the part called for no more than that. However, M-G-M signed her for seven years (which she now bitterly regrets) and put her in "Mogambo." Her role in "Mogambo" didn't call for much more than had "High Noon."

As for being in that film, she was more excited by the prospect of traveling which it offered, than by playing opposite Gable. Grace is mad for travel. It was, she feels, the one thing she got out of "Green Fire," and it was a definite factor in her accepting both "The Bridges at Toko-Ri" and "To Catch a Thief."

But with "Mogambo," the mystic spell of Africa and the most human spell of Clark

Gable both affected her.

Gable is a terrific male, and one of his greatest charms is that he automatically flirts with every woman he meets, even if she's an age-weary grandmother. With a girl of twenty-four as beautiful as Grace, as challenging in her fine breeding, her intelligence and subtle humor, this was the sort of dish that hadn't been set before the King in many a year, if ever.

After and before a day's film shooting, Gable and Miss Kelly (and Miss Kelly she was to everyone for most of the time) would go off together, out into the desert nights, out into the desert dawns. They were never alone, of course, for there was always a white hunter with them. But soon "Kelly," as Clark called her, and "Mr. Gable," as she always called him in a crowd, were constantly together.

Later, when he was in Paris, going around with Suzanne Dadolle, the model, Clark said Grace was "just a kid." He said she was "the finest sport he'd ever met," just "a nice kid." And naturally he came up with the classic about their being just good friends.

What he didn't talk about was the touching little episode witnessed by other mem-

TO REACH THE STARS

In most cases your letters will reach a star if addressed in care of the studio at which he made his last picture. If you have no luck there, try writing to each star individually, c/o Screen Actors Guild, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

Allied Artists, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood 27

Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower Street, Hollywood 28

Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

M-G-M Studios, 10202 West Washington Blvd., Culver City

Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood 38

RKO Radio Pictures, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood 38

Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood

20th Century-Fox, 10201 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles 35

United Artists, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

Universal-International, Universal City

Warner Brothers Pictures, 4000 West Olive Avenue, Burbank

bers of the "Mogambo" company on Christmas morning. They were camped on the Kajera River in Tanganyika then, and they were all so far from home that most of them were ignoring Christmas. Not Grace. At dawn, the morning of the 25th, she tiptoed from her tent to Gable's, and pinned on the flap of it a pair of red socks which she had personally knitted for him.

Nor did he mention that, when the company returned to London, he never once called Grace. In effect, after seeing her practically every waking moment in Africa, he dropped her cold in London. Grace's mother flew over to join her, however. And to show the girl's quality, there is the other fact that in a film that was supposed to be all Gable's and then all Ava Gardner's, it was Miss Kelly who gave the only

performance that merited an Academy Award nomination.

Grace returned to Hollywood to have Alfred Hitchcock and Ray Milland happen to her. Hitchcock, Grace feels, has been one of the most beneficial forces in her career. With him she has made not only "Dial M for Murder," the Milland picture, but "Rear Window" and "To Catch a Thief." As for Hitch, he says only Grace Kelly has what he calls "sexual elegance." Hitchcock maintains a relationship with stars that almost no other director, with the possible exception of John Ford, has. Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart and Grace Kelly are all devotees of Hitch and will sign for any film of his, without even seeing the script. While the Hitchcock-Kelly friendship has been artistic collaboration, her relationship with Ray Milland was personal and emotional. As most people know, Ray fell quite heavily for Grace. But, when she learned that, although he was separated from his wife, he was definitely not divorced or even apparently contemplating divorce, Grace drew back into such a shell of well-bred reserve as to be positively chilling.

But few people in Hollywood stopped to consider how very hurt she well might have been behind her perfect, cool appearance. Grace was always much too intelligent and refined to go out with the known "wolves" of Hollywood. But it still must have irked her if she discovered, as she probably did, that Spencer Tracy agreed to go to the Foreign Correspondents Press Dinner only if M-G-M would see to it that Grace went with him—and that he asked for the date with her because he wanted to square his accounts with Gable. There's always been a kind of popularity feud between these two. Spence felt if Gable had dated Kelly, then he, too, ought to date Kelly.

Miss Kelly fixed this, however, in her own smooth way. She made it a foursome: she had her press agent, Mr. Hudgins, Spence and Emily Torchia, his press agent. And all evening, she talked to Mr. Tracy about how she would give her pretty eye teeth to get the leading role in "The Country Girl."

And what do you know—the next day Tracy went to his friend, Bill Perlberg, producer of "The Country Girl," and told him he was plain crazy if he didn't test Grace Kelly for the role—for which, as you remember, she received the Oscar. However, Tracy never received another date with her.

But with Bing Crosby, her co-star in "The Country Girl," Grace occasionally danced and dined, and Bing said, "I wish I were twenty years younger." And with Cary Grant, her co-star in "To Catch a Thief," Grace became a close friend, particularly of his wife, Betsy. And in New York, and while on the Riviera making "To Catch a Thief," she seemed to be having a bit of flurry with Oleg Cassini, the ex-husband of Gene Tierney. And, again, he was 42 to her 26, though a most charming gentleman, who doesn't bother to use his title of Count in this country. And last spring, Grace noted the wide-spread publicity Jean Pierre Aumont received from dating her—much more than he had received a couple of years before from dating Barbara Stanwyck.

Then Grace Kelly, who truly had everything—beauty, youth, fame, wealth, an Academy Award—went back to Hollywood and into "The Swan." This picture is about a beautiful princess who falls in love and then gives up her love for the good of her country. (Any resemblance between this story and a certain royal British romance is purely intentional.)

All during the making of "The Swan,"

(Continued on page 84)



A stare is born...

AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENS, the moment you make your entrance in a Warnerette®! Warnerettes are those trim, light-minded girdles that put you—so beautifully—right in the center of the stage... give you the smooth, young lines of the most fabulous leading lady.

THEY'RE SO COMFORTABLE TOO—light-weight, yet with marvelous control; it's all done without a single bone. And of course, you're getting Warner's exclusive fabrics—famous for unbeatable quality.

HERE ARE just two from our collection of stars. There are so many to choose from. Why not find the one that's exactly perfect for you—today? *From \$2.50 at your nicest stores, here and in Canada.*

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PANTIE GIRDLE; light power net sides, satiny elastic front and back, rosebud trim. *Small, medium, or large, #144. Matching girdle, #143. White \$7.50 each.*

Warner's cloud-light circular stitched bra, *in white, #2170; \$2.50.*

Warnerettes
by
WARNER'S®

Bras • Girdles • Corselettes

(Continued from page 82)

exquisite, lovely, intelligent Miss Kelly—who certainly had everything—went home night after night, following the day's shooting, and retired very early. Naturally slim, the gowns she wore in "The Swan" required her to be even slimmer. So she refused invitations, saying she was finding the picture unusually fatiguing. But isn't it also possible she was retiring, too, from the disillusion most of her Hollywood dating had brought her?

In Philadelphia, Mrs. Kelly said, "I know how great Grace's success has been, but I do hope she's not lonely." The Kellys are a devoted family and all love one another greatly, the three sisters, the one handsome brother, the extremely handsome mother and father.

Yes, indeed, she had everything. Except what every girl, twenty-six or sixteen, or sixty, or a romantic like Grace Kelly, wants most.

Then, as the new year approached, the incredible happened. Prince Rainier III of Monaco, a mere five years her senior, came to America and went to Philadelphia to see John Kelly. He did what no Hollywood man would ever have thought of doing. He asked permission of Mr. Kelly to court his daughter—even before he had told Grace of his hopes and intentions.

Grace's engagement ring, a band of diamonds entwined with a band of rubies, represents the royal colors of Monaco. Grace and Rainier plan to be married in the spring, as soon as she has finished, appropriately enough, "High Society," and as soon as His Serene Highness has completed some royal business matters.

After returning to Hollywood, Grace wasted no time in beginning preparations for the wedding. Fabulous offers began pouring in from couturiers all over the world, asking permission to make her trousseau without charge or even pay her for the privilege. For a while, Grace followed her well-established habit of saying nothing. Then, finally, she made her choice—Helen Rose, the noted M-G-M designer who has dressed Grace for her three top films. Miss Rose, who is an authority on the Kelly chic, says Grace's bridal gown will undoubtedly be austere in line, since this is what the princess-to-be always desires. No dress can ever be made too simple for her tastes. The gown will most likely be of white satin with real lace, and underneath Grace will wear what she calls a "pretty color"—for this is what she has always insisted upon in her movie clothes: the palest blues, pinks, yellows. No doodads, no trimmings, and a "pretty color." These

are Grace's desire.

And so, she who was the lonely princess in "The Swan" will become Her Serene Highness, the Princess of Monaco, and live in the royal palace of 295 rooms, in a fairy-tale land where there are no income taxes, no wars, few crimes—nothing but pleasure pursued. The royal palace is right next door to the opera house, where ballet, operas and dramas are performed constantly. It overlooks the Mediterranean where Grace and the Prince can go swimming or yachting. Next door is France, and only a mile or so south is Italy.

What's more, it appears that the lady can go on with her career. Why not, when few films take more than six or eight weeks to be shot, and Grace's salary is somewhere around \$100,000 for such a period? M-G-M says she has virtually promised to come back, after her marriage, and make "Designing Woman" for them.

This is not an appropriate title. For Grace is a thoughtful woman, an idealist, a dreamer and a doer, who will undoubtedly make the most beautiful princess the world has ever seen.

And if she does have an heir or heirs to the centuries-old throne of Monaco and she and the Prince live happily ever after, who could ask for anything more? THE END

How It All Happened

(Continued from page 47)

stand on her own feet while learning to use her great talents as an actress. While studying in New York, she earned her own way with modeling jobs and television parts. In fact, she did so well that she had an enviable income of \$400 a week before she ever left for Hollywood.

Success, people learned, was a Kelly family habit. In two generations they have, among them, acquired a Pulitzer Prize, two Olympic championships and a couple of fortunes. Grace's own Academy Award, was, from her point of view, only a logical thing to be expected from a Kelly of Philadelphia.

But even more intriguing to her admirers, was Grace's elusive attitude toward love. One by one, the names of each of her leading men have been coupled with hers, for people seemed to want to believe that the wonderful magnetism they witnessed on the screen carried over into private life.

The King himself, Clark Gable, was the first. They were together in Africa during the filming of "Mogambo," and later Gable made a few pretty speeches about Grace's loveliness, her talent and his liking for her, but never once did either use the magic word "love." After that, from Bing Crosby to Jean Pierre Aumont, Grace found her name linked romantically with star after star.

On the other side of the Atlantic, Prince Rainier also held the focus of romancers. Some called him "the world's most eligible bachelor" for, although he ruled only a few thousand subjects in the tiny principality of Monaco and was a "Serene Highness" rather than a "Royal Highness," he did have what one reporter called "a rare thing in the prince business these days—a working throne and a good supply of wealth."

He also had, in good repair, a 295-room picturesque pink palace on the blue Mediterranean, a collection of sports cars and motorcycles, three yachts, a private zoo—and a problem.

The problem worried his people more than he—up to the age of 32—permitted it to worry himself. The citizens of Monaco

(called Monegasques), at present, enjoy freedom from both taxes and military service. Revenue from the famed and fabulous gambling casino at Monte Carlo supports the government, and the "army" is a constabulary not as large as an average city's police force. However, by the terms of a treaty made with France during World War I, should Rainier die without an heir, his country would then revert to France and his people would have to pay France's taxes and help fight France's wars. Both blood and money depend on Rainier's taking a wife and starting a family.

Naturally, the pressure for him to marry has been strong, but Rainier has exhibited an independence to match Grace's own. He brought further shudders to his people by indulging in such danger-packed sports as road racing, lion-taming and skin-diving.

Travel appeared to be just another of his interests when he arrived in the United States last December, accompanied by his personal chaplain and advisor, The Very Reverend Father J. Francis Tucker. Father Tucker is one who knows American ways well, for he was born in Wilmington, Delaware, and served an Italian parish in Baltimore before being appointed counselor general of the Oblate Fathers of St. Francis of Sales and canon of Monaco's Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception. He and the Prince have become firm friends, for Father Tucker brings to his task an Irishman's wit and sociability.

Rainier, on his arrival, was asked the reporter's stock question, "Are you wife-hunting?" and he gave it a stock answer, "I'm here as a tourist." Because of Father Tucker's background, there was a bit of speculation as to whether the Prince might have his eye on a du Pont heiress in Wilmington, but again there was a smiling denial. Asked if he intended to see Grace Kelly, whom he had met once before, he merely paid her a compliment and dismissed the subject. No one paid much attention when he accepted a private invitation for the Christmas holidays and apparently dropped from sight.

Only a few items in some newspapers

fluttered a forecast of the great event to come, and they were heavily discounted when they appeared. If Prince Rainier succeeded in taking Miss Kelly to dinner, he was doing only what most of the men in America would like to do. As for the reports of romance—well, by this time everyone knew about elusive Grace. Besides, said the wise ones, that was a plot which had been overworked by everyone from Strauss to M-G-M musicals. It never happened in real life.

The first indication that the storybook tale was about to make history came from Mrs. Kelly, and in characteristic Kelly fashion. Mrs. Kelly, a beautiful blond ex-model, takes on no airs about her own achievements as a cover girl and a former instructor of physical education at the University of Pennsylvania. Neither does she remind anyone that her handsome, husky, silver-haired husband followed up the winning of his Olympic rowing championship by considerable night-school study which headed him toward conspicuous success after he borrowed \$7,000 from his brothers to start his own contracting firm. While Mrs. Kelly might have remarked that John Kelly did the stone surfacing of the United Nations Buildings, she said, instead, when she called a friend, "Imagine, my daughter is marrying a prince!"

John Brendan Kelly also stayed right in character. When, from Monaco, the cables crackled, "His Serene Highness, Prince Rainier III of Monaco, is happy to announce his engagement to Miss Grace Kelly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Kelly of Philadelphia," big Jack clucked, "Those fellows over there jumped the gun. We were supposed to announce it at the identical time—at the luncheon."

The luncheon, at the swank Philadelphia Country Club, was attended by the governor, the mayor and representatives of France, Monaco and the State Department. But gala as it was, it was dwarfed by the reception that the press gave the Kellys and the young lovers when they returned home.

It took a flying wedge of her husky
(Continued on page 86)



Actual photo of Barbara Brown, Forest Hills, N. Y. Left side washed with Woodbury; right with another popular shampoo. See the difference!

A famous laboratory proves:

HAIR WASHED WITH NEW WOODBURY SHAMPOO HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

Woodbury's special "curl-keeping" ingredient makes the difference!

The left side of this girl's head was washed with New Woodbury Shampoo — the right with her regular brand. You can see what's happened. The right side is limp, straggly. The Woodbury side is springy, curly, beautifully manageable. Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women and the results were thoroughly checked by Good Housekeeping Magazine. The tests showed: *Hair washed with Woodbury holds curl better, keeps set*

longer — without hair sprays, lacquers, rinses! New Woodbury Shampoo can't dry out your hair because it contains a special "curl-keeping" ingredient that *protects* natural hair oils. You'd expect a remarkable shampoo like this to cost *more* money. But so much Woodbury is sold, it can be priced at less than *half* as much as any other leading shampoo. A generous bottle costs only 39¢. Use Woodbury today. You're guaranteed the prettiest, liveliest curls you've ever had — the loveliest, lastingest hair-do. Your money back otherwise.



WHERE TO BUY PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

Page 63:

DOBBS HAT

Atlanta, Ga.—George Muse Clothing Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Baskin Clothing Co.
Dallas, Tex.—Reynolds-Penland Co.
Houston, Tex.—Sakowitz Bros.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Desmond's
San Antonio, Tex.—Frank Bros.
San Francisco, Cal.—Roos Bros.

EXCELLO SHIRT

Atlanta, Ga.—George Muse Clothing Co.
Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Los Angeles, Cal.—Bullock's Downtown
Minneapolis, Minn.—Juster's
New Orleans, La.—Porter's
New York, N. Y.—Weber & Heilbroner

JAUNTY JUNIOR SUIT

Chicago, Ill.—M. B. Sachs
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Max Azen

KINGSWAY SHOES

St. Louis, Mo.—Boyd's
Washington, D. C.—Nelligan's Men's Shoe Store

Page 64:

DANIEL HAYS GLOVES

Cincinnati, O.—Shillito's

HICKOK TRAVEL CASE

St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr

MEEKER WALLET

Columbus, O.—Gay's Luggage
San Diego, Cal.—Pitts, The Trunk Man

WELDON PAJAMAS

Berkeley, Cal.—J. F. Hink
Denver, Colo.—The May Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Hughes and Hatcher
Shreveport, La.—Selber Bros.

Page 66:

CONNIE SHOES

Bloomington, Ind.—The Wicks Store

GOTHAM HOSIERY

Boston, Mass.—Gilchrist's
Cleveland, O.—The May Co.
Providence, R. I.—Gladding's
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr
Washington, D. C.—Frank R. Jelleff

GRAND DUCHESS BRACELET

Baltimore, Md.—Hochschild Kohn
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Martin's
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros.
Newark, N. J.—Bamberger's

VERA SCARF

Newark, N. J.—Bamberger's
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Page 68:

FLOWER MODES DAISIES

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
New York, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor
Washington, D. C.—Julius Garfinckel

HUSKIES SHOES

Cincinnati, O.—H. & S. Pogue
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann's

MEEKER HANDBAG

Columbus, O.—Gay's Luggage
San Diego, Cal.—Pitts, The Trunk Man

SUPERB GLOVES

Chicago, Ill.—Carson Pirie Scott

Page 70:

BAAR & BEARDS SCARF

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison-Paxon
Chicago, Ill.—Carson Pirie Scott
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Bros.
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank

BOBBIE JEROME HANDBAG

Chicago, Ill.—Carson Pirie Scott

CHARM BELT

Columbus, O.—F. & R. Lazarus
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
St. Paul, Minn.—Golden Rule

HONEYDEBS SHOES

Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Edina, Minn.—Marvin Oreck
Newark, N. J.—Bamberger's

NEW ERA BLOUSE

Alexandria, La.—Wellan's
Flint, Mich.—A. M. Davison Co.

WEAR-RIGHT GLOVES

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
St. Augustine, Fla.—Akras Co.

Page 72:

BRELLA-BAG BY GIANT

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Cleveland, O.—The May Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Eastern-Columbia
Newark, N. J.—Bamberger's
New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Bros.

(Continued from page 84)

male relatives to get Grace and the Prince through the crowd at the door. "I darned near couldn't get in myself," said her father. "I had to sneak in through the basement."

Even then, Lady Grace largely kept her own counsel. Only the barest, formal details of the match were revealed. The Prince had brought the engagement ring with him from Monaco. It fit Grace's finger exactly. They didn't yet know whether they would be married in Philadelphia or Monaco. To the Prince, it didn't matter, but the Kellys indicated that they wanted to ask no exception to the rules of the Roman Catholic Church. They indicated they preferred that Grace, like any other girl, be married in her home parish.

But for all their intended reticence, the story was too good to keep and, bit by bit, the details came out.

Mutual friends, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Austin of near-by Atlantic City, told of the Prince's romantic weekend. They had first met him, the Austins revealed, last summer in Monte Carlo. At a mention of Grace's name, Rainier had got them tickets to the already-sold-out opening of the Casino. Later, he invited them to have cocktails at the palace, with himself and Father Tucker. They, in turn, had invited him to visit them "any time." When he arrived in New York, Rainier let the Austins know he and his chaplain would like to spend Christmas at their home.

"After dinner," said Mrs. Austin, "we all drove over to visit the Kellys."

Just as if the Prince were any other nice young man, they joined the Kelly family in the basement recreation room. There was laughter and talk and the Prince showed no desire to leave.

"I expected him to stay just a little while and he stayed for hours," said Jack Kelly, later. "Then I began to notice the way he and Grace were looking at each other. You couldn't escape it. These two were in love."

The Austins were worried about the icy roads. Father Tucker said he had to get back to Wilmington. The Prince didn't budge. In the end, Mrs. Kelly extended the invitation any mother who had a big house and plenty of guest rooms would issue under such circumstances. She asked Rainier to stay overnight. While she prepared a guest room, Jack Kelly drove Father Tucker to the train and the Prince and Grace went over to her sister Peggy's house to have a late snack—and a few minutes of privacy en route. The next day, the Prince drove Grace back to New York to keep an appointment.

But it wasn't long before he was back in Philadelphia. "My father knew his intentions before I did," said Grace. "He asked for my hand."

When he did, Rainier got some straight talk from Jack Kelly. "I asked him," said Mr. Kelly, "just what kind of a husband he intended to be. I told him we didn't care a thing about his titles, or his being a prince. It was the man himself who mattered to us. So he and Father Tucker told me all about the things he wants to do and I liked what they had to say."

People had a preview of what the future Her Serene Highness, Princess Gratia Patricia of Monaco may be like when, the night after the engagement had been announced, escorted by the Prince and accompanied by her parents, she attended the Monte Carlo Ball at the Waldorf-Astoria. Her gown was a white faille creation by Dior, ethereal and lovely. Her flowers were white orchids. And she looked just exactly like all her admiring audience always has thought her to be—every inch a princess.

THE END

Page 66:

GRAY FLANNEL SUIT BY EAGLE CLOTHES

ALABAMA

Birmingham—Pizitz Store for Men

ARIZONA

Tucson—S.R.K. Men's Shop

ARKANSAS

Little Rock—Howard Cohn Co.

CALIFORNIA

Long Beach—Howard Amos
Los Angeles—Mullen & Bluett
Sacramento—Julius Men's Shop
San Francisco—Howard's
Santa Monica—Campbell's

COLORADO

Denver—George R. Curzon
Denver—Kaufman's

CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport—Wilson Clothes
Hartford—Warner & Bailey Co.

FLORIDA

Miami Beach—Cy Clyde

GEORGIA

Atlanta—Davison-Paxon

ILLINOIS

Peoria—The Schradzki Co.

INDIANA

Evansville—Sater's
Fort Wayne—Patterson-Fletcher
Indianapolis—Wm. H. Block Co.
South Bend—Gilbert's

IOWA

Des Moines—Herman Kucharo Co.

KANSAS

Kansas City—The Leader
Wichita—Henry's

KENTUCKY

Louisville—Levy Bros.

LOUISIANA

New Orleans—Rubenstein Bros.
Shreveport—Selber Bros.

MARYLAND

Baltimore—Al Stein

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston—Saxony Clothes
New Bedford—Gollis Men's Apparel
Springfield—Richard Stevens

MICHIGAN

Detroit—Harry Suffrin
Grand Rapids—George Bulliss

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis—Maurice L. Rothschild & Co.
Saint Paul—Maurice L. Rothschild & Co.

MISSOURI

Kansas City—The Palace
St. Louis—Stix Baer & Fuller
St. Louis—Werner-Hilton

NEBRASKA

Lincoln—Ben Simon's
Omaha—Berg Clothing Co.

NEVADA

Las Vegas—Schwartz Bros.

NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City—Schultz, Inc.
Newark—The Larkey Co.
Trenton—Haveson's

NEW YORK

Albany—McManus & Riley
Buffalo—Kleinhans Co.
Buffalo—Seton's
Rochester—National Clothing Co.

NORTH CAROLINA

Charlotte—Ivey's

NORTH DAKOTA

Fargo—Matt Siegel Clothing Co.

OHIO

Cincinnati—John Shillito Co.
Cleveland—May Co.
Cleveland—Sterling, Lindner & Davis
Columbus—F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Dayton—Dunhill's, Inc.

OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma City—Parks Apparel
Tulsa—Renberg's

OREGON

Portland—Bradford's

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia—Arrow Store
Philadelphia—Al Berman
Pittsburgh—Rosenbaum Co.
Reading—Croll & Keck

RHODE ISLAND

Providence—Outlet Co.

TENNESSEE

Memphis—Goldsmith's

TEXAS

Dallas—Sanger Bros.
San Antonio—Pincus Co.

VIRGINIA

Norfolk—Shulman's
Portsmouth—The Quality Shop
Richmond—Newman's

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Hecht Co.
D. J. Kaufman, Inc.

WASHINGTON STATE

Seattle—Prager's
Spokane—Emry's

WEST VIRGINIA

Huntington—Dunhill's, Inc.

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee—Boston Store
Milwaukee—Stumpfs

WYOMING

Casper—Harry Yesness

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Dial Soap protects your complexion — even under make-up!

P.S. Dial Shampoo gives you that diamond sparkle look!



(Continued from page 57)

Oops, there I go already! Quite seriously, though, boss or no boss, it isn't possible to tell simple truths about Bill and picture him as anything but the exemplary person he is. And for the record, should anyone wonder why a secretary addresses her employer by his first name, Bill insists on it.

It was just two years ago that Paramount granted Bill's request and converted his dressing room suite into an office. I've been his private secretary ever since and, with PHOTOPLAY's indulgence, I'd like to correct a general misconception concerning a job like mine.

Each year, hundreds of letters pour in, all saying the same thing. The writers believe you (as a secretary) are having a ball working for a Hollywood star. They think you merely sit at a big desk and casually answer fan mail. And, more unfortunately still, they're convinced you have to have "connections" to secure such a "plushy" position.

Now I won't deny that it's nice work if you can get it. But it's hard work and glamour goes right out the window when you work for a man of Bill Holden's insatiable interests and endless responsibilities.

Now about those so-called "connections." I started out as a secretary at Paramount, holding a job any qualified person might obtain by filing an application with the studio personnel department. While I was working in the general office for all the players on the lot, I did some work for Bill. But I had no idea he needed a full-time secretary until he asked if I might be available. It was as simple as that. Other than saying hello and typing a few letters for him, the man was a total stranger to me.

As I said, before working for Bill I had various bosses and most of them expected constant attention—like the one who'd call me in to pour a glass of water from the thermos at his elbow! Not so with Bill. From the very beginning I discovered it was the other way 'round and, if it's humanly possible to take care of himself, Bill will never ask me or anyone else. At first I thought, such independence can't last! However, as time marched on, Bill continued to display his incredible lack of self-importance.

Although he's worked his way up to the pinnacle of his profession, Bill still seems to think he's a newcomer who has to make good. I don't mean this literally, of course. But he never seems to realize it's a physical impossibility to grant every request that crosses his desk. There is such a thing as being *too* nice, especially when it effects one's health. So when Bill suffers from a severe headache, from tension and nerves, I speak up and remind him that he doesn't have to do this or that. Invariably, the result is just what I've learned to expect.

"I'm sure you're right, Elinor," he answers wearily, "but I'd still like to try."

I remember one particularly hectic day when Bill was booked for an appointment every thirty minutes. At 6 P.M. he was at his wits' end and finally exploded as only Bill can explode! Why was he killing himself? he asked. What was he trying to prove? This was it—the end. From now on he was going to look out for *himself*—do what *he* wanted to do when *he* wanted to do it. At that moment the phone rang and Bill happened to answer it. When he hung up there was a quizzical sort of expression on his face.

"That was the studio reception desk," he said meekly. "They said two fellows from Pepperdine College have been sitting on the curb all day waiting to see me!"

Naturally I knew the details. Someone is *always* waiting to see Bill and these particular two wanted to become actors. Bill couldn't possibly help them or the endless others who've made the same request. He listened to my argument with exhaustion oozing from every pore. I know he doesn't like to hurt anyone, neither do I. But while it's admirable that Bill wants to encourage people, sometimes I think it's less painful to say *no* right at the beginning.

"Just have them come in for a few minutes."

He said it sheepishly—because he knew I was right. Now what do you do with a man like that? And wouldn't it be a wonderful world if there were more men like him!

When he isn't acting, Bill still keeps regular office hours and sometimes, to avoid endless interruptions, we take the afternoon off. I mean, we go out to his

house and work. Other actors are immune to this daily grind, so why does Bill drive himself? What's so special about him? I hear this constantly, and only one who works with him and understands him can answer this question.

Sometimes my husband and I drop by and visit Bill's parents who live near us in the San Fernando Valley. According to Mr. and Mrs. Beedle, moderation has never been part of their son's make-up, and he has always possessed a deep-rooted sense of responsibility. Today, as a result, Bill enjoys overwhelming popularity because friends, family, his profession and his fellow man all come first. Fortunately for others, but not so fortunately for Bill's well-being, when he gives his word, his time, or his heart, he never reneges. It's a terrific strain on him and his loved ones. He's well aware of this, but he couldn't change even if he wanted to change!

During 1955, Bill worked every weekday and twenty-three Sundays. Although he's busy several nights a week, this never upsets his understanding wife, Ardis (Brenda's real name), who knows it's an integral part of her husband's particular pattern. Aside from making pictures, and last year he made four—Bill is on the Board of Governors for the Motion Picture Academy, he attends meetings at the Screen Actors' Guild when they have special problems, he's active in trying to arrange a local film festival—he's a member of the Hollywood Coordinating Committee and the Foreign Language Film Committee.

Bill's other interests include stock in Homel Pictures, oil stocks as well as stock in KIXL, a Dallas radio station. He was also instrumental in bringing the superb Japanese film, "Samurai," to this country. Between times he manages to go to art galleries, collect books (right now he's reading up on Far East philosophy) and every kind of recording from symphonies to Dixieland. Bill's taste in cars has always been conservative, but recently he fell for a Thunderbird!

Between location jaunts and visiting our armed forces all over the world, Bill knows people from every walk of life. He corresponds with men who are still in service and takes time to visit returnees from such far-off places as Hong Kong, Tokyo and Korea. There have been days when a GI has dropped by the office, followed by a Japanese minister, an Italian ambassador and a prince from Siam. Every day is different and stimulating.

When I came to work for Bill there were no instructions. I can only remember him making one brief statement: "This is a business office, Elinor, and I hope you'll like it and feel that you're a necessary part of the organization."

I must say that Bill went out of his way to make me feel this way. He has always introduced me to every visitor and the door is never closed between the two rooms—even when a serious conference is in session. Bill asks my opinion about decisions, he encourages criticism, and even when he sends me on an errand, I'm always instructed to "do anything you want to do for yourself, too."

Although my traveling experience has been limited, since working for Bill it happens vicariously. I mean I've read up on the Far East he loves, because besides being a secretary, I'm also a guide in a small museum! The shelves and white brick-lined walls of our office feature souvenirs of Bill's travels. They hold such treasures as Balinese puppets, a tomb-rubbing print taken from an emperor's mausoleum (a lost art today), a golder god from Bangkok, a stone head taken off

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east gate of Seoul, which Bill brought
in an empty suitcase (he gave all his
things away to the poor).

Originally, a set decorator was called
to arrange all these items. But the
idea has long-since disappeared, be-
cause Bill gets new ideas and keeps mov-
ing things. A hammer and nails are kept
in his top drawer, ready for action. I
know he loves order and, although he's
never asked me to do it, I keep the silver
cigarette boxes and ash trays polished.
Sometimes I catch Bill using a feather
duster on his collections. Incidentally,
whenever he takes a trip, he brings back
an impersonal remembrance for me.

One thing Bill won't do is judge contests.
Although I won't ask him why, I suspect
because he hates to see someone lose.
In answer to all such requests I just write
and say, "It isn't Mr. Holden's policy."
Newcomers like Robert Wagner and
Cary Martin drop in unceremoniously
when they're on the lot and, to them,
Bill represents the ultimate in personal
and professional achievements. He enjoys
these visits—I think such reverence set-
tly pleases him—but if these actors ask
for advice, Bill hedges.

"Just be patient," is all he'll say, as he
smiles understandingly.

Bill's loyalty is insurmountable and he
has the same friends, agent, business
manager and stand-in whom he met when
he was making "Golden Boy." Unlike
other actors I've known, Bill has no time
or tolerance for hangers-on. Although he
works long hours, he calls home often and
keeps in touch with his devoted family.

Bill had high hopes for a big summer re-
lease when he took Ardis and the three
children to the Virgin Islands, where Para-
mount shot "The Proud and Profane."

But, alas, the islands were overrun with
mosquitoes, bugs and tourists. The
weather was hot and sticky and infectious
tropical plants almost drove everyone in-
cane. Bill worked every single day and
came home at night a nervous wreck.
Why do I go through this? he kept asking
himself. Then he declared he was going to
take six months off and do nothing but
rest and relax. So he took off for Palm
Beach—and with him went six scripts!
Just before he started "Toward the
Unknown" (his first picture for his own
Bluebuca Productions), Bill had to fly to
New York for an important broadcast. As
luck would have it, the date of departure
coincided with the Fathers and Sons ban-
quet at young West Holden's school. Bill's
dearest son expected him to be there, and
do you think Bill would let him down?
Well, it meant taking a later plane—
which didn't have berths. So the Holdens
stayed up all night.

Although he's observant, Bill isn't
demonstrative in an obvious way. You
know, if I came into the office with blue
hair, I don't think he'd comment! As a
matter of fact, at the beginning I never
knew what kind of impression I was mak-
ing. Then others began saying that they
heard nice things about me. That's all I
needed. I never doubted again.

Bill receives a tremendous amount of fan
mail from every part of the world, but
he's especially popular in Japan and South
America. I understand what people mean,
but it always amuses me when they say
to Bill: "You don't talk or look like an
actor, you're more like a human being!"
It's true, he's a very human human being,
and I'm constantly reminded of this by the
other secretaries on the lot.

I've never had a nickname before, but
the day I became Bill Holden's secretary,
some of the other secretaries started call-
ing me "Lucky." If I hadn't promised Bill
to keep this story toned down, I'd say that
I agree with them.

THE END



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Simpler than setting your hair! Now a drab blonde
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LIGHT and BRIGHT

by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

Ready, Able and Praying

(Continued from page 48)

with cowboys and learned their lingo. I lived, breathed and slept *Curly*.

I think Sheila is the best wife in the world. Of course, never having had any other wife, maybe I'm prejudiced. But believe me, on the basis of almost sixteen years' acquaintance and nearly fifteen of solid marriage, I can't see how any girl could be greater. Sheila has given me two daughters and two sons. She's bringing them up wonderfully. All these years she's put up with me, my forgetting to come home to dinner on time, my often making her a golf widow, my constant singing. Besides, she's a doll to look at.

But, so help me, I think the time I appreciated Sheila most was when I was on the kick of getting "Oklahoma!"—or else. The "or else" was that if I got "Oklahoma!" I believed I'd get "Carousel," and I'd had my heart set on doing "Carousel" since 1948.

Or, looked at in another way, it was what I'd been aiming for since I was sixteen and determined to be a singer. My father ran a machine shop in Syracuse, New York, and he had hoped I'd join in the business with him. But, always having loved music himself, he sympathized with my intense desire to sing and didn't try to stop me. I was still in my teens when Dad died so, instead of going on to college as planned, I went to work. Eventually, I got a job acting—for the grand sum of five dollars a week, plus room and board—at the Mill Pond Playhouse in Roslyn, New York. It was there I met Sheila, who also had acting ambitions, but less than a year later gave them up to marry me.

Later, I joined NBC as a page. One day, Horace Heidt happened to hear me exercising my vocal chords in the lounge and, in need of a singer, he asked me to join his orchestra. After touring and singing with him for close to a year, I appeared on Broadway for the first time in "Junior Miss." Then I sang with Ray Bloch's orchestra and on CBS Radio until the war caught up with me and I joined the Air Corps, to become a bombardier.

I mentioned having wanted to do "Carousel" since 1948, because that was the year I started in movies. I had appeared in the Broadway musical, "Three

to Make Ready," with Ray Bolger, and after that was signed by Warners. And, once I had my foot in the movie door, I began directing my dreams toward the day when "Carousel" would be made into a picture and I'd play the lead role.

Today, I'm delighted that our daughter Meredith, who's eleven, knows that she wants to be in show business. As a matter of fact, she makes an appearance in "Carousel," and she's swell in it, too. Nothing will please me more than if the rest of our gang—Heather, Gar and Robert Bruce—when they get a little older, make the same decision. Because I've gained nothing but happiness from my determination, back there when I was a kid, to sing for my supper and everything else. I loved show business then, I love it now. It really burns me when I hear people knock it—particularly since, as I said, Sheila and I found each other through show business.

Sheila has tremendous talent. I never asked her to give up her career and, in some ways, I wish that she hadn't. That's just because I think she would have been such a smash, and had so much fun. Sometimes now she plays a night-club date with me, and she's terrific. But she treats such an engagement as a lark and claims she prefers just to be my wife and mother of our brood.

That's my private-life side of it. Professionally, all the seamy side of show business I've heard about, all that routine about a broken heart for every broken light on Broadway, and that other fable about the only way to get ahead in Hollywood is to double-cross and lie, are things I've never encountered. I'm not playing ostrich. I suppose they can be there. But the route has been easier for me—up until I began encountering Rodgers and Hammerstein.

I just plain love to sing. So if I coach three to four hours a day—and I do—that's not suffering, as far as I'm concerned. I like acting, too, but music is a real passion with me.

So back in 1948, when a charming girl named Jan Clayton told me about a show named "Allegro" being cast for Broadway, I tottled around to see if they (Rodgers and Hammerstein) would listen to me. They conceded as how they would. They were listening to everybody then, just as

they were listening to everybody, years later, in Hollywood when they began casting "Oklahoma!" If there ever were two men with open minds and ears, they are Oscar and Dick. I had to read "Allegro" songs from the copy, which isn't easy, but I managed it, and I thought I did pretty well.

They didn't and another actor got the role. But I didn't forget the two lessons that experience taught me.

Lesson one was about the value of friendship—in this case, Jan Clayton tipping me off about the audition.

Lesson two was the value of being prepared.

Out of these grew lesson three for me: the meaning of faith. The Bible says that faith without works is dead. That's true. Faith has to be backed up—by you. If you believe that your faith can give you the breaks—and I certainly do believe it—then you've got to give your faith a couple of breaks yourself.

For example, being ready for the break. In my own case, this meant being known as making a "comeback" when I made "Oklahoma!" Sure as Gibraltar, that's what it looked like. But Sheila and I knew it wasn't a comeback at all. I had been busy full-time with radio and TV work and night-club engagements. I'd been off the screen for more than a year deliberately. I'd deliberately gone to Jack Warner—who's a very good friend of mine, incidentally—and asked to be released from my contract exactly one year before I was told "Oklahoma!" was mine.

I'd been a happy guy at Warners. I liked co-starring with Doris Day. I was making very good money. But I wanted out because I saw I was getting into one of the pleasantest ruts in the world: playing parts that were easy, singing songs that were easy, taking money that was easy, and letting myself get a little broader around the waistline. So I said to Jack Warner, "Let's stay friends. Give me the privilege of parking my car on your lot any time, but shake me off the payroll."

When you are under contract, you can go after the roles you want. You have to take what they give you. So I became a deliberately free agent in order to go after *Curly* and "Oklahoma!"

Immediately, Sheila and I began getting ready for it. And I do mean Sheila and I—plus Meredith, and Heather and Gar. The first thing I did was to buy the print version of the play. I'd seen the stage production several times, of course, and knew all the music *Curly* sang. But I wanted to know every word of the show.

A month or so later, I knew the whole score and script of "Oklahoma!" So did the entire MacRae family. Our house turned into a theatre, and night after night, Sheila played all the women's parts. I played all the men. Sometimes our friend, Jeff Chandler, stopped in to play *Jud*, or our pal Gene Nelson would dance through one of the roles, or Dean Martin would try out his pipes on another.

Day after day, I dieted and rode horses back, dieted and coached vocally. Night and day I prayed.

I said to Sheila, "If the Good Lord wants me to get *Curly*, I'll get it." She said, "Why, Gordon, of course He does." And we kept on working, dieting, praying.

Finally, as the weeks went by and the contest for the part narrowed, I couldn't stand waiting around. So I flew to Spokane to play some golf. I was out on the links with a pro named—so help me—Curly when someone came running out from the clubhouse to tell me my wife was calling.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 77

Across

1. Fighter
6. operatic
12. Ray (Danton)
13. Always
15. S A (South America)
16. Egan (Richard)
18. Dion
19. Walt (Disney)
21. Dandy
23. No
25. Mala's
26. B G (Benny Goodman)
27. Destination
28. Abel (Walter)
30. Todd (Richard)
31. lyric
34. F S (Frank Sinatra)
35. or
36. D A (Desi Arnaz)
39. corny
42. game
45. C U (close-up)
46. Harry
47. rose
49. S S (Susan Strasberg)
50. Inside
53. Artists

Down

57. Nelsons
59. Tony's
61. role
62. "Oklahoma!"
64. Orleans (New)
66. Ian
67. Pat (Crowley)
69. N O (Nancy Olson)
70. Ewell (Tom)
71. She

Down

1. Fred (MacMurray)
2. Granger (Stewart)
3. Hand
4. Ty (Power)
5. Rains
6. Own
7. P A (Pier Angeli)
8. eye
9. R S (Red Skelton)
10. Islands
11. cats
14. loot
17. Gabby (Hayes)
19. Wait
20. aloof

22. Y D (Yvonne De Carlo)
24. in
25. M T (Marshall Thompson)
28. Alec (Guinness)
29. lion
32. "Cry"
33. K D (Kirk Douglas)
37. Aga (Khan)
38. Keys
40. O'Connor (Donald)
41. Russell (Rosalind)
43. A R (Ann Rutherford)
44. Mrs.
46. Heston (Charlton)
47. R. I.
48. Eileen
51. D S (Dinah Shore)
52. E O (Edmond O'Brien)
53. Ask
54. Trail
55. Tom
56. snaps
58. nose
60. site
61. Rod (Steiger)
63. Hal (March)
65. AO
68. A H (Audrey Hepburn)

or a moment I was panicked, thinking something was wrong with the kids. I picked up the phone and said, "Hello." "Hello, curly," said Sheila—and I knew.

We had hardly started working on "Oklahoma!" when "Carousel" was bought by 20th Century-Fox—and I started aiming for that one. The lead in "Carousel" is not only a singing but an acting role—a big acting role. So I began coaching, and I began praying. I bought the printed story of "Carousel," and once again our home turned into a theatre. We learned all the music, and all the parts. And I started sending wires to Darryl Zanuck, another friend of mine.

Now let me digress a moment to say I've also heard a lot of stories to the effect that producers hate actors and vice versa. But I've never personally encountered this either. Why should producers and actors be at each other's throats when both are after the same thing—the best possible picture? It's the same as workers in any other trade hating the boss. What sense does this make? The boss can't get along without you, if you are really good, and you can't get along without him, if he's really good. So why fight? Or why be jealous of other fellows in the same sort of job? I openly admire Dean Martin, and Jeff Chandler, and Gene Nelson and all the many other actors who constantly drop in and out of my house as I do at theirs, or whom I encounter on the golf links or in clubs. Personally, I believe you will learn more from the fellowship of friends than you could learn in nine colleges.

So I wired Darryl, and I wired Rodgers and Hammerstein. I coached and coached in the music. They listened—but I listened, too, to the rumors that it was Frank Sinatra whom they wanted.

It's a curious thing the way that Frank's and my career have overlapped. One of my biggest breaks came at the time that Frank was getting his first big break, back in the spring of 1943, when he was the rage of the bobbysoxers. One Sunday, he couldn't show up for his CBS program. He'd just gone to church when CBS called me—the unknown Gordon MacRae—to come over to the studio to stand in for him. Fortunately, a friend (there's that word again) took the call, chased down to the church for me and Sheila. CBS had said he'd have to be there exactly at noon. It was then five after twelve and I tore out of church and to a phone. "Give me ten minutes," I gasped. Well, you know they did, or I probably wouldn't be here now.

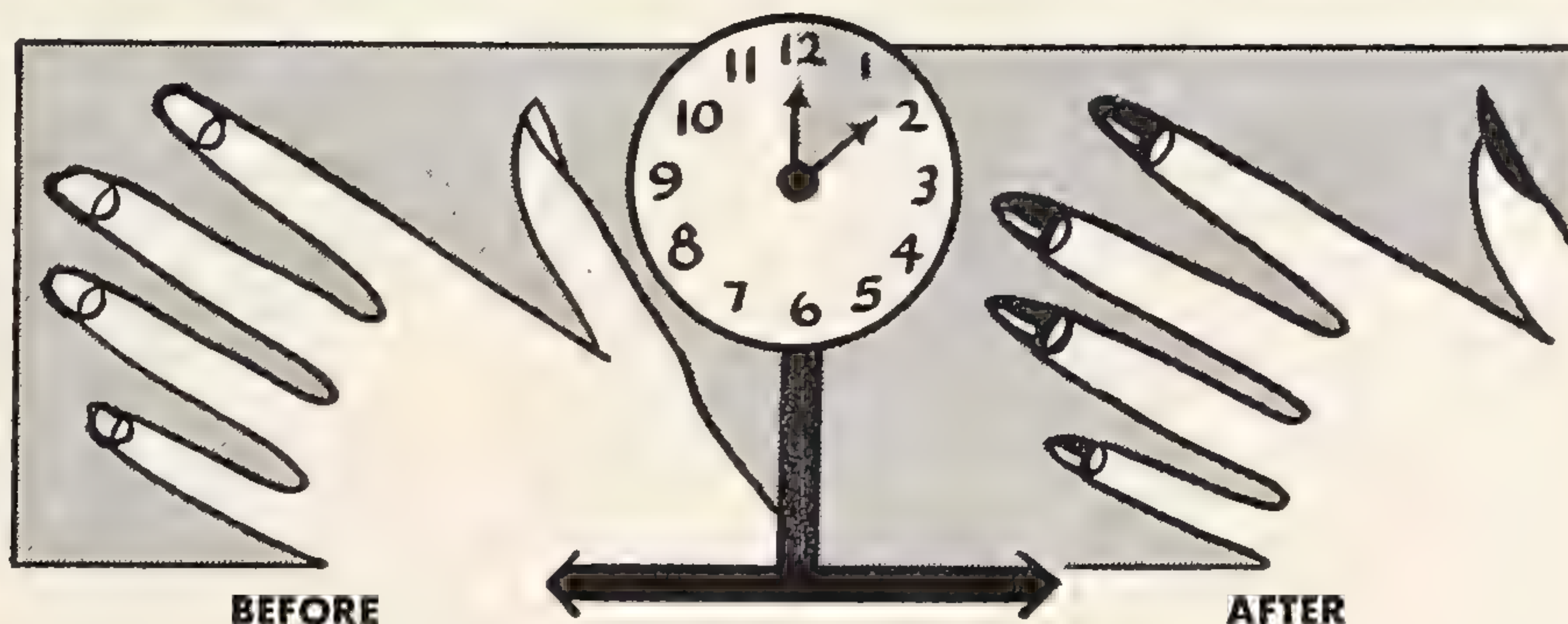
So, twelve years after, here were Sinatra and MacRae touching careers again in Hollywood.

Then I read he was signed. But my faith persisted. Why? I can't exactly tell you why. I didn't know why myself. But this much I knew. There isn't as much talent in the world as people like to suppose—and I don't mean just a talent for singing or acting. I mean the talent of being responsible, of doing your job well, of getting along with people, or being kind and of trying to make the other fellow happy because that way you will be happier yourself. No matter what your job, if you really do it well, and honestly like it, you are not going to get fired. And the break—the right break—will come to you, especially if you're ready for it and work for it. My break, with "Carousel," was the razziest. Twentieth was making it in two processes, in two different widths. Frank refused to make the two versions for the salary he'd been originally signed for and broke his contract. I don't know whether he was right or wrong in his stand. I have to admit I don't even care. For he walked out—and I walked in . . . with God's help, I'm perfectly sure.

THE END

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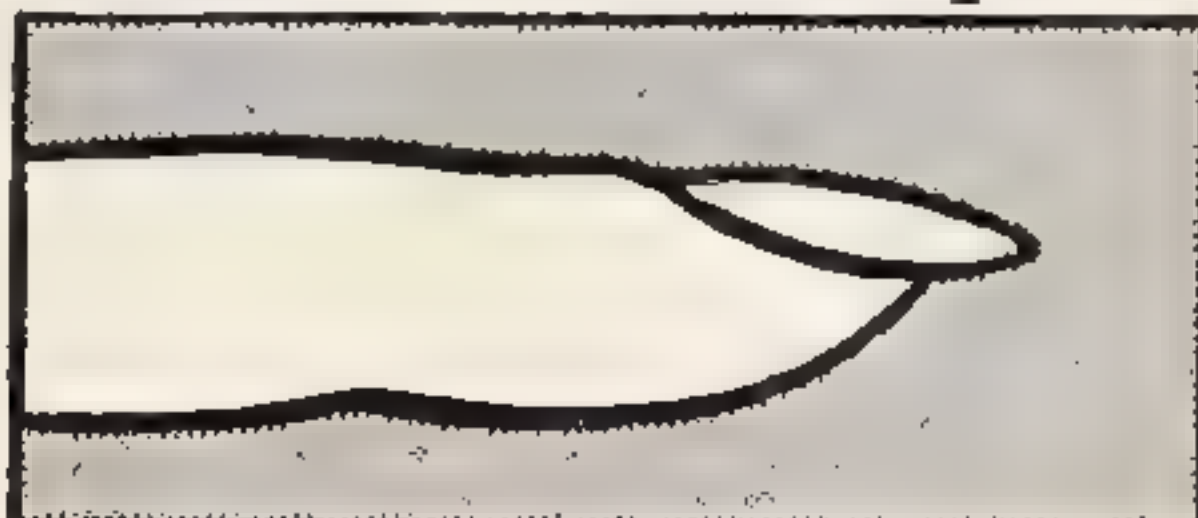
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When There's a Daughter in the House

(Continued from page 79)

beginning. Cheryl has always had a certain number of chores to perform around the house. She has been expected to make her own bed and straighten up her own room. She is supposed to feed her dog and bird, to tidy up their quarters, and to keep her white shoes cleaned. Sometimes, of course, she has had to be reminded to do these things.

"I guess," laughs Lana, "all mothers are familiar with that often repeated refrain, 'Later, Mommy, later!'"

Now that Cheryl is older, Lana feels these few chores are not enough for her. So while Cheryl was away at camp last summer, Lana discharged all her servants.

"We're now doing our own housework and cooking," she explains. "Cheryl sets the table and helps with the dishes and does all the ordinary chores around the house that other girls her age are being trained to do. I'd like to have her learn how to prepare meals, too, simple things at first.

"I missed this valuable training because I went to work at fifteen and the little M-G-M school I attended didn't have a cooking course such as they have in regular high schools. I've always been embarrassed by my deficiency as a cook."

Lana has definite reasons for feeling that this training is necessary for her daughter. Of course, Lana is preparing for Cheryl's future in a material way. But she realizes that financial security is never a certain thing and that it is far more valuable for Cheryl to know how to get along in the world so that she can take care of herself. When Cheryl reaches adulthood, Lana wants her to be able to say, "Whatever happens I can support myself, feed myself, do the things that other people do."

That is why Lana also wants Cheryl to attend college, and has been talking about this ever since Cheryl was little. (Lana believes that if you repeat a thing often enough it will eventually take effect.)

Right now, Cheryl is in the typical twelve-year-old stage of only wanting "to have fun." Her attitude is that familiar one of, "Once I'm out of school, I'm never going to be bothered by it again."

But Lana realizes this is only a phase not to be taken seriously. She doesn't argue with Cheryl about why she should go to college. She knows that if she does, she will just be tuned out.

"Cherie," Lana says instead, "I'm not going to make the decisions for you. But why don't you give it some thought, because I imagine that going to college is a very wonderful life. I wasn't lucky enough to get the opportunity myself."

Lana notices that Cheryl is beginning to be a little curious about this interesting life which her mother speaks about so wistfully. And Lana is sure that as time goes on and Cheryl nears the end of high school, she will be eagerly looking forward to college.

Another bit of advice Lana has for Cheryl is: *Keep busy; don't let boredom get you.*

Lana realizes that the three months of summer vacation can be full of dangers for teenagers unless they keep themselves occupied. So she and Cheryl made an agreement. Lana arranged for Cheryl to take lessons in her two favorite sports—ice skating and tennis—and Cheryl in turn agreed to study French.

"The knowledge of at least one foreign language is good for a girl," Lana feels. "It gives her a sense of accomplishment and this in turn gives her the assurance that she greatly needs in her teens. Not that she doesn't know what might pass for

a foreign language now," Lana laughs, thinking of the jive talk that floats around the house whenever Cheryl and her friends are there. "There's no dictionary to help you with this language. Why, an entire conversation can get going right over your head!"

This jargon, Lana knows, is only a preview of the teen-age era that lies ahead. But, like most mothers caught in a similar situation, Lana doesn't want to show her ignorance by flatly asking Cheryl what she's talking about. The furthest she dares go is to ask casually from time to time, "What did you tell me is the new word they're using for such-and-such?"

One other sound piece of advice that Lana gives her daughter is: *When in doubt, don't.*

Cheryl is already being influenced by the effects of the gang stage, and Lana knows that as her daughter proceeds through her teens, the instinct of doing everything the others do will become more and more pronounced. She herself can remember that just about the worst agony in the world was to be considered a wet blanket by her friends.

But there are bound to be some girls in the group who will try to persuade the others to join them in questionable pursuits. Consequently, Lana tells Cheryl, "Remember one thing: You are a lady. That doesn't mean you have to be stuffy or prudish or prim. But, darling, think twice before you do or say something that

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might either cheapen you or embarrass someone else. Try to be tactful, and if something's going on that you just don't feel like being a part of, walk away from it. But you can walk away with a smile.

"If someone says, 'Aw, come on, you're being silly,' you can answer honestly, 'Well, you kids go ahead. I just don't happen to like that sort of thing. But don't let me stop you.'"

Because Lana and Cheryl have always been good friends, Cheryl listens to her mother's advice. More than once she has turned down invitations to parties because she knew her mother would not approve of them. And she has found out, too, that her action has influenced other girls in the group to follow her example.

Another thing that Lana tells her daughter is: *Always feel free to invite your friends to our home.*

"I know how important this is to a young girl," Lana says. "You see, when I was Cheryl's age, we boarded with other families. They just didn't understand that teenagers can't help being noisy sometimes. They're sprouting feathers, spreading wings, trying to learn how to fly. So often I was told, 'Don't bring those rowdy kids around here any more.'"

"I hope there will always be such an atmosphere of warmth in our home that Cheryl's friends will want to come over," Lana says. "And isn't that better than flying off to the beach with the blankets and the cars?"

Lana assures her daughter that not only will her friends be welcome but that she will want to know who's coming so that she'll know their names and can greet them and make them feel at ease. Letting a girl bring in her friends and being allowed to entertain them as she pleases, Lana feels, gives her a feeling of confidence which is so important to a teenager. If the art of meeting people can be acquired in these years, it will help her all through life.

"I still am so shy," Lana confesses "that, when I walk into a room or meet new groups of people, I just die inside. I guess most of us suffer from a bit of shyness. Even the big bully who swagger around and makes a nuisance of himself is just covering up his feeling of insecurity in the hopes that no one will know how he's quaking."

Lana has taken great pains to explain this to her daughter, because she knows it will help put Cheryl at ease when she finds herself in the presence of strangers.

"If you just realize, honey, that the person is as shy at meeting you as you are at meeting him," Lana tells her daughter. "If you'll only take time to think about that, it opens the way. In no time at all you'll be talking like old friends."

Lana also has a valuable warning for Cheryl: "Remember, darling," she says "whatever you do, in the end it will be yourself whom you will have to face."

Of course, for a girl to understand this fully, she will have to know the difference between right and wrong. And, in Lana's book, the sooner a girl learns this, the better equipped she will be to face her teens. Also, it is so important for a mother to be tolerant of the faults and naughtiness a child is certain to exhibit in the process of growing up.

"I know very well the temptation to give up in despair and say, 'My child! How could she do that kind of thing!' But," adds Lana, "if we can just realize that the child is having as difficult a time as we are, the troublesome periods will only serve to draw us closer to our children."

Lana recalls, for instance, Cheryl's "untruthful period" when she was eight.

"When they tell you such bland lies looking you right in the face like angels," Lana says, "it helps to know that this phase is normal. Yet, of course, you can't take for granted that it will pass. You can't take a chance on letting your child grow up saddled with this habit. You have to be a detective, quietly checking with other people, until finally you get to the truth."

Once Lana had the truth she would listen quietly to Cheryl's story. When the child finished Lana would say, "No, look, honey, let's stop kidding around. You've had your fun. You've told a whopper. But I know what really happened. You see, there really aren't any tricks or fibs or excuses you can think of that I haven't pulled myself. My mother did it before me. And your child will do it after you. So let's discuss the problem openly without any beating around the bush."

Lana discovered that the resulting frankness between her and Cheryl more than made up for the trouble it had taken to ferret out the truth and have the patience to talk it over with Cheryl.

Today Cheryl finds it difficult to tell a lie. Sometimes, if she tries, her con-

ence troubles her so much that she comes to her mother of her own accord, admits it, apologizes and even cheerfully chooses her penalty. Because Cheryl has this active conscience, Lana is sure that she will get through her teens with flying colors.

"You see," she says, "I don't guarantee Cheryl will wear a halo or fly around with wings, but I do think she'll find herself on sensible footing."

Lana tells her daughter, "Cherie, if you see something wrong it won't be any use trying to kid yourself with the thought that your mother doesn't know about it. I may go the rest of my life without ever finding out. But somebody will know."

"The person that you did it to or with will know. And God will know. When I say God will know, I mean that it will be only natural for you to have a feeling of remorse. And it's painful when you have to say to yourself, 'I wish I hadn't done this.' It's a pain which you are giving God, and it will come back to you a thousand-fold. If you don't follow your conscience, Cherie, you are the one who will suffer."

Lana's last bit of advice to her daughter: *If you have any questions or any problems, please come to me and we'll discuss them together.*

"I feel confident Cherie will do just this," Lana explains, "because even when she was as little we always talked things over and answered all her questions. I've tried to be as frank and open with her as with my friends."

Lana feels that ignorance is the biggest cause of the troubles teenagers have today. So many of them have to find out the answers to their questions from outsiders. And often the information gained from these sources is wrong and the boy or girl only becomes more confused.

"The child who has the intelligence to ask a question," Lana contends, "also has the right to have some kind of an answer. Maybe you can't give it as the book would. But you can present it to him in a way that he can understand. And that goes for every subject from God to sex."

"I tell Cherie: 'Darling, you have a lovely body. God has given you that. Be proud of it, but don't be overly vain. And always remember this: Your life can be one of great happiness or of great pain. It will all depend on the consideration and respect you show yourself.'"

Lana maintains that being able to talk so plainly to one's child today is proof that the world has been growing up in the past fifty years. She points out that people were once ashamed to admit to such diseases as tuberculosis and cancer. They were even afraid to see their doctors when they were ill—to say nothing about their reluctance to tell their children the facts of life.

"The result of all this," says Lana, "was that people lived in fear and ignorance. And if you steer by those dark stars you're following a bad course. Knowledge alone lets in the clean air, and problems can't stay where the wind is blowing."

"I look at it this way. If we can only save our children one ounce of hurt or the feeling of stupidity such as we suffered during our teen-age years, if we can give them an understanding they can carry with them the rest of their lives, then we have succeeded in helping this old world along to a brighter day. Because, if what we pass along is really deep enough, our children will hand it on to their children with, perhaps, a little additional wisdom of their own. And I believe that is the real meaning of evolution."

From all this, it is obvious that Cheryl Crane has a pretty wonderful mother—and that Lana Turner has a pretty wonderful daughter.

THE END



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Barefoot Girl with Chic

(Continued from page 59)

The girls had hashed over their dates and doings and given advice only when asked. (This is one of their rules of living together and liking it.) It was monthly rent time, so they had all forked over \$58 apiece. And they had filled the weekly food kitty with six dollars each, plus ten. About every three weeks, it takes ten extra dollars apiece to restock the diminishing larder for three healthy appetites. Rita had given Louise her weekly admonition that she must stop hiding her beautiful face behind a microphone and do a television show. Now they were deeply engrossed in Rita's tales of Twentieth and the making of "The King and I." As *Princess Tuptim*, Rita's career has begun to zoom, and the girls were caught up in the excitement of having their belief in Rita proven. Rita was smartly dressed in gown and robe, the subtle scent of White Shoulders perfume lingering around her carefully done hair and bright face. Rita is definitely chic, but a peek under the table proves she is also barefoot.

Being barefoot, on screen and off, is very natural for Miss Moreno. In movies, she has played guttersnipes of every nationality. As an Indian, Latin or Mexican, she has invariably: 1) lost her man; 2) gotten killed; 3) watched her man get killed; or 4) taken a running high dive off a cliff—mostly barefooted.

"I had a run of deaths for a while," muses Rita. "I died in my very first picture, 'So Young, So Bad.' In fact, I did everything many an actress dreams of doing in that picture. I was beaten violently; my hair was shaved off against my will in reform school; I was almost psychotically afraid of people; and I ended up hanging myself. That was in 1949, when I was seventeen. I wish I had a chance to do it again now."

When Rita was seventeen she had been in show business thirteen years and had been a professional since she was nine. Her mother's sacrifices, plus Rita's determination and belief that she would catch the brass ring, began when she was four and started dancing lessons with Paco Cansino.

"Mother and I were alone," Rita ex-

plains. "Like most Puerto Ricans who move to New York, we lived with another family and had only one room. Mother worked as a seamstress in factories. I remember when I caught chicken pox and we had to move out and find another place. When Mother took me to kindergarten, I didn't know a word of English. The more the teacher tried to make me feel at home, the more hysterical I got. It was one of my most frightening experiences. Somehow, Mother saved enough to give me dancing lessons, and she sewed for me. I remember my tremendous desire to own nothing but beautiful clothes.

"It became a mania," Rita continues. "I would have daydream fantasies. I'd stand at the windows of the best stores and pick out things. I'd dream I was a princess and I could have everything I wanted. It was a wonderful game," Rita says dreamily, "and I suppose it helped me keep my determination to be a great dancer. Something helped because I was a thin, frail, sickly-looking child—all hair and great big eyes. I was anemic and had constant chest colds. Mother stuffed me with iron tonic and cod liver oil every morning until I was fifteen. When I was nine, I was in the hospital for a year. They thought I had trichinosis, a fatal disease that affects the muscles. Every day at 2 A.M. they would wake me up and take a blood test. I didn't die, and they never found out what was wrong with me. I went right back to dancing. I sometimes wonder how I lasted through all those dance routines. I'd walk up a flight of stairs and be as tired as an old lady of ninety."

But Rita stubbornly and deliberately did strengthening exercises. She was always hanging from the top of a doorway or window—stretching. She forced herself to overcome her lethargy and be quick and active. And she danced constantly, building her muscles and her talent in a fiery desire to rise.

"When I was eleven I got a real dancing job," Rita continues with a twinkle, "at Macy's department store. They opened a Little Theatre in the Toy Department. The show opened right after school, so I was constantly rushing from 181st Street to get all the way down to Macy's by 3:30 P.M. I had to put my make-up on in the sub-

way. A day didn't pass that at least one indignant little old lady clucked, 'Shame on you, wearing make-up at your age!' danced at Macy's for three years and seven hundred and seventy performances."

At thirteen, Rita was cast in a Broadway play—as an actress. The play was called "Skydrift," and it lasted three days but the food was good. Rita played a young daughter who sat consuming spaghetti at the dining table. (It was in this role that she realized she liked ham in her spaghetti.) It was during the mother's dramatic scene when she thinks she sees her son who was killed in the war. On opening night, dark-haired, button-eyed Rita was gulping down her spaghetti and grinning like a banshee at the audience. The audience went with her and, instead of serious silence, laughter filled the theatre.

"Scene-stealing was explained to me in very firm tones by that actress when we finally got off stage," Rita recalls. "She really racked me out. It's just as well the play folded. I was eating so much on stage I would have been as fat as a tub of lard."

But that play and the constant radio commercials and occasional dramatic parts—mostly as babies and youngsters—made a big impact on Rita. She realized she wanted to do more than dance . . . she wanted to become an actress.

"I promised myself that I'd be in pictures before I was eighteen," Rita says thoughtfully. "By then I was getting good roles on radio, like *Bernadette* and *Fatima* on *The Ave Maria Hour*, but still doing baby gurgles for commercials. I hated night clubs, but I realized they were the only way up. So at fifteen I started. I soon learned that Spanish dancing is not for clubs. The patrons are looking for razzamatazz and oh-you-kid. All my nightclub dates were out of town except for one week at Leon & Eddie's, and some weekends in a Bronx club. But I couldn't always convince my bosses that I was twenty-one. The couple that owned the Bronx club were sweet. They treated me like a daughter. When the authorities would come into the club to check up on minors, they'd lock me in the girl's room or throw a fur coat over my shoulders and put me at a table with my back to the door, so I'd at least look like a 'mature woman' of twenty-one!"

"I learned a lot in those clubs," Rita says quietly. "I met everything from sugar daddies to young punks. I began really observing human nature without realizing it. I met some fine people, too. I learned to look past the surface into people. Quite often the cynical or wisecracking person is hiding a wonderful nature behind a facade. I learned not to make quick decisions, to wait. I think the main thing wrong with the whole wide world and particularly the people in it is lack of understanding. If we take a little time, listen with honest interest, anyone will be happy to drop the mask and let you really know him."

As Rita struggled doggedly through the rugged night-club circuit—doing her classical Spanish dances and listening to the applause going to the sophisticated or slapstick comedians—it would have been easy to become bitter. But Rita didn't have time. She was experiencing life, taking from it just what she could use and ignoring the sordidness surrounding her. At seventeen, she was that combination of age-old wisdom and wide-eyed innocence that is the best possible product of poverty. It would have been easy to have let poverty be the excuse for failure. But poverty only gave Rita the overpowering

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lesire to rise above it. Her personal promise to be in motion pictures before she was eighteen suddenly became a possibility.

"Paul Henreid was casting for his film, *So Young, So Bad*, in New York," she recalls. "I got the script and read it. I never wanted a part so badly. I thought I'd die if I didn't get it. When I auditioned for Mr. Henreid, he'd never seen or heard of me. I had a four-page scene which built up to complete hysteria. I did it so intensely that I couldn't stop crying after it was over, and I look awful when I'm crying. My eyes and face swell up and get red. I had to go to the girls' room and bathe my face in cold water. That was the audition. I did the same scene for the screen test. Both Mr. and Mrs. Henreid were wonderful to me. He seemed impressed with my test.

"Then I waited. I lost weight. I was a mass of nerves. Mother and the neighbors said novenas for me. I wasn't home when the call came, so Mother took the message. She knew if she told me before dinner, I wouldn't eat a bite. So she put it off. But looking at my miserable face she couldn't wait any longer. As I was taking my first bite, she told me I'd gotten the part. I started to cry. Mother started to cry. It was the happiest blubbing I've ever experienced. Suddenly," Rita says quietly, "the big doors were open. I knew I could walk through them. Mrs. Henreid told me later that she had prayed I'd get the part."

During the picture, Paul Henreid worked and helped Rita constantly. His kindness, advice and confidence were responsible for an inspirational performance from the diminutive actress. Today, people who see this picture on TV are amazed to find that the seventeen-year-old actress gave her best performance in her first picture.

It was the next year that a talent scout spotted Rita in the play, *"Signor Chicago,"* with Guy Kibbee. After a two-hour talk with Louis B. Mayer, Rita was on her way west, holding a stock contract with M-G-M and an even stronger belief in the open door policy.

Fourteen barefoot, fiery Latin parts later, Rita walked out of Twentieth's wardrobe department attractively clothed, in smart high heels and a wiggle. She was costumed for her role in *"The Lieutenant Wore Skirts."* In this, she had four pages of dialogue in which she impersonated Marilyn Monroe. It's incongruous to watch the petite, brown-eyed brunette imitate the sultry blond to the point where you devoutly hope everyone else realizes it's all in fun. Rita's role is strictly comedy in this—and she gets her man!

Which brings us to *Princess Tuptim* in *"The King and I."* Rita is back unregretfully flat on her feet, playing the romantic young lead and dressed in the dream clothes of a Burmese high-caste girl. It is a delicate, refined and gentle role. It includes two wonderful duets and the narration of one of the most delightful ballets of American theatre, *"The Small House of Uncle Thomas."* Rita wears 24-carat gold dresses encrusted with pearls and diamonds—and wears her gentle, loving heart on a gold lamé sleeve. As *"The Lieutenant Wore Skirts"* has proved her a fine comedienne, so the role of *Tuptim* will show the depth and dimension of her dramatic ability.

After twenty-four years of living and twenty years of working, Rita has matured into an uncomplicated girl with a solid foundation of basic values, moral integrity and level-headedness. She could easily afford a more expensive place to live now, but she'd rather enjoy the responsibility and companionship of sharing a home. Since coming to Hollywood, Rita has been bombarded with date offers from the perennial bachelors whose names ap-



The danger in waiting for your child to outgrow pimples

by MARCELLA HOLMES
NOTED BEAUTY AUTHORITY

(former beauty editor of "Glamour" magazine)

Of all the mail that reaches a beauty editor's desk, there is none so urgent as letters from adolescent girls with pimples. That's why I want to alert mothers to the double dangers of this problem. Psychologists tell us that pimples undermine poise and self-confidence, can cause *permanent* damage to a child's personality. Skin specialists warn that acne-type pimples, if neglected, can leave *permanent* scars on the skin.

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pear constantly in the columns. She doesn't date for publicity—only for fun. And no one has more fun on a date than Rita. She enjoys the people she's with. She loves Scrabble, charades, any game. If she can't enjoy people, she'd rather stay home, read a good book, watch television or just talk to her roommates.

"I enjoy dating," Rita explains with enthusiasm. "I like to date the kind of men I can learn from. When I first came out here I dated Hugh O'Brian, who now plays the famous Wyatt Earp on television. Hugh asked me to go horseback riding with him. Most men would back out when a girl said she didn't know how. Not Hugh; he taught me. It's lucky he did. A month later, I was cast as an Indian girl and, although I didn't do Hugh proud, I at least stayed on the animal. There were ten of us that had to ride past the camera and into the woods. There was a cowpoke just out of camera range to stop my horse for me. When the director signaled, my horse took off at a full gallop going like the wind. I was clutching the saddle horn and screaming at the top of my lungs, 'Ho, already, yet!' We sailed past that cowpoke so fast, the breeze we whipped up nearly floored him. If it hadn't been for Hugh's teaching, I wouldn't have made it out of camera range right side up," Rita laughs.

"Jeff Hunter is another good friend that I've dated. He is a fine actor with a real goodness of character. He taught me the value of friendship and how to be honestly friendly with others. Then Rich Egan taught me the wonderful antidote for bitterness—faith. Rich is a fine man, with faith in God and faith in mankind, including himself. He did bit parts for six years before he made the grade. The other day a producer came up, slapped him on the back, and told Rich he always said he'd make it. Rich didn't think it was phony. He reasoned that producers in town hadn't been wrong—he hadn't been ready. They didn't close the door in his face. They gave him bit parts and helped him learn his craft. Bitterness gets you nowhere, that's something Rich taught me.

In a way," Rita says thoughtfully, "when I date, I'm looking for all the traits and qualities I want in my husband. The most important quality to me will be thoughtfulness. I don't like callous men. Cynical men, however, are usually bitter, and with patience they soften and become real. One fellow I know is intelligent, really brilliant, and at twenty-six is trying to be an intellectual cynic. I like him as a friend, so I took the time to break down his defenses. He's wonderfully warm and outgoing with me. He's still cocky with others, but never with me.

"I do want to get married, and I want two or three children—but I want it to last forever. I think it's silly to say I want a tall, dark and handsome man who'll bring me flowers and candy every day. He can be short, fat and bald, if he's the right one. I think a lot of girls get a mental image of a physical man and are blind to real love when it comes along.

"I want to get married, but I don't know if I'm ready," Rita says honestly. "But I'm willing to try. I realize the tremendous responsibility you have to be willing to take on. I guess I won't know until I experience it. But I do know this: there is nothing like a man to love."

Rita is strongly aware of the many things she still has to learn and experience. Honest and natural, she wisely cannot say what she would do in a circumstance she has not experienced. She doesn't know whether she would give up her career for marriage. "Why anticipate, it might not be necessary?" She doesn't know where she'd like to live permanent-

ly. That's partly up to her future husband and partly up to the traveling Rita plans to do. She is not impatient—just aware of the transitory period she is living in.

During this period Rita is busy and happy. In her spare time she oil-paints waste-baskets, sews pearls and beadwork on sweaters and skirts, reads Hemingway, Wylie and Faulkner (in a weird mood). Her secret passion is the ancient love letters of "Heloise and Abelard." An incurable romantic, she can sit and cry by the hour over the tragic love poured into their letters. Rita cries from her toes up, and laughs the same way.

She went to a neighborhood movie with her roommate the other night. The Tom and Jerry cartoon had all the audience laughing, except for Rita. The silly cat was chasing a poor little duck and Rita cried through the whole cartoon. Her roommate was laughing so hard at Rita, she missed most of the cartoon.

Rita's sense of humor is just as strong and unexpected as her tearful reactions. One night, Louise and Florence were sitting up late listening to music. It was midnight and Rita should have been in bed because of an early studio call the next morning. Suddenly, Rita bounced into the living room, appropriately attired and did a hilarious burlesque on a burlesque. Her impersonations are great. As the gum-chewing burley queen, she had the girls in stitches and it was quite late before the animated pixie retired. She may have hated herself in the morning . . . but she couldn't resist her playful impulse.

Rita has no temper, but she is temperamental. In the five years she's lived with Louise, she's lost her temper only twice. When she is hurt or unhappy she withdraws quietly, usually heading for the patio outside her first-floor blue and white bedroom. When she has worked out the mood, she rejoins the human race. She does not have extreme moods often. Generally, she is fun and easy to live with. She is warm and vital and mad about children. Sensitive and shy, she nevertheless stops mothers on the street with babies and peeks into carriages to ooh and aah. She adores her seven-year-old half-brother, Dennis.

"That one," she grins. "Yesterday he said very seriously, 'Nanny, can I do just one show business with you. I'll be very good.' Dennis watches a lot of television, has studied the mandolin and is now on the accordion. I think he means it! Mother and Dennis live out here, but Mother is very wise, she will not live with me. She won't let me help her financially, either. But she is so proud of me."

Rita is impulsive and emotionally generous. On one of her days off, while shopping in Hollywood, a woman and her nine-year-old girl came up and asked Rita for her autograph. The child was a real fan. She told Rita how much she loved all her pictures and then named them. The woman and child were from the Midwest. Impulsively, Rita asked them if they'd like to have lunch with her at the studio next day. Of course, mother and daughter loved every minute of that lunch in the commissary with the stars, and Rita was as thrilled as they, for she enjoys other people's enjoyment.

Rita has her eccentricities, however. When she's working, her bedroom looks as if a cyclone had struck. She can't throw away old fashion magazines: they pile up for two or three years. Finally, in despair, Louise will suggest getting rid of them. Rita will look at the cover of an oldie and say, "Oh no, this one has just what I want in it." Louise has given up the struggle. Since the house is large, Rita has many nooks and crannies to fill.

Rita also has a mania for earrings and fancy shoes. She has more of both than she could ever use, but she keeps buying them. High-heeled strappy affairs make her happiest—naturally, she kicks them off the moment she gets a chance.

Rita is not a happy waker-upper. It takes quite a bit of time after the alarm goes off before she manages to grunt answers so her roommates will know she's not dead.

In the winter, she wears absolutely mad, crazy flannel pajamas—bright red, leopard, gaudy colors. In the summer, she switches to shortie pastel nightgowns of nylon and lace, rhinestones and ruffles with panties to match. And for both seasons she gets all gussied up to go to bed. She takes almost as much time getting ready for bed as she does dressing in the morning. The face and hair must be just right (she has a strong feeling about creaming arms, legs, and back), and her last nightly ritual is to liberally douse herself with White Shoulders cologne. Upon retiring, Miss Moreno is ready for an unexpected fire in the night.

Five years ago, when Rita and Louise started sharing an apartment, Rita couldn't boil water. Now she specializes in Italian concoctions and blintzes. She loves to mess with spices and herbs and come up with variations on a recipe. They have a huge old stove with two ovens, a broiler and a warmer. They promised each other never to eat in the kitchen or on trays—thus the constant use of the dining room. They love to eat by candlelight . . . they love to eat.

"There were four of us," sighs Rita drolly, "but we lost one. She got married. But even now when her husband is out of town, she comes over and stays with us. We have a good system. We agreed in the beginning that any beefs should be brought right out in the open. We also agreed to keep our noses out of each other's dating. Of course, that doesn't stop us from making a big fuss when the phone rings at dinner time. It's silly, I guess, but we sit and make loud noises, appropriate comments and suggestions. We also have a system for locking the door at night. There is a lamp near the door and we leave it lit with a note under it. As we come in, we put down 'Rita is here,' then 'Louise is here,' and the last one in locks the door and turns off the light. Phone messages are very important, so we put them on a toy airplane that's in front of the door.

"We're worse than parents about being late," Rita admits. "One night, one of the girls went out on a date and by three in the morning we were up worrying and stewing about our errant child. She came in at five. The car had broken down and she hadn't thought of calling. So now if anyone's going to be unusually late, they call in so the others won't spend the night pacing the floor and getting ulcers."

Rita's immediate interest in others and their problems is, perhaps, one reason she is so well loved on every set she's ever worked. On "The King and I" set, electricians, grips, hairdresser, stars and producers called her Princess with honest affection. The reaction of workers on the set is a dead giveaway to a star's real personality. These people are fully aware of Rita's warm vitality, talent and sweetness.

It wasn't too long ago that a thin, big-eyed child stood in front of dress-shop windows in New York daydreaming a fantasy. "I am a princess and I can have everything I want."

Today, Rita Moreno is treated like a princess and is playing the role of a princess. Granted, a barefoot princess—but with chic. She is living, breathing proof that daydreams do come true. THE END

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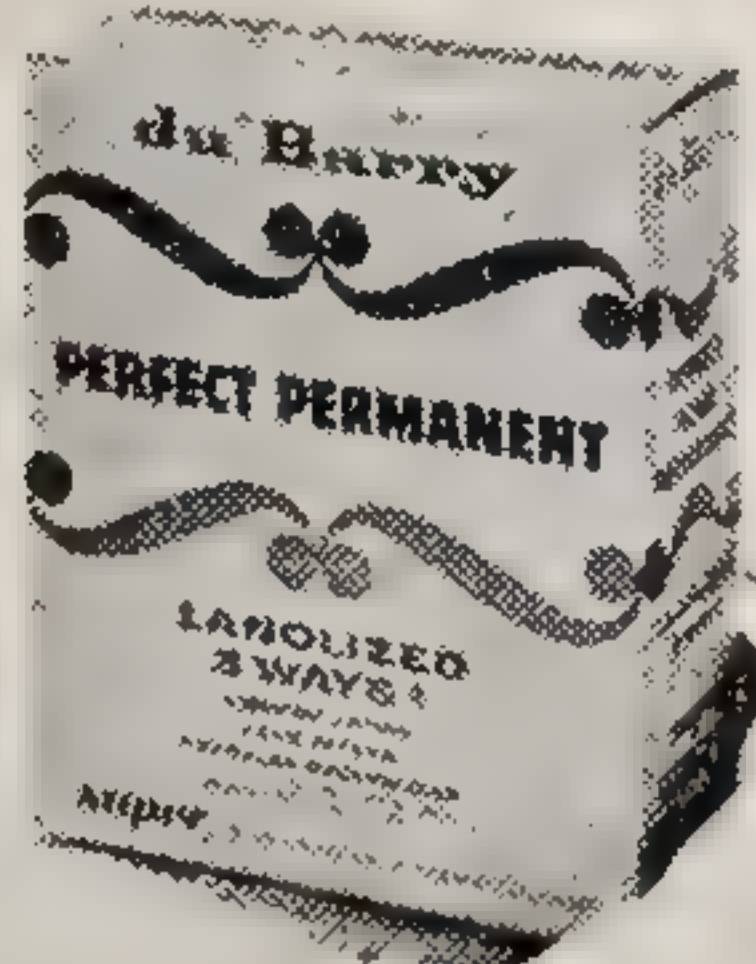
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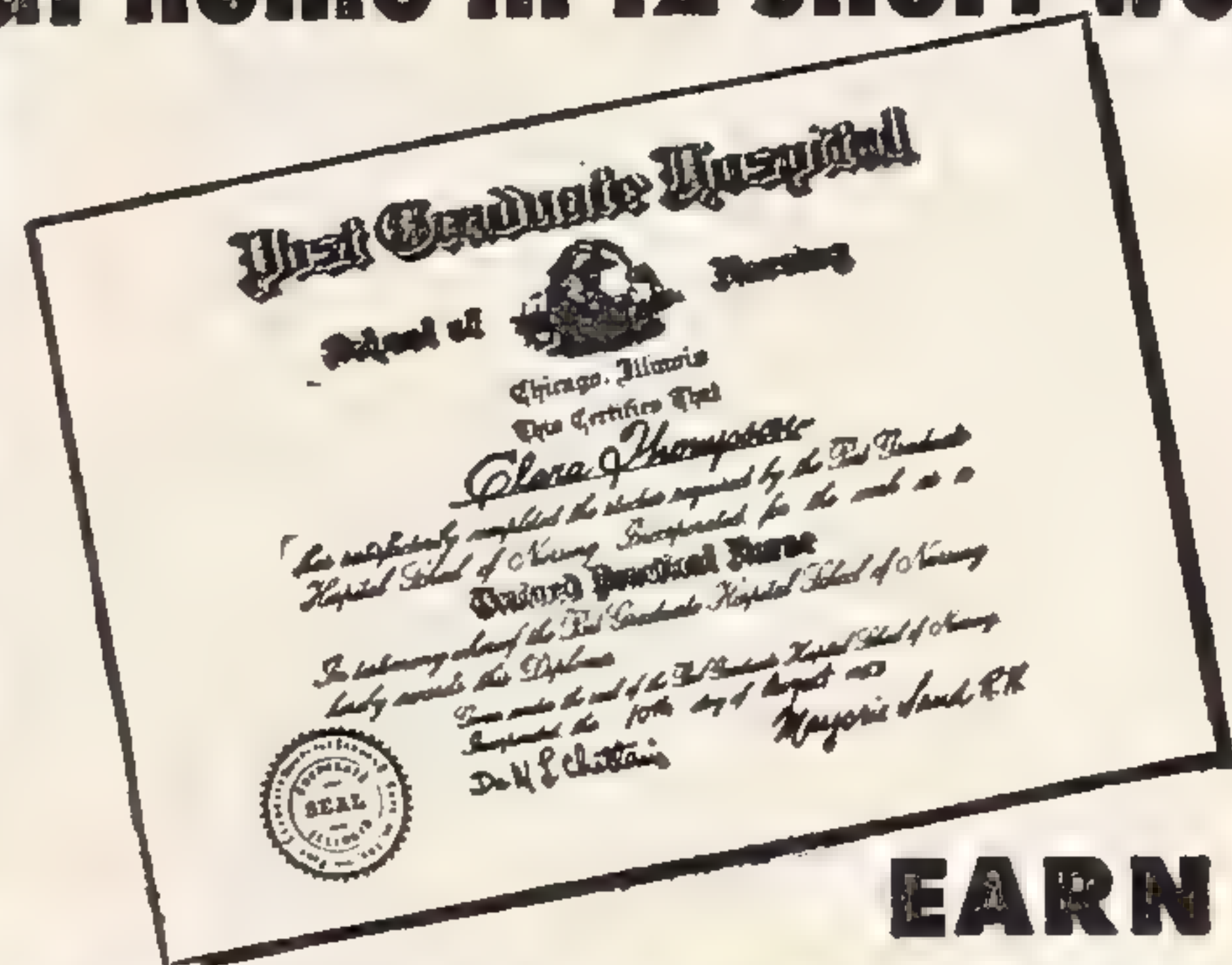


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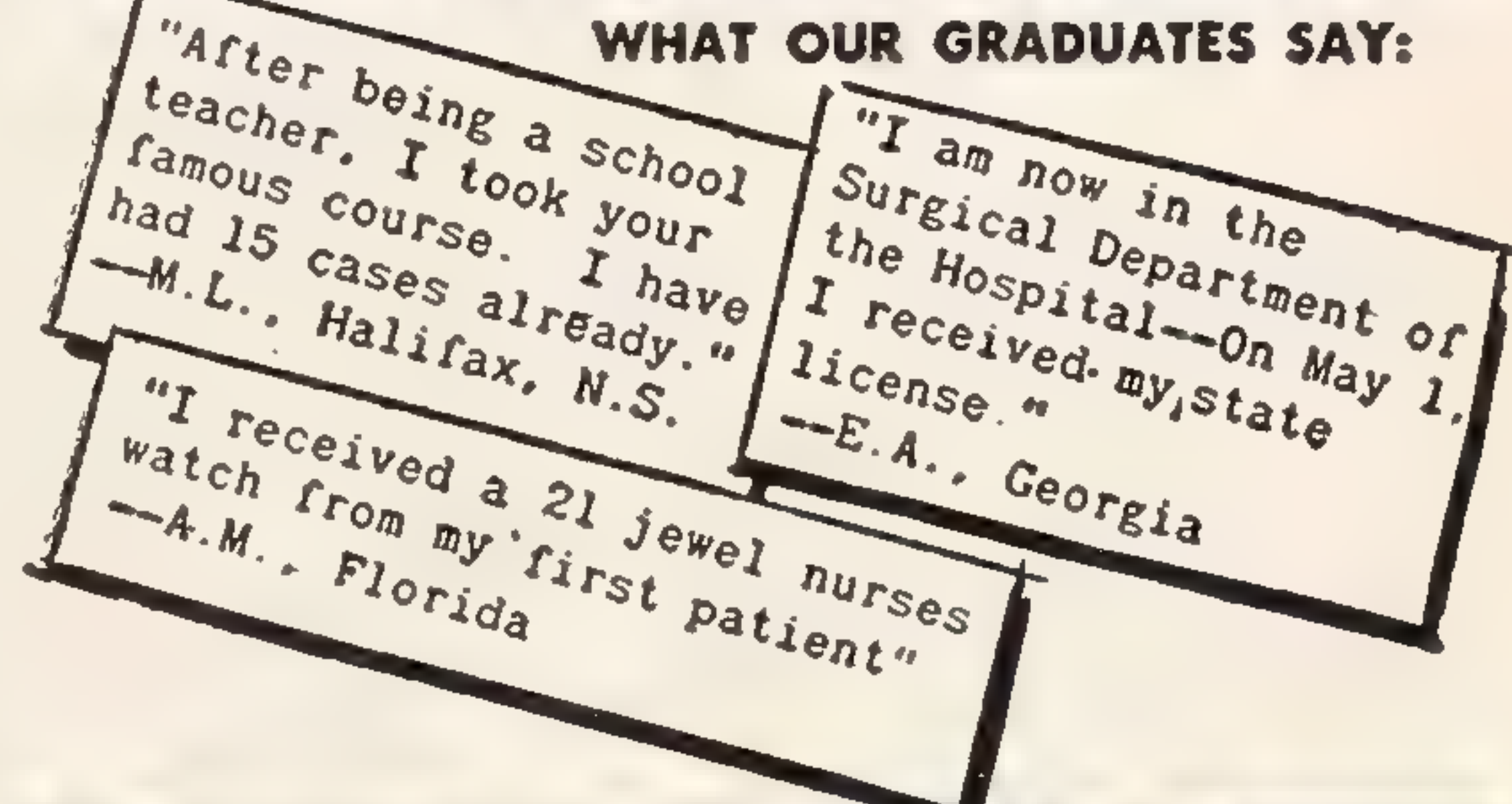
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(Continued from page 62)

do a lot of skimping, you can understand why he deserves a few extra luxuries now."

Now you might conclude that Debbie is the down-to-earth, practical, cautious one and that Eddie is the kind who always needs a string attached to his kite. But people don't classify that easy. Take driving, for example. When Eddie is behind the wheel, he is a moderate, cautious driver. If you had two dozen eggs in a basket, Eddie's the boy you'd ask to drive them home for you. But when Debbie's driving, she believes the shortest distance between two points is the maximum legal speed.

Or look at the way they each make decisions.

"If I have to decide on something," Debbie says, "I do it quickly. I've made most of my own decisions in my career. Sometimes it's a question of choosing between making one of two pictures. I'll decide in one hour or, at the longest, in a day."

Eddie, on the other hand, likes to analyze and think the situation out. "I'll take a week," he says, "or longer if I have to."

They're getting together on sports. Eddie is athletically inclined and Debbie was majoring in physical culture before she was drafted into pictures.

"She taught me to water ski a year ago," Eddie says, "and I'm real crazy about it." He recently bought Debbie a set of golf clubs, but left the teaching to a pro. "Look, I'm not that good to be teaching anyone, but you should see her swing. She's a natural."

Debbie, too, is a great dancer. While she finds Eddie so-so in the ballroom category, future plans call for more intensive training at home, which in itself does not sound unpleasant. Together, they enjoy sports, entertaining and movies. In the case of movie-going, however, their bachelor pasts are catching up with them.

"We usually agree on the picture we want to see," Eddie says, "but there was one movie Debbie wanted to see which I'd already seen. So we compromised—I saw it twice." Eddie grins and takes the sting out of the joke by adding, "Actually, Debbie's seen a couple twice for my sake, too."

In some ways, the major adjustments in the first couple months of marriage were Debbie's to make. They lived on the East Coast in a manner to which the groom was accustomed—out of hotels and suitcases as Eddie had been doing for

years. For Debbie it meant making new friends with Eddie's old friends, entertaining his business associates and having his family in for home cooking. She made the adjustments smoothly, intelligently and with good humor. She even changed her style of dressing with no ill effects.

"I loaded up with those 'late-for-a-date' dresses," she says. "I've got a half-dozen of them."

Usually Debbie likes sport clothes, but they take a few minutes longer to get into.

"These are just sacks with a hood," she says. "You can get them on in ten seconds flat. Pull them over your shoulders and you're set. All you need is a belt, a body and a head."

Punctuality is one problem the Fishers have not been able to solve so far. Both admit they are often late for dates, but this has little to do with weakness of character.

"It's like this," explains Debbie. "You're told you have to do and see so many people and things on a certain day, and so you say, 'All right.' Then appointments are made right down the line and, in planning, everything is figured on taking ten or fifteen minutes less than it should or does. Well, you run five minutes over on the first date and you're fifteen minutes late by the time you finish the second, and you're going from one side of town to the other, fighting traffic. By noon time, you're so far behind that you have to cancel out a personal luncheon date to get back on schedule, but in the afternoon the same thing happens all over again."

Debbie doesn't pretend she has time for household chores as well as picture work—but, nevertheless, she started off by proving to Eddie, his friends and his mother that she wasn't a total loss around the kitchen.

"I understand there are two schools of thought on Debbie's cooking," Eddie says. "One side says that her talents are limited to opening up a box of Girl Scout cookies, and the other says that she can cook enchilladas a hundred different ways. Actually, she is a good cook, but a new one."

Having lived for a while in the heart of Texas, Debbie is partial to cornbread, black-eyed peas and Mexican dishes. She has also learned to make some of Eddie's favorites—such as lima beans the way his mother used to make them. She has taken instruction in cheese blintzes, which are comparable to Crepes Suzettes only better. To make a blintz you first must prepare a golden sheet of pastry as thin as tissue paper. This is then folded around a mix-

ture of cream, cottage cheese and a few other ingredients, then baked. It's not easy and, Debbie admits, "I got a lesson from one of the best chefs in Manhattan."

Dinner is the only meal she ever tries to prepare. They eat lunch out and seldom bother about breakfast.

To date, there have been no kicks about the chow and Eddie, with his GI experience, has proved to be an expert at "not volunteering" for kp duty. It's not a trick or a technique but, actually, a fine art when properly practiced. For example, if you're wearing a brown suit, you stretch out on a brown sofa and put a brown pillow over your face and, by adjusting properly, you practically disappear.

"Oh, he would help, I'm sure," Debbie says optimistically. "I remember when he used to come to our house for dinner he would help Mother with the dishes."

That was prior to the wedding.

"I think maybe Eddie could make a salad," she says.

"A salad?" says Eddie.

"You know, a simple salad. Chop up some lettuce and a cucumber."

"Cucumber," he says. "What's a cucumber?"

This coming from a young man who once huckstered vegetables is an excellent example of practical brainwashing.

Joking aside, neither takes their marriage and future lightly. Hectic the life may be and young are the newlyweds, but disorganized or impetuous, they are not. It was a surprise marriage to many, but not to Eddie and Debbie. When she came East to marry, she came prepared to stay two months and, when she returned, Eddie accompanied her, prepared to stay in Hollywood and do his telecasts there until he could return to New York with Debbie. It may have sounded sudden but it couldn't have been planned better by a military genius. Even their Christmas cards (a picture of Eddie and Debbie and their three dogs) was chosen long before they knew where they would be dining on Thanksgiving. And when they got to Hollywood there was a house waiting for them. Debbie had chosen the house and signed a one-year lease before she "eloped" to New York.

About their home, Debbie says, "We'd still like to build our own as we planned. We'd like to have acreage in Beverly Hills or in the San Fernando Valley, but it's not easy to find what you want and it's very expensive. When we do build, we know exactly what we want. It will be in the style of an English country home and it will be furnished with a mixture of contemporary furniture and English antiques."

She, alone, chose their present home. It was originally built for Norma Shearer. It's fairly romantic but not built in hotel proportions. It has only two bedrooms. It is high up, overlooking the ocean and, on a humid day, you can almost feel the spray of the surf. The house itself is ranch style, furnished mostly with Early American furniture, and is set on four acres of natural shrubbery, which means they will have none of the nuisance of formal gardening.

"They are putting in a natural, primitive-type pool so we'll have the fun of that," Debbie says. "Eddie and I are both sun-worshippers and love the water."

Whether or not the home is practical for raising children is not important, since they have only a year's lease. Neither one lacks enthusiasm for kids and Eddie holds a practical viewpoint: "Kids aren't something you plan or postpone like putting up a house. The right time is anytime."

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Debbie was once quoted as saying she wanted six children.

"I like what Arthur Godfrey said about it," Eddie notes. "He said that no woman can say she's going to have six children until she's had five."

Debbie doesn't even remember saying it. "How many children? When?" she asks. "Well, it's not in our hands."

But she has thought about names and, when the time comes, if their first is a boy, she would like to call him Kevin; if it's a girl, Kathy.

There are other things they think about for the future besides children and house, for both of them are serious careerists. Debbie, who raced back to work on a new picture, "The Catered Affair," has very definite ideas about her career.

"I like comedy and I like slapstick. I've always been a great admirer of Cary Grant and I've seen all of the old Carol Lombard pictures. Sometime soon I'd like to do sophisticated comedy."

And next summer, Eddie is likely to spend his vacation from television making his first movie. If he doesn't, he will make good on a promise to take Debbie to Europe. But no matter what they do you can bet on one thing—you will seldom find Eddie and Debbie separated. It's happened at least twice since the wedding. The first time Debbie was just "lost" from Eddie. "Eddie had to go to his tailor's," Debbie recalls, "and for me a fitting always takes two or two and a half hours, so I expected the same held true for a man."

So about an hour and a half after they'd separated, she went to the tailor's to meet him. She was told that he had left twenty or thirty minutes before.

"Suddenly I felt awful. Awful lonely." She left the tailor, then paused out on the street. She was trying to decide whether Eddie had gone north or south, east or west, when a strange man walked up to her and said, "You looking for your husband? He went that way."

So she started north and about two blocks up another man stopped her and said, "You looking for Eddie? He went that way."

She took the turn and as she passed a delicatessen, a clerk tapped on the window and beckoned her in. "Your husband was here and bought a roast chicken. When he left here, he crossed the street."

She crossed the street and found herself near the grocery store they used. She was told that Eddie had been there to shop and with that she began navigating herself, following the shortest route back to their suite. There, in the kitchen, was Eddie with the groceries and a roast chicken.

"Well," he said, "I guess we missed each other."

They were really separated only once, shortly after their wedding. While Debbie was still in New York her mother took ill. Debbie flew to California, spent a full day there and was back with Eddie on the third day.

"I should have stayed longer with Mother, although thank goodness it was nothing serious, but I knew Eddie needed me and I had to rush back. You know what they say about absence making the heart grow fonder. That's just part of it. It hurts awful, too."

Maybe the kind of life they have to lead isn't normal because of the demands of their careers, but Eddie and Debbie as persons are. In childhood, both learned to appreciate and love family and home. So they have an understanding of values. They know that the one thing their happiness depends on is being together. And as Eddie says and as Debbie says, that's all that any normal couple wants. THE END



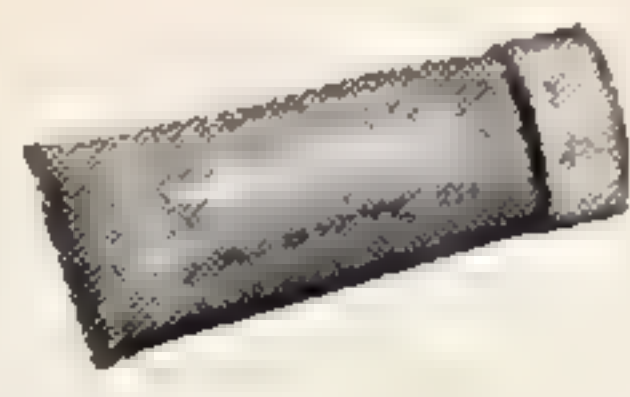
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Inherited—A World of Love

(Continued from page 55)

Hollywood, liberty from marriage, the pursuit of happiness among the most beautiful women in the world had brought him only boredom. He had sold his Hollywood house. He said of himself then, "I have no roots." He had gone to Europe to make three pictures, and to try to find the something he felt was missing in his life.

Today, with the house in Palm Springs, and another in Bel-Air, with small Pete asleep on the sunporch, with the great success of "Ulysses" and "Indian Fighter" in the theatres, and Anne beside him, he's completely relaxed. He says, "Anne has taught me the secret of happiness, which is that you can only achieve it by thinking of the other person first."

Now, basically, Kirk is a man of dignity, so it isn't easy for him to speak of love. On the surface, he's all dash and charm. Constant study has taught him everything from several languages to refined diction and how to handle a fish fork. Put him in a drawing room, and he can out-talk anyone in Hollywood—except Burt Lancaster, who can out-talk anyone, anywhere. At a party, Kirk turns into the type of male charmer who casts a glittering, gay eye on all the ladies present. And, in general, he does all the things a successful, delightful gentleman is supposed to do—drives fast, expensive cars, appreciates fine food, swims wonderfully, dances like a dream.

But it's all an act. Underneath, he is still small Issur Danielovitch braced against the cruelties almost all poverty-stricken little boys experience when they move about in an American city.

Or, at least Kirk still was basically Issur Danielovitch, until he met Anne Buydens, who was braced against even being interested in him because he was an actor. Actors were her job. She was a European publicity girl and the immediate job she was hired for when she met Kirk was getting good notices in the papers regarding "Act of Love," in which Kirk was the star.

Being a smart publicity girl, Anne boned up on her client long before she met him. She immediately discovered that Kirk had been married and was divorced, as was her own case. She found out, too, that there was a girl in his life, Pier Angeli. She saw that there had been other girls in his life before Pier, since his divorce. She determined she was not going to become another of them.

"Of all places in the world," Kirk told me, giving his wife a rueful grin, "I

first discovered I was falling in love with Anne when I was in Havana—when she was half the world away from me. I had come back from making 'Act of Love' and I had to stop in Havana for business. I thought of Anne then as the most wonderful friend I'd ever known. Now that I look back on it, I realize I'd never had a woman friend, with the exception of those old enough to be my schoolteachers. I should have known that with anyone as pretty and alert as Anne I was not really interested in her fine mind—exclusively, that is. But to be truthful, I didn't even think about that because she seemed to be so interested in *my* mind."

"I was," Anne interrupted. "I still am."

"One thing Anne was interested in," Kirk said, "was in being helpful. She always is. When she knew I was going to Havana, she gave me the name of a friend of hers there, told me to call him if I needed any assistance, or was merely lonely. So I was merely lonely in Havana and I did call him. I introduced myself to him by phone. 'This is Kirk Douglas,' I said. He said, 'Oh?' I said, 'I'm a friend of Anne Buydens.' He said, 'Anne Buydens! Well, why didn't you say so? Will you come for lunch? Will you come for dinner? Is there anything I can do for you?' In other words, I meant nothing as myself—but as Anne's friend, I rated. It was Anne who was the personality, not I."

Kirk paused, then said thoughtfully, "I keep finding that out more and more about Anne. The reason she was a personality was because she was genuine. For instance, I don't think any man really means to develop a line. But when you are 'unattached' as the saying goes, you find that you have. You meet a strange girl at a party. You don't know what interests her so you say, 'I can see that you've had one love affair that hurt you deeply'—and immediately you are listening to the story of her life.

"But not Anne. I said to her the first time we met, 'I can see that you have had one love affair that hurt you deeply.' She answered, 'Who hasn't?' and proceeded to talk about me and the picture. Or I'd come back to my hotel, after the day's shooting, and find a list typed out by her, thoughtful stuff about where I might eat, or the like. Or I'd phone to thank her and her line would be busy. She'd be on the phone, wishing about six people happy birthdays, or arranging anniversary presents for another six, or commencement presents or some such. She

must have a hundred people whose birth days she never forgets, and the human interest stories she can tell are fabulous.

"More and more, on the set of 'Act of Love,' I found myself talking to this unusual press agent, not with phony smoothness, but philosophically. Because I wanted to perfect my French, Anne talked only in French to me. I discovered myself telling her things I had never told anybody, not even myself—dreams I'd had, dreams I still had, hopes and fears. Every once in a while I'd say, 'Have you ever thought about going to Istanbul, or Alexandria?'—or whatever, and almost inevitably Anne would say, 'Oh, I was there once.' I swear, one of the reasons we were married at Las Vegas was that that was one of the few places that Anne had not been 'once.'"

When Kirk finished "Act of Love," he went to Italy for a vacation and to prepare for his next picture. He found he hated to leave his friend, Anne Buydens. But Anne was glad to see him go. She hoped she would never see him again, for she knew that she was in love with him. She could not, first of all, permit herself to be in love with the actor, and what was worse, in love with the actor who was in love with someone else.

During the next few months, Anne worked hard, played hard. Extremely popular, she had no lonely evenings. The winter passed and spring came and the chestnut trees along the Champs Elysée were in bloom when her firm told her they were sending her to Rome to handle a picture called "Ulysses." The assignment would probably take six months. It was a wonderful opportunity for an ambitious young woman. The star of the picture was Kirk Douglas.

"I had to make up my mind whether I wanted to lose my job or act absolutely impersonally toward Kirk," Anne recalled.

"She acted absolutely impersonally about me," Kirk said, "except when it came to violets."

In spring, in Rome, they bring the violets down from Parma, and they are incredibly beautiful, incredibly sweet-smelling. Kirk, working very intensely, didn't even know about them, as he talked to his wonderful friend, Anne Buydens. In Rome, they talked Italian together because he wanted to perfect that language too, and Anne went with him to see the Vatican—where she had been before some half a hundred times—and the ancient churches, the ancient roads, the new fashionable shops.

Pier Angeli had long since gone back to America, and Kirk, completely wrapped up in his work, would often find it was evening before he thought about his dinner date. When he'd call Anne, he'd find her already engaged. One day he said, "Oh, I know it is the last moment but..." He didn't tell her that in Hollywood he'd done it a hundred times and never had to be lonely.

But Anne said, "Did you ever think how it would seem to any woman if you thought about her first? First thing in the morning? About taking her out that evening? And perhaps in the afternoon you sent her a little bunch of violets to remind her of the date?"

That shocked Kirk in a way that a price for a motor car, let's say, would never have done. The beauties of Hollywood will often give the most casual male acquaintance something like emerald cuff links, or they'll accept a mink coat. But for a girl to want violets—just for the sentiment of it, to prove she was thought-

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not on impulse, but sweetly! Behind the smooth facade of Kirk Douglas—who had told the world, "Whatever there is, in life, I want a lot of"—little Issur Danielovitch, who had been so grateful for the smallest kindness, came back into idealistic awareness.

To send violets in Rome, Kirk soon discovered, was not like sending them in Hollywood. You couldn't just phone for them. You couldn't just go to a store and buy them. You had to prowl the streets until you found a flower seller, who resisted the bunch of them, which cost less than five cents American, into a bit of tissue paper, all the while inquiring about your health, your happiness and the love of your children.

Yet it was a singularly rewarding thing to do. It brought to Kirk Douglas a sense of the simplest happiness, to walk down a busy Roman street, see some trifle that suggested Anne's eyes or her laughter or her quick intelligence, buy it, and take it to her. It was like the evenings they began to share more and more often, at the open air tables along the Via Veneto, mostly drinking the sweet, light Italian vermouth and eating nothing more involved than cheese and fruit—but which, somehow or other, tasted better to him than an Romanoff's most deluxe dinners. And more and more, Kirk was calling Anne "Peter," sometimes "Pat," because he had learned from her that her father had wanted her to be a boy, had even named her Peter, but of course, outside the house, nobody in France would ever think of calling a girl by such a name.

"Ulysses" took eight months to finish. Kirk knew that he must part from the best friend he'd ever had. Anne knew that she was more in love than she had been with him in Paris, but she was even more determined that Kirk should never know it.

Then, a few months later, fate stepped in again, and Anne's publicity firm suggested she go to America with Mr. Douglas, to tie up a few of the odds and ends of the production.

"I came on the shortest possible visitor's visa," Anne recalled. "It meant I could stay in Hollywood a very few weeks. I was so glad. I could not have lived through being discarded, knowingly, by Kirk. Day after day, I'd tell myself I'd be leaving soon, and nobody but I would be the loser."

Nor was Kirk the wiser until almost the very day Anne's visa was due to expire and she told him she was to leave. When he found himself suddenly proposing, suddenly proclaiming that she must elope with him at once, to Las Vegas, that day, at instant. Almost at once, he had his lawyer and his lawyer's wife, his press agent and his press agent's wife at his house. In another hour or so, they were headed for Las Vegas.

Anne Buydens Douglas can still scarcely believe any of it. "A girl expects her wedding to be a little solemn," she says. Instead, upon landing in Las Vegas, she found herself being rushed to the city hall. There is one hour of the day in Las Vegas—and one only—when you can't get a marriage license, and their plane landed ten minutes before that hour.

They did turn out to be too late, so somebody proposed they just drop into the gambling casino to kill the waiting hour. "I did not know till then," said Anne, "that my husband-to-be was mad for gambling." Also, accustomed to the elegant casinos of Monte Carlo and such, she knew nothing about a place like Las

Vegas where the "one-armed bandits" are even placed in washrooms.

So the Douglas bridal party lost money for an hour and then were hustled through the back door of one of Vegas' swankiest hotels and up to the bridal suite. A tall man, in cowboy boots, stood before the bride. He was, it seemed, "Honest John Lytell" and with his Texas drawl and Anne's limited English, she couldn't understand a word he said. That was why, when he told her to repeat after him, she did promise to take this man, Kirk, as her "awful wedding husband." And it was hours before she knew what all the wedding party were laughing about.

It was hours because they all went back for some more gambling. All except Anne. They didn't even notice that she did what she always does—she was helpful. She soon learned how to cash in their chips or get them more money. Hour after hour went by, until finally Anne pulled at Kirk's sleeve and said, "Darling, I really must go to sleep."

He kissed her, not taking his eyes off the spinning roulette wheel. "You go. I'll be right there in a minute."

The minute lasted two hours. Then the whole party walked into the bridal suite and cried, "Look, we've brought hors d'oeuvres and drinks." So of course they ate them, and then somebody else cried, "Look. The sun is up," and somebody else said, "Let's go downtown and try our luck at the other places."

As Anne told this story in Palm Springs, Kirk lay stretched out on a couch watching her, his eyes alight with amusement and admiration. "When I came out of that gambling coma," he said, "I knew what a terrible thing I'd done to Anne. And then I realized my tremendous fortune in ever meeting such a girl. Even an impossible situation like that, she could let me be myself. Which meant that with her, and through her with other people, I didn't have to keep proving myself all the time."

"A few months later—when the Russians used me as propaganda, saying I didn't know who Homer, the author of 'Ulysses,' was—it meant that I could throw the lie back in their teeth and do a propaganda job for our country, showing the opportunities a poor boy such as myself had been given."

"This," Kirk continued after a slight pause, "is what is meant by growing up, I'm sure. Not throwing your weight around, not exploding in anger, not pulling a line. And with Anne it's going to be a case of my keeping up with her. This morning she wanted to go out bicycle riding. I haven't ridden a bicycle in years, but I was sure I could beat her, who had just had a baby. So look at her after an hour of it. She's as fresh as a new moon, and I'm beat."

At that instant, Peter Vincent gave a yell. "Feeding time," said his father.

Anne rose. "The first time a woman hears her first baby cry she grows up and knows what life is all about."

"Tell us," said Kirk, grinning at her.

She grinned back, as she put the baby over her shoulder to take him away. "Merely love," she said.

Kirk leaned over to me and said in a stage whisper that he knew Anne could hear, "He's Peter, meaning Anne, and if we have a girl, she'll be Anne meaning Anne also. But if I am very thoughtful and careful, I may be able to keep my wife from discovering that this baby is not necessarily the baby who is going to save the whole world . . . or is he?" THE END

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INSIDE STUFF

Continued from page 39

her devoted doctor in San Francisco failed to reach her by telephone. The real reason? John Bentley, U-I's handsome new British import, who just happens to be a fast "operator," too!

Words And Wisdom: Now that she's a young matron, everyone expected Debbie Reynolds to stop selling cookies for the Girl Scouts. But, says Mrs. Eddie Fisher, "Just because I changed my name is no reason why I should change my ideals." Cookies anyone? . . . Alan Ladd on the subject of his daughter Carol Lee's separation from Richard Anderson: "The first year of any marriage is a trying period of adjustment. Carol Lee and Richard are only human, but they are the ones who must work out their own problems, and I'm sure they will." . . . And Guy Madison has this to say about those vicious, exposé-magazine attacks on famous people: "I feel very sorry for anyone who hopes to benefit by attempting to destroy others. Hating only destroys the hater!" Truer words were never said.

Looking Ahead: What's new about Rock Hudson that *hasn't* been printed? "My headache," groaned the groom, as he lowered his long frame into a chair opposite Cal in the U-I commissary. "Now *why* do I go to cocktail parties?" he lamented. "What's new? Well, I saw a beautiful tablecloth in a window and I just had to buy it for Phyllis. But she's so level-headed, when she found out it cost \$175, she took it back and got six for the same price! And, after all our talk about having a swimming pool and enlarging our house, we're going to sell it and buy a new one in Beverly Hills. Phyllis is out looking now. She's using the name of Mrs. Fitzgerald so they won't stick the high-price gun in her back! We want lots of space around us, and we need an extra bedroom." No, Rock didn't say they plan to

convert it into a nursery—so we'll say it for him!

Direct Hit: It happened at a drive-in on the way to Palm Springs. June Allyson and Dick Powell were having a hamburger when a hotrod pulled up next to their car. The kids in it recognized the Powells, and finally one of them came over and asked Dick if he'd help him win a five-dollar bet. All Dick had to do was take a kick in the pants! No-chicken Dick complied, then asked, "Now tell me why I rate this?" "Because you married our dream girl," was the answer! June laughed until she cried.

Live And Learn: Everything happens to Tab Hunter! His heart hit bottom when his Thunderbird was stolen from the parking lot at the Crescendo. The police finally found it in Mexico, but Tab's missing St. Christopher medal key ring that was blessed by the Pope, can never be replaced. Because generous Tab finally realized he was running into debt buying gifts for everyone, he's hired himself a business manager who's keeping him on a strict budget. And recently, when he was testing for "Burning Hills," he got a phone call telling him his horse, Swizzlestick, had sprained an ankle. The frantic Tab did a perfect test, in one "take," raced for the stables, and got a ticket for speeding. "From now on," grins chagrined Taberoo, "I'm carrying a rabbit's foot in every pocket!"

Seen And Heard: Deeply discouraged Robert Wagner may be the next one to pull a sit-it-out strike. Bob wants a good role with his own studio and preferred suspension to making "The Proud Ones," which was originally scheduled for Bob Stack. . . . The same week Jean Simmons learned she was going to become a mother, Stewart Granger took off for London for

retakes with Ava Gardner for "Bhowani Junction." So Jean had to make the move into their new Bel-Air home herself, but she says, "Even an earthquake couldn't spoil my happiness!" . . . Top money-making star of 1955, Jimmy Stewart, bought a one-fifth interest in rhinoceros! You can see it at the zoo in Fort Worth, Texas.

Hearts And Flowers: No surprise was Gregory Peck's marriage to European newspaper woman, Veronique Passani. The first congratulatory wire came from no longer-heartbroken Greta Peck, Gregory's ex! . . . John Derek's supposed heart interest is going out of his life—professionally-speaking, that is. Paramount failed to renew its option on Ursula Andress. . . . And too bad Warners dropped handsome Bob Horton the same week he reconciled with Barbara Ruick. However, Columbia has been talking a term deal. . . . After Aldo Ray reconciled with Jeff Donnell, he placed a standing order with the florist for her favorite red roses.

Bottoms Up: For the first time, an enthusiastic bunch of sailors in the South Pacific saw a Marilyn Monroe movie. When they got a glimpse of that famous wiggle, the boys promptly dispatched a letter to the curvaceous blond, electing her the honorary Rear Admiral!

Sense And Nonsense: Remember last month we told you that exhausted William Holden agreed to make "The Rainmaker" because he admires Katharine Hepburn and wanted to play opposite her? Now he's out of this! Katie turned down this excellent offer when the studio insisted on giving Bill first billing. He begged them to let the lady have her way. But his bosses are well aware of the box-office value of the Holden name and refused to take advantage of his typically nice offer.



The Grangers' first baby will have glamour godparents—Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding!

Dating others decided Bob Stack and Rosemary Bowe—that they were meant for each other!

Day's Target: "The rumor that Mike and I are separating is as inevitable as death and taxes!" That's how Liz Taylor missed the recent scuttlebutt, and she wouldn't have looked less concerned. Michael Wilding had just returned from making a movie in Europe. He brought with him a priceless Ming Dynasty statue-horse for lovely Liz's birthday, which was also the day Mike, Jr. was born. So the tidings had one of their happiest repercussions. It was highlighted by a phone call from Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger, asking them to be godparents of their first-born, which is scheduled to arrive in July.

Deal: Russ Tamblyn didn't want two peers in one family. His fiancée Venetia Evenson just wanted "to be a good wife and mother." But Russ finally called up a good friend, agent Dick Clayton—who handled the late James Dean and currently handles Tab Hunter. "You're the only agent who hasn't hounded us," said Dick, "so we've changed our minds if you'll handle Venetia." Dick took the blue-eyed girl to RKO and Paramount. Both studios fought to sign her—and finally, RKO won.

Begin: Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis returned from Europe in a blaze of glory and hysteria. Their house was in shambles, the result of a recent robbery. It was a treasure hunt, trying to piece together a wardrobe for the Coconut Grove opening at which they were the honored guests of the performing Gower Chambers. Expectant mother Janet has never been in better health, and Tony's European haircut makes him look a little like Napoleon!

Utical And Nice: The longer Audie Murphy lives, the wiser he gets. Other stars indulge in night-club sprees and Palm Springs weekends. Audie invested in a 40-foot motor-sailboat, which he has named "Petrel," after the oceanic bird. "I want my children to love the outdoors," says Audie, "and what could be healthier than a sail?" Typical of Audie, before he'd even allow son Terry aboard, he taught the little fellow how to swim.

ws About Twos: Since Susan Hayward's new dating popular Hal Hayes, the change in her personality has delighted the many friends who've hoped Susie would learn how to enjoy her good life. . . . After their on-again off-again romance, Bob Stack and Rosemary Bowe finally tied the knot. Apparently, Rosemary realized that a nice guy like Bob shouldn't be taken for granted. . . . Larry "Bud" Pennell (an ex-baseball player) and Maria English have called off those steady dates, and now Terry's pitching woo at receptive Terry Moore. . . . But Jane Wyman's "hot" romance mentioned in various columns, turned out to be none other than a TV sponsor who was selling Jane on his product, and not himself! . . . Contrary to those Novak-Mac Krim breakup rumors, he was shopping around for a violet-colored Thunderbird—which just happens to be beautiful Kim's favorite color.

For Laughs: Fun-loving George Nader took Dani Crayne to a Chinese restaurant recently. During dessert, when Dani offered her fortune cookie, the slip of

paper inside read: "Lucky girl. You're sitting opposite the most exciting actor in Hollywood!" You know *who* framed that one!

Baby Talk: When Ann Blyth saw her new daughter for the first time, she looked at tiny Maureen McNulty and sighed: "With such beautiful red hair, you must have a red-headed godmother, too." Ann was thinking of her good friend Betty Lynn, who couldn't have been more pleased. . . . Normally, wouldn't you think that Jane Powell and Marilyn Maxwell had little in common? Well, both were expecting Sir Stork at the same time, so they've become fast friends. . . . The gang at Paramount pulled a fast one on Charlton Heston, whose son was a year old on February 12. They retouched a beard onto a photograph of the "old man" and made him look like Lincoln!

Food For Thought: Remembering the food shortage during England's grim war years, Joan Collins planned an elaborate welcome dinner at Romanoff's when her sister arrived in Hollywood. "I thought Jackie looked disappointed," laughs Joan, "so I asked her what was wrong." Jackie hesitated, then asked plaintively, "Do they serve American hot dogs at Romanoff's?" Joan promptly put her in the car and headed for the nearest drive-in!

According To Rumor: Marlon Brando, who likes to keep his private life private, instructs each new girlfriend not to discuss him for publication. . . . Lana Turner refers to Fred MacMurray and Michael Rennie as "two charming gentlemen," but she clams up if anyone asks her about Richard Burton. They all worked together in "The Rains of Ranchipur." . . . Now that Claudette Colbert has played opposite Noel Coward in the TV version of "Blithe Spirit," she isn't exactly his number one fan. Insiders say Missy Colbert didn't go for the way dear Noel tried to run the whole show!

Words And Music: It was another stroke of bad luck when Pier Angeli fell and broke a bone in her ankle. But there's good news tonight and every night about those songs she sings in "Port Afrique." Originally intended for Kathryn Grayson, they had to be transposed for pretty Pier's singing range and she had to learn to sing them in two day's time. Vic Damone listened to the special set of recordings Pier made for him and he's in a daze of delight.

In Case You Care: Even blasé Hollywood was surprised at that nationally syndicated story by Grace Kelly's mother. Until Grace became engaged to Prince Rainier of Monaco, publicizing her personal life and loves was always a taboo subject. Now no one understands this lavish indulgence! . . . Despite all that publicity about the "new" Mario Lanza, he looks like the "old" one again. After slimming down for "Serenade," when the picture finished the tempestuous singer went back on a spaghetti binge. . . . Gordon Scott may marry Vera Miles, but "Tarzan" can't get her for his jungle mate, because Alfred Hitchcock who holds Vera's contract (he wants to make her into a second Grace Kelly!) won't release her. . . . Eighteen-year-old Natalie Wood now prefers the company of "older men who are around forty!"

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"My Husband Doesn't Run Me"

(Continued from page 53)

Actually, in spite of what the cynics and over-imaginative, unknowing gossips would have others believe, Audrey is just as delightful and gracious in person as she is scampering over a movie screen. Her simplicity of manner, poise, and gentle warmth shine through the screen because they are her own inbred personal qualities.

Audrey has no reason to apologize to anyone. She has conducted her personal life with dignity and reserve and has pursued her career according to the dictates of her own principles. But, like anyone else in the public eye, some of her actions have been misconstrued, and she is anxious to put the record straight.

"Mel and I both value our careers immensely," Audrey said thoughtfully, as she poured two cups of steaming French coffee, and dug with relish into a box of rich Dutch cookies. "We'd be very foolish and irresponsible if we didn't. Nevertheless, our own personal happiness has first call over any other factor in our lives. I don't know if the situation will ever arise, but if it were really a question of our careers separating us and interfering with our happiness together, we wouldn't hesitate as to choice. No, we wouldn't hesitate because it would soon become a vicious circle. If we ever said, 'Oh, just this once, what does it matter if we're separated for a few short months,' then the once became twice—without realizing it, we might have let material success ruin two lives.

"I don't think whatever job we went off to do under those circumstances would be terribly well done," Audrey said earnestly. "I think we'd each have a very heavy conscience.

"It seems most unlikely that the demands of our careers will force us to work apart," she continued, flashing her winning smile. "It's so rare, you know, the kind of opportunity that is irresistible—the greatest script, the greatest director, and everything else we cherish professionally—and that Mel and I should both find it at exactly the same moment and at opposite ends of the world.

"It might easily happen, though, that pictures will overlap, and circumstances would part us, if only for a little while." Audrey's face clouded at such a prospect. "It's impossible to answer how we would react. We would both have to sit down and figure and reckon, put it on the scales, and see how it weighs up, balance the advantages against the disadvantages, the conveniences against the inconveniences."

Audrey knows one thing for sure: No matter what she'd decide, Mel would be right behind her, backing her up all the way. "He'd never want me to sacrifice any part of my career," she said. "On the contrary, he'd say, 'Let's approach this from a positive point of view—how can we arrange our schedule so we can be together as much as possible.' And we'd scheme and juggle to find some way to reach a compromise—and each one of us would give in a little. You have to each give in occasionally in marriage—what difference does it make, if the reason is right?"

"I have faith about these things," Audrey continued. "I believe that if I do something for the right reason, there has to be a blessing on it. I'm not saying that in any fatalistic way, you understand. I don't mean that I just sit back and let come what may, confident of the result because of the justice of my motives.

"It's just that I don't really believe in making a decision or planning an act if it's for a wrong reason. If I were asked to take a step which might jeopardize my marriage, I would delve deep down into my

heart to discover *why* I must do this. If a selfish advancement of my career at the risk of hurting Mel were at the bottom of it, I'd say 'no.' The reason *must* be right.

"Oh, don't think it's as easy as I make it sound," said Audrey with a laugh. "It's not just by chance that Mel and I are both in Paris at the same time now. After Billy Wilder discussed the possibility of my doing 'Ariane' here, Mel began to study the Paris front. And we were very lucky because he was offered the lead in 'The Life of Modigliani,' the story of the famous French painter. So then I said to Billy, 'I will do it.' Now the starting date of 'Ariane' has been delayed because of Billy's working on 'The Spirit of St. Louis.' In the meantime, Jean Renoir called Mel and asked him to play one of the leads in his new picture with Ingrid Bergman. As a matter of fact, Mel won't begin 'Modigliani' until April, just as I go into 'Ariane.' So you see, we've arranged for our schedules to coincide without in any way interrupting our life together.

"As I say, you've got to have a lot of faith and a little luck. It won't always be this easy, I know. There may be a time when we will find ourselves in one of those inextricable situations: while one of us is working here, a great offer will come from Hollywood, saying, 'Will you or won't you come—we begin shooting in two weeks and we must know by tomorrow?'"

"Do you go, or don't you go?" Audrey stopped suddenly and gazed out the window at the peaked Paris rooftops. Then

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she shook her head and sighed resignedly, "I don't know what you do!" she admitted. "Our careers mean a great deal to us, but I must emphasize, what carries the most weight with us is our personal happiness. It has to be that way. Otherwise, we should not have married in the first place."

Audrey's usually placid nature rebels at the mere insinuation that Mel is trying to run her career, or that he is using her success as a stepping stone to advance his own. Her soft voice rose in fury as she recalled some of the accusations that have been thrown at Mel since their marriage.

"How can people say that Mel makes all my decisions, that he decides what I am going to play, and with whom, and where! It so infuriates me. I know him so well and am so close to him. I know how scrupulously correct he is, and how he loathes to give an opinion unless I ask for it. This is *because* we want so badly to keep our careers separate. We *don't* want to interfere with each other. For *that* reason we have different agents." Audrey emphasized her words with biting exactitude.

"And then what about me?" Audrey smiled quizzically, but beneath that gentle smile emerged a hint of the spirit that made her, when still a child, defy the Nazi occupation of her native Holland to carry dangerous messages for the underground forces, the fierce pride that stifled her convictions of all her physical shortcomings and bore her straight to stardom.

"What about me?" Audrey repeated

softly. "I've been fending for myself since I was thirteen and thinking very carefully about a lot of important problems, and I don't think I've made many bad decisions. I'm very proud of that, about my ability to think for myself, and no one, not even my husband, whom I adore, can persuade me to do something against my own judgment."

"For example, recently a story came out which Mel sincerely felt I should have done. He didn't try to persuade me, he just gave me his reasons for thinking the way he did. I thought about it very seriously as I do about every story submitted to me. But I couldn't in all sincerity accept his convictions. I refused it. He didn't change his opinion; he thought I made a mistake, but he wouldn't for the world have tried to pressure me."

Audrey and Mel are bending over backwards to keep out of each other's professional lives—not to please others, but because they want it that way. Yet, it happens, as it did with "Ondine" and "War and Peace," that they will play together.

As Audrey said, "Why shouldn't we if the parts are right and the casting is logical and natural? But in that case, we can feel it is necessary to defend ourselves."

"Mel was accused of getting a role in 'War and Peace' simply because I was asked to play it. Actually, he was asked to play the part of Prince Andrew long before I even approached—as a matter of fact, before we were even married, while I was resting in Switzerland! So there was never any question of 'get him and you'll get her' as has been reported.

"It was many months after Mr. DeLaurentiis had queried Mel about being in 'War and Peace' that I was asked by King Vidor to accept the role of Natasha."

"I was unable to commit myself at the time," Audrey explained, "because Mel and I were planning to make the screen version of 'Ondine' in London. Then the project fell through because of all kinds of complications over the original French rights. Neither of us had anything planned. Suddenly, we thought, 'Why, there's a chance for 'War and Peace'; perhaps it's not too late.'"

Audrey and Mel were vacationing in St. Moritz when Dino DeLaurentiis contacted them by phone. "My preparations are made, and I'm ready to go," the Italian producer told Mel. "King Vidor has his heart set on Audrey playing Natasha, and you know I've wanted you for a long time for the part of Prince Andrew."

"Audrey and I aren't sure we want to work together," Mel answered, "but let's talk it over."

That night, Audrey and Mel phoned King Vidor in Hollywood and explained the situation to Kurt Frings, Audrey's agent. He agreed to catch the next plane for Milan, and they wired DeLaurentiis.

A little village on Lake Como—within commuting distance of St. Moritz and the principal cities of Italy—was chosen as the most convenient spot for their discussion.

"We all assembled in a tiny hotel room," Audrey recalled. "Mr. DeLaurentiis, King Vidor, Kurt Frings, Mel and I. For three hours, King Vidor talked about the film, and we were fascinated. He outlined exactly how he intended to make this great classic."

Then Audrey, Mel and Kurt Frings climbed into a car and drove around the lake, to talk it over, while DeLaurentiis and Vidor did the same thing in another car. After a while, Vidor joined the Frings in their car and Frings got into another car with DeLaurentiis, to iron out some details with the producer.

Finally, in the wee hours of the morning, Audrey and Mel agreed to do the film.

After it was decided," Audrey continued, "Mel and I were thrilled and happy the thought of being in the same picture ether. But from that moment on, we're put on the defensive. Imagine! Two married people, in the same profession, whose interests and careers are parallel, trying to give excuses and explanations 'playing in the same film together!' Audrey was indignant at the thought, and she sprang from her chair to pace up and down the room.

Then, just as abruptly, her mood changed, and she laughed gaily. "I suppose I shouldn't take things so seriously," she said, "but it's so difficult sometimes to see one's views across."

Revealing their private lives is part of the price stars must pay for the great rewards they receive, and no one is more aware of the importance and value of publicity than Audrey Hepburn. She has always made a point of fulfilling requests for interviews and pictures—after a movie is completed. But she agrees with most actors that, when publicity interferes with the actor's work, it has to take second billing.

Audrey is a serious actress, and when she is working she is completely absorbed in her work. This need for full concentration leaves no room for interruptions. During the production of "War and Peace," she rose every day at dawn in order to be on the set, made-up and in costume, by nine o'clock. She greeted everybody each morning with her radiant smile, and every night, after a day's shooting, she would flash the same smile in saying good night. But during the day, on the set, she was no longer Audrey Hepburn; she was *Natasha*, the gentle, sensitive heroine of "War and Peace," and any attempt to distract her from complete absorption in her part met with cold resistance.

"During the shooting of 'War and Peace,'" Audrey explained, "reporters would often come to the set for interviews. They wouldn't understand why I was unable to sit down and tell my whole life story and then walk back into the scene and give a performance. To me it is just impossible. I'm not able to do it.

"Can you imagine doing a play, for instance, and someone during one of the acts says 'Just a moment, please,' and you stop? A stranger wanders on the stage, you shake hands, and then you all sit down and you chat. He asks you what you have been doing, how you feel and your future plans. Then after a while he leaves, and you are expected to go on with the play exactly as if nothing had happened.

"Of course," Audrey added, "there are those who say, 'But it's not the same as on the stage. In a movie, you do the scenes individually.' But that's the whole point. That's what's so difficult. You must keep the same thread of inspiration for months on end with all the normal and necessary interruptions of lunch breaks and rehearsals. You don't have the good fortune of being able to pump it all into three hours. Believe me, to keep the continuity of emotions through months of production is a task. It permits no diversions.

"Then, too," Audrey continued, thoroughly absorbed in what she was saying, "it depends on what type of scene I am called upon to act. If it's one which requires no emotional expenditure, but just physical act—such as running up and down the stairs—I couldn't be more delighted than to sit and chat and let off steam and have fun. But those moments are rare in a dramatic film such as 'War and Peace.' I may have offended people quite often by just remaining in my corner in gloomy silence when they came up to greet me with broad smiles. But they

had come from the outside world, and they couldn't possibly realize what I had been going through, that I had been frantically saying to myself for minutes on end, 'I must remember that line, I must summon the tears.'"

Audrey paused for a moment, looking a little upset at the thought of having offended someone, then she continued talking. "I'm incapable of switching my feelings on and off like an electric light. Once I get into a mood I must keep it going. How can I sit and chat and grin right up to the moment the director says 'Okay, action,' and then be expected to play an emotional scene?" She sighed and shrugged her shoulders in resignation.

One day Audrey was rehearsing a particularly serious scene with Henry Fonda. She had been fretting about it for days.

At first Audrey stood in a corner of the set murmuring her lines to herself, and Fonda stood in another corner, saying his. Then they began to rehearse together. At that moment, some big shots strolled on the set, with one idea in mind, to meet Audrey and Fonda. They insisted upon being introduced.

"I forced a smile on my face," recalled Audrey, "and muttered a few polite words, because I knew it was expected of me. But the scene was finished as far as I was concerned. The mood had disappeared, and the take became a matter of mechanically repeating lines.

"I'm sure there are actors, much better actors than I, who can cope with such a situation and not let it disturb them. Perhaps it's because they are better actors. But I just can't.

"I know there are writers who can sit and write a story in an office with typewriters going all around them. But there are others who have to be in a quiet room all by themselves. I'm that way. Why, there was a time when I even had a complex working in front of my fellow actors! But I'm getting better; I'm learning. I hadn't much choice," Audrey grinned impishly, "I had about half the Italian Army, working as extras, watching me during exterior shots.

"Acting doesn't come easily to me," Audrey confessed. "I put a tremendous amount of effort into every morsel that comes out. I don't yet have enough experience or a store of knowledge to fall back upon. Many of my reactions stem from instinct rather than knowing. So I must work very hard to achieve what I'm after. That's why any kind of diversion throws me off the track."

Audrey's insistence upon keeping her life as Mrs. Mel Ferrer and her individuality as a human being completely separated from her career has, in the past, earned her some spankings from the press.

But Audrey finds it hard to believe that she should be denied the same right to her privacy that is enjoyed by the very ones who would like to violate it.

"The extremes Mel and I have gone to for seclusion are no more exaggerated than those of Mr. and Mrs. Jones who live next door. We haven't locked ourselves up for days on end—that would be extreme. We just try to keep our lives within the same proportion of privacy and normalcy as everybody else does.

"We like to come home and relax after a hard day's work, just like anyone else," said Audrey. "After all, we play a part all day, and our home is the only place we can be ourselves."

In Rome, Audrey and Mel lived in a comfortable, rambling farmhouse, filled with animals and pets, and dedicated to the quiet, simple joys of home life. This was their home, the only retreat they had from the uninvited. It was the valve which re-

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leased them from the pressures of their work. Who can blame them if they guarded it jealously?

While most actors enjoy talking about themselves and glory in all the ballyhoo that goes with their profession, Audrey Hepburn is an exception. Although quite sure about what she wants out of life, she is modest about her own abilities and self-conscious about her shortcomings. She is an actress who prefers to talk about others in the business rather than herself.

"Interviews are often a chore for me," Audrey sighed. "I find it embarrassing to discuss things which are emotionally very close to me, like my religion or personal faith. Also there's a danger of one's becoming a sort of egomaniac after a while by constantly talking about oneself. You know, it's terribly important for me to get outside of myself, to open up my mind and think about other matters, to walk about the city, to read, to rest, to enrich my life."

Since moving to Paris, Audrey has been following no rigid schedule. If Mel's on the set and she's alone, she spends her mornings answering letters and taking care of business. In the afternoons, she studies to improve her French—which, Parisians claim, is accent-perfect—or she reads, or practices ballet, or walks for hours.

In Paris, as well as in most other European cities, American actors enjoy an anonymity they don't have at home, but there are always a few odd characters around to stir things up—such as the mink-coated, bejewelled matron, who spotted Audrey in a Paris store one day. Running

up to her, she grabbed Audrey by the shoulders, spun her around, and cried at the top of her voice, "But you *are* Audrey Hepburn, now aren't you, aren't you!"

"I was scared stiff," Audrey confessed. "Everyone had turned around to look at us, and I had a terrible temptation to deny my identity. I finally made my escape and fled the store in terror."

No one realizes more vividly than Audrey what a terrible burden her fantastic rise to stardom has become. With three pictures, of which only two have been released, she has become a sort of legend. It is terrifying to think she can't afford to make one false step. Yet what courage and daring she has!

When she accepted the role in "War and Peace," she knew she had to compete with Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. An actor is often lost in the shuffle in a great epic like that. But to Audrey it was a challenge, and once again she was right. Reports from Rome have Paramount chortling with joy over Audrey's sensitive portrayal.

In "L'Aiglon," the picture Audrey will make next fall, with William Wyler, she will play the son of Napoleon and Marie Louise. It takes courage for an actress to portray a boy on the screen. But Audrey is an adventurer, she is not frightened. That's another souvenir the Nazi occupation of her native land left her.

Audrey's long run on the Broadway stage in "Ondine" took her away from pictures for many months. The prophets of doom spelled the end of her celluloid career, insisting she was staying off the screen too long for a new star.

Although Audrey is hyper-sensitive and takes these criticisms to heart, they won't influence her in changing her mind—she feels she's right.

"I believe in the picture itself," she explained. "If it's good and your performance is decent, it will be just as successful as it had followed ten others."

"Of course, if there is a lapse of, say five or six years between films, there may be people who would have to be reminded of your existence. But I think we are judged by individual performances. If you do a decent job, fans don't mind if they haven't seen you for ages."

"Anyway, I would never let the fear of being forgotten prevent me from doing a play if I wanted to, or taking a rest. I needed one," Audrey stated.

Before she begins "Ariane," Audrey and Mel will escape to their favorite haven of rest, amidst the cool streams and lush meadows of the Swiss mountains. "This is our annual health cure," said Audrey. "Mel and I are still living off that money we had in Switzerland last year, and we are in much better health than we have ever been. My own mother says so, so it must be true. When I think I look well, she usually says 'You've got rings under your eyes,' or 'You really don't have healthy color.' But even she agrees that I'm now in top form."

In top form, and on top of the world, Audrey Hepburn, the golden girl of the screen. The luster of her stardom shines stronger than ever, but it can never overshadow the glow that comes from her heart.

THE E

Ben—Pardon Our Pride

(Continued from page 50)

an Army belt and a hammer for a tomahawk. Bunny, not to be outdone, did some improvising of her own. We expected a pioneer woman or at least a squaw to emerge from the attic. But Bunny had other ideas. Picture if you can, an exotic gypsy girl crystal-gazing into the future of a young Sioux and you'll have a pretty good idea of that particular "playtime in the Cooper household."

It wasn't too long after this incident that Ben began acting for real. A friend of ours called to tell us that the producers of "Life with Father" were looking for a replacement for the youngest "son." She suggested we bring Ben down. Later in the evening, we discussed the advisability of this and wondered whether to tell Ben. We decided we should. Ben thought about it for a while and said, "Let's go for the fun of seeing backstage." Since we had never been backstage in a theatre either, and didn't think we'd ever get another chance at it, we went.

When we arrived with Ben in tow, there were about forty little boys there with what could be considered typical "stage mothers." A few of the mothers began to question us quite suspiciously: "What has your son done?" "What professional school does he attend?" "Where did he get his theatrical training?" Since Ben had never appeared on any kind of a stage before, we began to feel like interlopers, and didn't dream he stood a chance.

However, he was one of five given a script and told to come back for the final reading.

The night before his audition, we went into his bedroom for a heart-to-heart talk. "Son," we said, "we don't want to discourage you, but those boys have all had professional experience. Your chances are not good and we are telling you this now so you won't be disappointed tomorrow."

We'll never forget his answer: "Well, if I lose," he said, "I'll go over and shake hands with the winner, just like Dad does when he's beaten at tennis."

What we didn't know was that Ben had memorized the entire script. He went through his audition like a seasoned veteran. When he finished, he was told the part was his. He was overjoyed, but his first words were: "Now I can buy Mom that new dress." When he was six, Ben had vowed that with the very first money he made, he'd buy Mom a dress. And, after he received his first paycheck, we had to take him to a shop and let him select one. His choice was a navy-blue two-piece affair, picked because it looked like a military uniform.

We will never forget that first week's salary! First of all, our young businessman was quite disgruntled because he was being paid by check. To him, a check was *not* money. After we had convinced him it could be exchanged for "money" he agreed to accept it. However, after taking one look at the contents within the pay envelope, he very eloquently cried out, "I've been gypped!" "What do you mean?" we asked. He showed the check to us and exclaimed: "They said I was going to get \$50, but all I received was \$49.50." We explained that the missing fifty cents went to the government for social security and old-age benefits and that someday it would be returned.

"How old do you have to be?" he asked.

"Sixty-five." He shook his head, disgruntled. "I've still been gypped!" For an eight-year-old it seemed a logical conclusion.

What really stands out, however, about that first payday was Ben's gesture after his check had been turned into "real money." Solemnly, he walked over and handed one dollar of it to Dad. When we asked what that was for, he replied, "It's

Dad's salary for helping me learn my lines."

It was difficult for us to keep a straight face, but just as solemnly we accepted the money. We still have that dollar bill—framed over the desk in the den.

There are so many wonderful stories we could tell about our son while he was playing in "Life with Father," it's difficult to know where to start—or when to stop. We will try to limit ourselves to about two or three incidents which make us just about the proudest parents in the world.

The first occurred after Ben had been with the show less than a week, during the scene in which *Father Day* (Howard Lindsay) had to read the catechism to his "sons." Ben went to the spot where the book usually was kept—but it was not there. "Father," Ben ad-libbed, "you must have left it in the other room." *Father* sent one of the other boys to fetch it and, to cover the stage wait, said, "What would you like me to read to you while we are waiting?" Ben hesitated for a moment, then piped up: "Gulliver's Travels." Mr. Lindsay ad-libbed about the Swift novel until the missing catechism was located and brought on stage.

After the performance he and his wife Dorothy Stickney, who played *Mother Day*, told Ben: "You're not a 'name' now but you are what actors work for year to year to become—you're a 'trouper!'"

Mr. Lindsay told us later that it was unforgivable to throw the responsibility of ad-libbing to a little boy and, once he realized it, was worried sick that Ben would come up with some unearthly title. Ben, on the other hand, informed us that the only reason he had hesitated at first was because he wasn't sure whether the book was written before the turn-of-the-century period of "Life with Father" or right afterwards. Can you believe it!

Certainly such a trouper deserved a reward, and for his fast thinking Ben was that night granted the one "privilege" he had been seeking for quite some time. You see, one of the few things taboo in our home were comic books. Although many of them are harmless, we didn't want to risk our children becoming influenced by those of the blood-and-thunder variety. Although we bought them other books, Ben still hungered for comics and feverishly would read those left by other children backstage.

That night, on the way home, Ben capitalized on Mr. Lindsay's words. "You see," he said, "I didn't name a comic book did I?" This convinced us it would be all right to let our boy do all his own choosing of reading matter. And he never let us down.

Another incident we are particularly proud of occurred the following summer. Mr. Lindsay left on vacation and another actor was brought in to replace him. The first night on, he went blank! Ben, in a very low voice, gave him all his lines and pulled him through the show. It was when we discovered that our boy had memorized *everyone's* part, letter-perfect.

Thinking of this recalls the time that Ben was hospitalized for a week with a touch of pleurisy. He had a high fever, but as he lay in bed he went through all the scenes of the show and it wasn't until the curtain dropped at 11:10 that he turned over and fell asleep.

Sometimes when we talk about our son, we worry whether we sound "stuffy" or make him seem like a combination of Little Lord Fauntleroy and The Rover Boys. We don't mean to, but the truth of the matter is that we never had any serious problems with him. He was always healthy, happy, well-adjusted and full of fun. He had an inborn social sense and instinctively did the right thing. We didn't use, nor did we need to use, any kind of child psychology on him. One of our basic rules was to let both Ben and Bunny have as much freedom of choice as possible within sane limits.

Occasionally, we'd try to temper Ben's high spirits. Such as the times he'd sing at the top of his voice in the subway, or walk over to a stranger's musical instrument and start playing away without asking permission first. "Ben," we'd reprimand, "would a big boy do something like that?" And he'd answer: "But I'm not a big boy, I'm a little boy!" What can you say to that?

Ben was always so happy because he was doing what he wanted to do most. We recall one night when, in dead earnestness, he said: "Dad, I feel sorry for most boys." Naturally we asked why, and we think his answer gives the key to his entire personality: "Because I know what I'm going to do. Most of them don't. That's something I'll never have to worry about."

Ben may have been a "good boy," but he also had a sense of humor, a sense of mischief—and always the perfect squelch. His favorite concerned his hair, which had been colored a violent pink-red for the show. Inevitably, on the street or in the subway, some well-meaning but over-curious matron would come over and gush, "My, my, what pretty hair for such a little man." Ben would look up and ask, "Would you like to have hair like mine?" The woman would usually fib and say that she would. "Well then," our son would innocently answer, "dye it. I do." And that ended that line of questioning.

Despite the fact that they were as close as a brother and sister could be, even Bunny wasn't safe from Ben's pranks. We remember one incident that happened during the early World War II years. One

evening, Bunny and a girlfriend went to a movie and Ben was left to his own devices. His device that night consisted of commandeering a can of luminous paint and sketching a king-size skeleton on the black-out curtains in Bunny's room. He left the light on so the girls wouldn't become aware of it until they retired for the night. The only hitch was that Ben dropped off to sleep before the girls did. Still, he didn't miss out on the gag.

The girls hadn't their lights out for more than three minutes when Bunny's friend looked toward the window and saw the eerie form outlined upon the drapes. You never did hear such screaming. It woke the entire household including our little mischief-maker. Bunny threatened never to talk to her brother again, but knowing those two, we were sure the feud wouldn't last more than fifteen minutes. And it didn't.

Ben wasn't above making deals with his teachers either—even on his first day at St. Luke's Parochial School. The class was told that if anyone talked during lessons he would have to bring in a candy bar as a penalty. At the end of the day Ben was in debt for three bars, topped only by another little chatterer who owed five. Ben promised to bring his candy in, but he wanted to bet that the other boy would forget. The teacher agreed and terms were set. If Ben won, no homework for a week. If he lost he'd have to bake a cake for the teacher.

Early the next morning, the other fellow showed up with his five bars clutched in his little hand. Later that afternoon, Chef Cooper had taken over the kitchen, flour, chocolate, sifters and all. Of course, we supervised a little here and there—no sense of risking a decrease in the school's staff—but the actual baking was done by Ben. To this day, he still can come up with one of the best chocolate cakes we've ever tasted.

While on the subject of Ben's education, the one thing we insisted upon was a regular school for our son. We preferred that he didn't attend a professional school, and we remained in Beechurst, Long Island, instead of moving closer to the theatre district, to assure our son as normal a life as possible, when he wasn't acting. And, in spite of all his work, we are convinced he did lead a normal life.

One July 4th, Ben did three radio shows, but he still managed to get home in time to compete in—and win—the boy's annual swimming race. Sometimes his friends would sympathize about his having to work on holidays. But Ben would merely look at them, shrug his shoulders and comment, "Well, that's show business."

The time came, however, when the rugged schedule of school play, a Broadway show and increasing amounts of radio work, seemed to us to be too much for any youngster. If it had been left up to Ben, he'd have continued participating in all four phases of his life. But we decided he'd have to withdraw either from the play or radio. The choice, of course, was his own.

The night Ben gave notice to the producers of "Life with Father" was the most heart-breaking of his young life, but once he had made his decision, he didn't back-track.

A year later, he knew it was the right one. By then he was appearing on many of the leading radio shows, with the biggest stars of stage and screen: Helen Hayes, Claudette Colbert, Joseph Cotten, Elizabeth Taylor, and so on.

We refused to let Ben take his own radio calls. If he'd had his way, he'd have booked himself solid twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. As it was, he

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had as many as fifteen shows "going" in one week—he would finish at one network, grab a cab and dash to another. We remember the time he received a rush call to read for "The Eternal Light." It meant getting up at 7 A.M. on his Sunday off, and we weren't too happy about this. However, they wanted him for the role, and Ben told us: "Golly, I have to accept it. I'm going to narrate it, too." We had no choice in the matter.

As we've explained before, Ben's work had no serious effect on his social life. All Beechurst still remembers his V.J. Day fiesta. Ben insisted we have a celebration at our home—and what a celebration it turned out to be! Since it was an impromptu affair, he devised a way to be sure everyone in town was invited. He borrowed a portable power megaphone from a neighbor, placed it in our car, and as we cruised along the streets he announced over the loud-speaker: "Party at the Coopers. Come one, come all." All came. We had children and grownups parading in and out of the house throughout the night. Ben strummed his guitar and sang until he was hoarse. It wasn't until eight the next morning that the exhausted Cooper clan made it to bed.

It was shortly after this that Ben acquired what for years was his most prized possession—his beautiful chocolate and white horse, Gypsy. Gypsy originally belonged to a pal. Ben was crazy about the horse from the moment he laid eyes on it and was often permitted to ride him. Just before his friend returned to Switzerland, Ben put in his bid and the boy's father didn't have the heart to reject it, though he could have received much more.

Ben and Gypsy became inseparable. But, in addition to loving the horse, Ben considered him a career investment. "After all," he said, "I have to be an expert rider if I expect to become a big Western star in movies."

Ben's ability with horses amazed everyone. We recall the time he went to Tucson, Arizona, with Bob Feller on a "combat juvenile delinquency junket." He was put up at a ranch and looked forward to early-morning gallops. The first day, the rancher took one look at the youth and presented him with an old plug. Ben didn't protest, but after he had mounted and gone about five paces, he was called back to get a better horse. By the end of the week, he and Bunny were riding frisky palomino stallions which adult guests weren't even permitted to go near!

When it came time to say goodbye, the old ranch-hand came over to Ben and remarked: "Must tell ya fella, you're the best dern horseman we've ever had on the place!"

Gypsy was Ben's sole extravagance for himself. But to us, he was over-generous. We had a problem holding him down. There was, for instance, that first Saturday in December when he was thirteen. Ben had been acting mysterious all morning. Finally he approached us with, "Dad, I want you to do something. I want you to take me somewhere." When we asked where he seemed reluctant to answer. We said we'd gladly drive him if he told us the destination, but we wouldn't agree to any "mystery" trips. "Well," he blurted out, "I want you to go with me to the Cadillac dealers. I ordered one for your Christmas present." We were shocked and I'm afraid a little abrupt when we told him we wouldn't let him do that with his money. We tried to soften his disappointment by explaining that people might think we "forced" him into it. But he wouldn't be dissuaded that easily. "I'll tell them. I'll tell them all," he protested. We argued most of the afternoon before

we convinced him to abandon his impractical, albeit magnificent, gesture.

There was only one suggestion we ever made which Ben vehemently opposed. It occurred during his final term at high school when we asked if he wouldn't like to suspend his career, enter a good college and resume acting after graduation, if he still wanted to. Ben grew as white as death and said quietly, "Never have refused to consider anything you've suggested, but this I must..." We stopped him right there and said, "That's all." We never brought up the subject again.

Without sacrificing his career—which by that time included numerous TV appearances—Ben still managed to study for two years at Columbia University. His favorite was an acting course conducted by the late Gertrude Lawrence. Ben was the youngest member of the group. Oddly enough, one of his projects was a scene from "The Rose Tattoo," which had just opened on Broadway. Therefore, by the time Danny Mann wanted to test him for the film, Ben was well schooled on both the play and the role of *Sailor Jack*. In fact, when he wrote us he was being considered, we never doubted his chances of getting it. We had had our own personal preview of what he could do!

Naturally we are happy about our son's success in pictures. We knew it had been a rough blow for him when he was first tested for a role in "Retreat, Hell!" and lost out. But when he returned home he wasn't discouraged. "It will all turn out for the best," he said. "Wait and see."

Well, it all did turn out for the best. When the producers of "Thunderbirds" were looking at film on another actor they also happened to see Ben's test for "Retreat, Hell!" and before we knew it our son was packed and en-route back to California. This time for good.

We've been West to visit Ben many times, and we never cease to get a kick out of his struggles with light house-keeping. It's been easier since his sister Bunny has been living with him, but we still get a laugh remembering our first visit, when he bemoaned all his domestic difficulties and asked us reverently how in the world we ever managed to do it all. "Do you know," he said, "I even have to buy my own washcloths."

It's always a little lonely when we return home. When you are used to hearing singing the first thing when you awake and the last thing before you retire and suddenly hear it no more, you're bound to feel a little sad.

But there are still many things that keep our son with us: His collection of hats and helmets neatly hanging over his bed just as he left them; tape recordings of his personal appearance tours; his miniature horse collection, his many gifts to us; and, of course, his films playing at the local theatres. One of our most recent proud moments came when we attended the premiere of "The Rose Tattoo," in New York. After the movie, as we were walking out of the theatre, a woman behind us exclaimed, "Gosh, that boy Ben Cooper was absolutely wonderful! I can't imagine anyone who'd be better in the part." We had the urge to turn around and boast to the woman that she was talking about our son. But we didn't. Instead, we just looked at each other and smiled, our hearts overflowing with pride.

Yes, there are so many things that keep Ben close to us. Most of all there are the memories. The memories of that boy who wasn't fooling when he said, "I know what I'm going to do. That's something I'll never have to worry about." And neither will we.

THE END

It's Fun To Fight

(Continued from page 41)

a gangling, gawky youth with an off-beat face. He described himself as "the least likely to succeed" among the Santa Monica Players, where he had finally worked himself up from stagehand to stage performer. And he answered to such nicknames as "Slats" and "Hat-rack" (which Louis Calhern originally pinned on him).

"I never thought I'd make it," Canadian-born Gwyllyn Ford says now. "The possibility of my being in movies was always the most remote thing. I didn't dream I'd actually get there. It's hard to explain, but there's a sort of blind dedication that won't let you quit. If you could see, the normal, sensible thing would be to stop. But you don't. You plod and plod. You stagger, you rock, you get knocked down—and you pick yourself up and keep plodding along. There's that stubborn dedication that, no matter what is said, no matter who laughs, you'll keep on. Something inside keeps you going. So you work and struggle, and somehow you go forward. Then one day you're driving along Sunset Boulevard and you ask yourself, 'How in blazes did I ever get here?'"

How Glenn Ford got there, how today he is one of Hollywood's hottest properties, is the story of an amazingly shy guy, with humility and sensitivity that is fortified by steel nerves and unwavering determination. It's the story of a man of courage and rare compassion. Courage typified on the screen by starring in Hollywood's most controversial films, such as "Blackboard Jungle," "Ransom!" and "Trial"; the compassion to see, feel and fight injustice of any kind.

Experience and wisdom have combined to give Glenn an awareness that constantly reaches out to others. This awareness has been sharpened by his travels throughout the world, including the Iron Curtain countries, by his fighting for his country and himself. Thus he says today, "I've seen as much of life, probably, as much suffering, as any man my age. What one sees and is close to, one shares."

Glenn's story begins with his heritage. His parents, Newton and Hannah Ford, disregarded the plushy living afforded them by Mr. Ford's social position and the family's paper mills in Canada. They decided to start all over again in California, "because they'd read so much about California being the land of golden opportunity," and because they felt Glenn would have more advantages there.

Newton Ford—who died when Glenn was twenty—took a construction job. Glenn grew up sixteen miles from his future, with advantages even beyond those his parents had envisioned for him. At Santa Monica High, Glenn was a promising athlete, officer of his classes, and

played the lead role in various class plays.

His intense awareness—which eventually became inherent in his acting—was early activated by battling the public for a living, and for the privilege of performing for them. Glenn sold weather-stripping, worked in a garage, managed a paint store, gardened and trimmed hedges, and learned a lot about life as a bus driver.

His bus-driving route took him along the beach between amusement piers at Venice and Ocean Park, and most of his patrons were in an amusement mood. As Glenn says, "I was the guy who worked while everybody else played. I worked during summer vacations, and on holidays. You had to learn to take care of yourself—there were always fights, with tough guys, drunks, or somebody trying to hop rides for free. I was forever stopping the bus and going back to straighten someone out."

At night, Glenn worked with the Santa Monica Players. "I was stage manager, making the calls, running up and down stairs, yelling, 'Places please!'"

Harold Clifton, who directed the Players and who today is dialogue director for Glenn's pictures, recalls, "You couldn't keep him away from the theatre. Glenn always had a great desire for the theatre. If he wasn't in a show, he'd be backstage building sets, moving scenery, yelling calls—anything, just to be around it."

"I always thought he'd make it," Clifton continues. "He had a basic talent and a warmth that projected. But the studios couldn't see his screen possibilities at all. They were sure he couldn't be photographed. We got good coverage from talent scouts at the plays. Impressed by Glenn's performance, they'd set up interviews with talent heads to talk about a test. Then when we'd go to talk, they'd look at us like we were out of our heads. This happened all the time."

Glenn's rebuffs at every studio were legion. "Why waste my time, your time, and the boy's time?" the talent heads would ask Clifton impatiently. "Tell him to go out and get a job. There's no place in pictures for him. Even if he had the greatest talent, how could we photograph him?"

Glenn was too thin for his height. His voice was too old for his face. In fact not much of anything about him matched. "When Louis Calhern came to the theatre for 'Golden Boy,'" Glenn grins now, "he tabbed me right. I looked like a hat-rack."

But, for a sensitive young actor, he seemed remarkably thick-skinned. "Glenn wouldn't say much about the discouragements," Harold Clifton recalls. "He never seemed upset." But the hurt was often there. As Glenn says now, "I've been helping with some casting lately, and I go out of my way to be kind to people. I remember only too well too many interviews when nobody even said 'Hello'—when they didn't even look at you."

And those who did look didn't buy. "I was a character-juvenile," says Glenn, "and nothing is tougher to cast. I certainly wasn't a Robert Taylor. And in those days if you were young and you weren't good-looking, you weren't considered picture material."

Since the movies wouldn't have him, Glenn concentrated on the stage. After appearing with Francis Lederer in "Golden Boy," he got to Broadway briefly in "Soliloquy."

"We went broke just before Christmas," Glenn says. He remembers an ensuing scene which sounds as if it came right out of a melodrama. He was walking along Broadway on Christmas Eve. It was snow-



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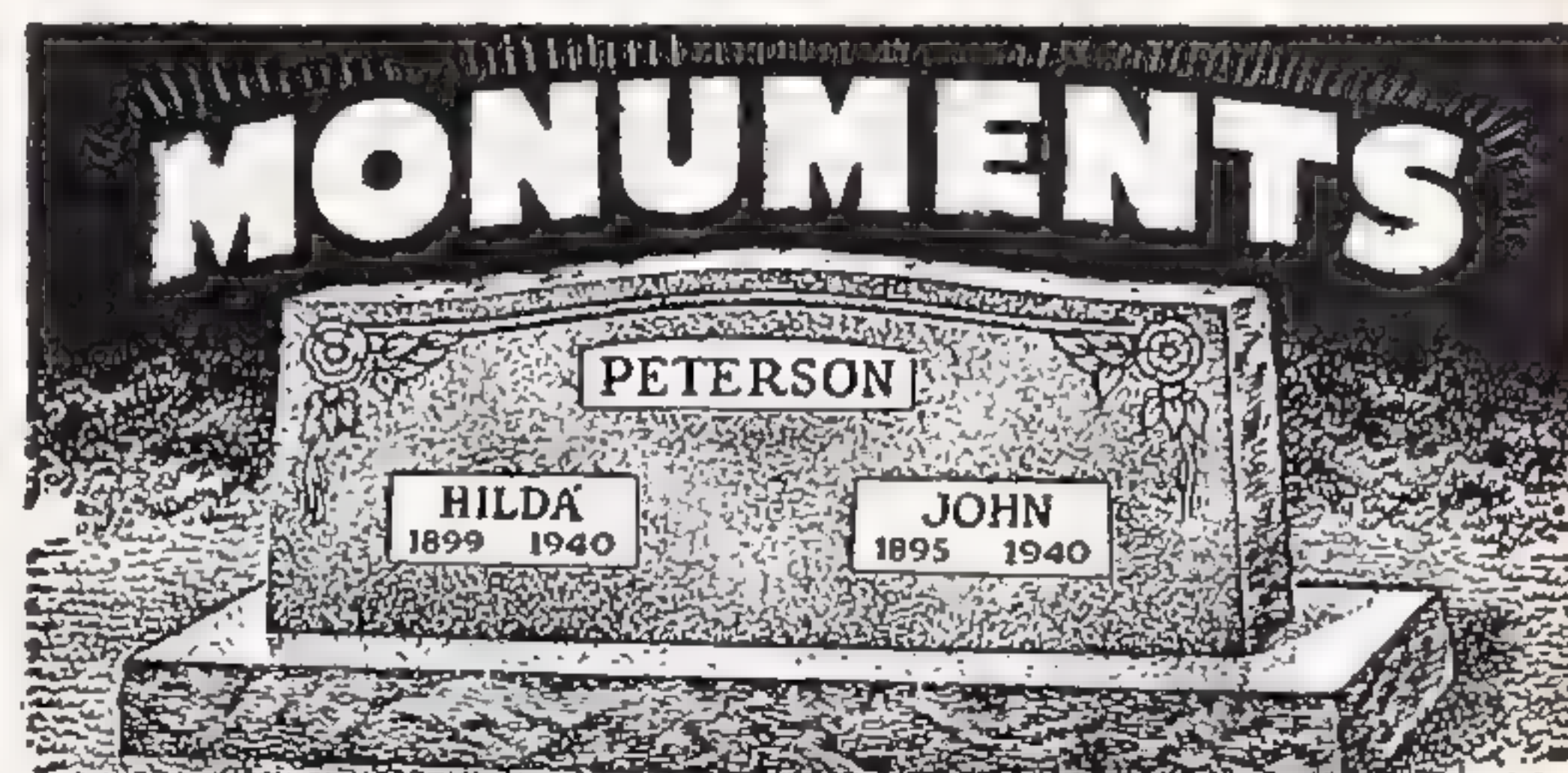
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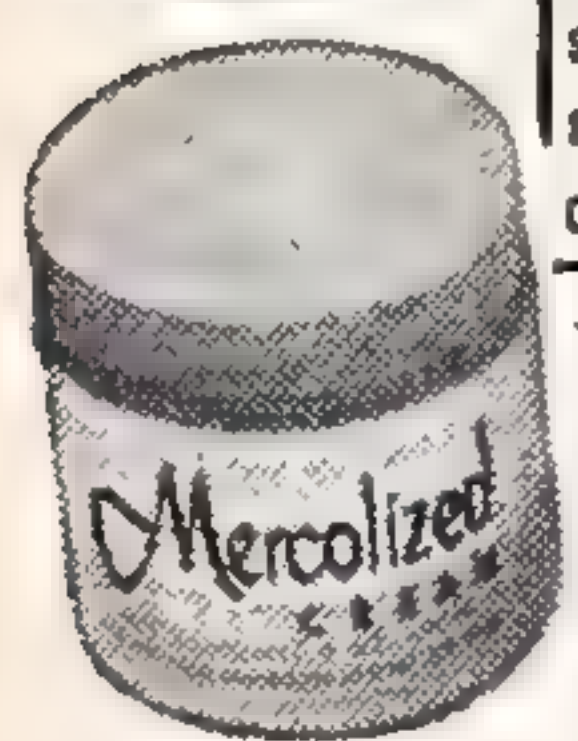
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ing, he was hungry, he had fifteen cents to his name, and he spent considerable time weighing the advisability of investing it in an apple machine.

Then one day, back on the West Coast, everything changed. Tom Moore, talent scout for 20th Century-Fox, had covered many of Glenn's appearances with the Santa Monica Players and had always believed in him. Glenn was in San Francisco appearing with Irene Rich in "A Broom for the Bride," when Moore called Director Harold Clifton to say, "There's a picture we're going to make. I don't know whether they'll go for Glenn, but I'd like to try it."

For a sensitive young actor—so dedicated, so eager to deliver, so grateful to be finally given the opportunity—Glenn's first picture was a nightmare experience. The director, a former star, didn't want Glenn in the picture, and put him, literally, through a baptism of fire.

"I'll never forget his treatment," Glenn says grimly now. "He did his worst to try to completely discourage me. This was his first picture as a director, and he must have resented bitterly the fact that the studio had given him a complete unknown instead of an established star. People told me he wanted me out of the picture. By belittling me and giving me a real bad time, he probably hoped to beat me down, break my spirit, to the point where I would quit."

Ironically enough, when Glenn later hit the big time, the star-director boasted about having "discovered Glenn Ford." But not for long. One night they met again at a dinner-dance. Ellie and Glenn were sitting with Tom Moore, the man who had given Glenn his first break, at the table next to the director's and Glenn overheard him telling his companions how he had discovered Glenn. Glenn and Tom got up and walked over to the table. "I'd like to have you repeat that in front of me," Glenn said, his voice ice-calm. And, as he adds now, "He didn't—and he never has since."

That experience—plus a few others—further inspired Glenn to keep a vigilant eye out for any injustices to newcomers through the years. "I never want to see done to them what was done to me, and I'm not going to," he says.

But there were also some unexpected assists, in the beginning. Hollywood first took note of newcomer Ford when Columbia Studios, to whom he was under contract, loaned him out for "So Ends Our Night," starring Margaret Sullavan and Fredric March. As a friend who was with him in that picture recalls, "Both Fred and Maggie gave Glenn every advantage while we were making the picture. They liked him and they went out of their way to help him. The picture was sneak-previewed in Santa Ana, and Glenn was pretty awed, seeing himself in an important role for the first time. But he didn't realize what had happened. Maggie and Fred, however, realized very well. The picture was Glenn's."

Characteristic of Glenn, when Columbia assigned him the lead in "Song to Remember"—the part which would have made him an important star—he turned it down to join the Marines. He was all set for the picture, and Paul Muni was coming to Hollywood to make it with him. By doing it, Glenn would have been deferred from service for several months of very rough fighting. And he would have realized, at long last, the big dream of being a motion-picture star. But two weeks before the picture was to roll, the draft laws were being revised. "You couldn't enlist in the branch of service you wanted," Glenn explains, "and I wanted to be in the Marine Corps."

With a war still standing between him and stardom, Glenn fell in love with and married Eleanor Powell, who was then at the peak of her career, but was willing—even wanted—to give it up for him.

Contrary to the opinion of many, Glenn never wanted Ellie to give up her career. "Oh, no," he says emphatically, "I was the one who objected when she talked about giving it up. As it turned out later, it was all right. I realized this was what she wanted and that she was happy about it. But I felt terrible about it at the time, and nobody was happier than I when she had a chance to go back into it in a different field."

Glenn's concern had nothing to do with their respective careers. "I never even thought about that when we married," he says. "I wasn't thinking beyond the war." At that time, the fighting in the Pacific was going badly. Casualties were high, and no realistic Marine was making any postwar plans. "I never figured I'd get through it," Glenn says now. "I don't think anybody in our outfit did—really. When Ellie kept talking about giving up her career, I was worried. If anything should happen to me, I thought, what will she have then?"

From the beginning, it was Ellie's own idea. "I realized," she explains now, "that, to make a success of marriage, the man has to be the head of the house, to be looked up to. This isn't only true of Hollywood, but anywhere. And any woman who thinks differently is, I believe, making a sad mistake."

Furthermore, Eleanor Powell welcomed the personal challenge of being a wife and homemaker—of proving to herself that dancing was not her only accomplishment. That she was the top dancing star, Ellie felt, entitled her to no particular credit. She'd been dancing all her life.

The fourteen weeks they had together before Glenn was shipped overseas—when Ellie managed their small apartment in La Jolla and carted her way around the local grocery store—were "the happiest of my life." When their son Pete was born, two years later, she felt her fulfillment as a woman was complete. And one night, via TV, as she watched a champion going down, Ellie decided definitely to retire while she was at the top.

As for Glenn, Ellie's faith in him and in their future together was a boost when he needed it most. Particularly during his last weeks in the Marines, when he kept reading all the condolences in the papers and magazines for the boys who'd gone away, and the speculations about the bright futures of those who'd taken their places.

"I was pretty discouraged," he recalls. "People kept telling me how Hollywood had 'progressed so much' while I'd been away. I came back not figuring on too much. I knew I was fortunate just to be back. Still, it was pretty dismal thinking."

But fate crossed Glenn's path immediately with a star of kindred will. He was having lunch with his agent in the Green Room at Warner Brothers one day when Bette Davis was lunching there.

"Who's that young man sitting on the other side of the room?" she asked the writer with her. "I don't know who he is, but I've seen him."

She was told he was Glenn Ford. "Oh, no, that couldn't be Glenn Ford," said Bette. "He's in uniform and out of the country."

"Well," said the writer, "that's Glenn Ford back home—and in a tweed suit."

"Ask him if he'd like to make a test with me," Bette Davis said.

When she saw the test, Bette went straight to the front office. "I want Glenn Ford for my leading man in 'A Stolen

Life," she said. They said no. "We're pushing another boy who's under contract here. We want him for that part." Furthermore, they said, Glenn Ford was under contract to Columbia. Also, the picture was set and they were going to start shooting on location at San Clemente, California, the following week.

"Well, boys," said Bette, "I'm going to Laguna. When Glenn Ford shows up in San Clemente, give me a buzz. But don't call me until then."

Following "A Stolen Life," Glenn was given the lead in "Gilda" with Rita Hayworth. His star had started to zoom. And one sunny day, as Glenn puts it, "I was driving along Sunset Boulevard in my first convertible, feeling pretty proud," when he heard a familiar voice. "Hi, Hat-rack! I see you made it," yelled Louis Calhern.

But Glenn Ford had only just begun to move. Characteristically—even after his long struggle to get inside those studio gates—when he felt his studio was giving him mediocre roles, Glenn refused to sign another contract. This was at the risk of an indefinite suspension he could not afford to take then. But no amount of badgering or pressuring would budge him. "No, I'm sorry," he told them. "Maybe you're right, but I can't do it."

Glenn was holding out for a non-exclusive contract that would provide for him to do one picture a year for his studio as

Glenn admits he has a temper, "and when I blow, I go good." But when he "blows," it's usually on behalf of those who can't afford to fight for themselves.

Glenn's vigilance in this respect sometimes has his devoted stand-in, Bill Reinhart, worried—not for himself but for Glenn. "I'd rather have him in my corner than anybody," says Bill. "When it's tough, I'll take Glenn. But sometimes it worries me."

Stand-ins are paid by the day and only when they're called. Glenn has educated studios never to call him without calling his stand-in.

One afternoon, a studio called Glenn to come in around four for a "quick pick-up shot" for a picture he had made.

Upon arriving on the set and not finding his stand-in there, Glenn asked, "Where's Bill?"

"We don't need him, Glenn," the production manager breezed. "There's not much to it. You just walk through—"

But Glenn insisted. "You know the understanding," he said. "When I'm working I want my stand-in here."

"I was in the bathtub when the phone rang," Bill recalls now. But Glenn told him he didn't have to break his neck rushing to the studio. "We'll wait. Take your time."

"It was a few minutes to six by the time I got dressed and out there. And when I walked in, the whole company was sitting around waiting for me," marvels Bill.

As soon as Glenn saw Bill come in, he said, "All right, we can make it now," and walked right through the scene. But Bill got a check anyway. "For \$17.85, Glenn shut the whole company down for me."

Consequently, Bill Reinhart who's been Glenn's devoted stand-in for the past seven years—worries about the way Glenn sticks his neck out for him, and tries in his own way to protect Glenn.

"Glenn barges right in where angels fear to tread," says Bill. "The way he'll stand up to people for you—it's really something. What frightens me is, he'll never back down. Glenn's way up there now, he's a big star. And for a fellow of his standing, you'd think he'd have a little more caution. Nowadays, if anything comes up, I look around and make sure Glenn's far away before I say anything." Which isn't easy to arrange. "He watches me like a hawk," says Bill.

Similarly, nobody will fight harder for the motion-picture industry as a whole and the many fine hardworking people in it than Glenn Ford. He burns when Hollywood is attacked and distorted pictures are painted, or when the majority of its citizens are made to suffer for the behavior of a few. He has no truck with those who "won't pass up the chance to make a buck at the expense of so many."

By nature, Glenn is terribly shy and soft-spoken—unless there's a need to be heard. Perhaps his biggest challenge in life is the continuous inner struggle between his own two conflicting desires: His determination to avoid the spotlight personally, and his dedication to a profession which thrives on it. He admits to "a continuous desire for anonymity, which isn't always possible in my trade."

But, for a star of Glenn's stature, he manages this remarkably well. He avoids night clubs, premieres and plushy parties. "If I thought it necessary to live like a star—to be seen in the right places by the right people and so forth—it would be pretty tortuous," he says. "But I don't hold to that. You can live a normal life in our business. That's up to the person, not the profession." However, Glenn does have one long-standing social date: The regular Wednesday-night poker game with the same seven guys, which includes Charles

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Typically, Glenn took his new "citizenship" very seriously. He never hesitated to voice his convictions in any sphere. He served for six years on the board of directors of the Screen Actors' Guild. Out of his tremendous respect for his profession, he has never hesitated to fight injustice on the part of any of its membership.

Success only increased Glenn's vigilance in keeping an eye out for the underdog, and the stories about him are legion.

One director was given a \$25,000 lesson in good manners when he berated an elderly little woman extra on the set of one of Glenn's pictures. "You stupid so-and-so! Didn't you hear my instructions? What's the matter with you?" the director was thundering because the extra was a little late with a bit he'd given her to do in a scene. He looked up, frankly startled, when Glenn walked over, saying, "I want you to apologize to this lady, or the company shuts down—now."

It was two o'clock in the afternoon. They were shooting on a huge, lavish ballroom set, using 750 extras, and time was indeed money. When the director made no move, Glenn apologized to the extra for him and walked off the set. "I'll be at my home," he said. "When you apologize, let me know."

All action stopped. Various studio committees deliberated with Glenn, but to no avail. At five o'clock that afternoon, the director finally apologized.

Ruggles and Edgar Buchanan. Glenn says the losses are never too large. "It evens up—in fourteen years."

While he is so intense and preoccupied when he's working that he could pass by his best friend without knowing it, between pictures—at home with Ellie and their eleven-year-old son Pete—Glenn's as relaxed as a hibernating bear. When pressured, he admits that for a man of such reputed strong will he's a pushover for son Pete. "I don't like to be told this—but it's true," he grins.

Ellie says her husband and son are like two cub scouts bucking for corporal when Glenn's home. "For some time now they've been engaged in a building project that's going to be a clubhouse or a fort or something. They're out there working on it like twin beavers every available moment they have. The way they're going about it—pounding and pounding, sawing and sawing," she laughs, "you'd think they were preparing a summer cabin for President Eisenhower! It keeps getting bigger and bigger by the moment. I think they're getting ready to take in boarders out there."

Glenn and Ellie are determined to see that Pete's life won't be warped in any way by being their son. And there seems to be small worry on this score. For example, last year, after talking it over, Glenn and Ellie decided to let Pete stay up past his bedtime to watch the Emmy television awards. Ellie didn't think she'd win anything, but "I thought if I should happen to, it might be the only time in Pete's life." When they got home that night there was a note from Pete. "I'm so happy you won the Emmy," he'd written. "But I was a little ashamed of you, Mom. You ran so fast (to get it) you looked greedy."

"Pete and Glenn and I are all note-happy," says Ellie. "We've been sending notes back and forth to each other for years. If I have to go out and speak at different churches, during a period when Glenn's working on a picture, he's in bed when I get home. But I'll find notes from him in little out of the way places around the room. He'll be mad at me for telling you this—"

When Glenn's engrossed in a part, time is relative and the rest of the world goes by. He may forget to send red roses on Valentine's Day, but as Ellie says, "He's very thoughtful in his own special way. One day when I came home, there was a little porcelain angel on my bureau." This was Glenn's way of saying, "You're an angel." And, as Ellie adds, "I'd rather have a sentimental note or gift like that than an expensive gift on an established day."

This is the Glenn with the wide streak of tenderness—as Ellie and Pete well know—who writes love notes and hangs on to sentimental souvenirs, such as his "lucky tie." This is a brown knit tie he bought for a dollar when he was in high school, wore in all the class plays, the little-theatre plays, "in my first picture—and I've worn it ever since. I'll bet it's cost

Metro \$500 to have stand-bys made to match that dollar tie," he grins. And this is the Glenn whose proudest possession is an 18th Century music box that "rocked my grandfather to sleep, his father, my father, me—and Pete."

When Pete was younger, Glenn's extended movie-location trips often kept them apart, but now Glenn is determined not to be separated from his family. In April, he is going to Japan to make "Teahouse of the August Moon." But, as Glenn points out, "This is the first faraway location since I went to South America four years ago, and then I took Ellie and Pete with me. 'Teahouse' will be made while Pete's in school, and I'll be back to spend the summer with him. And, if Ellie can get time off from her TV show, she and Pete will fly over while I'm there."

Although he teases Ellie—saying, "I thought I was marrying a dancer; I didn't know I was marrying a missionary"—no husband could be prouder than Glenn is of Ellie's Sunday-school TV show, *Faith Of Our Children*. He also helps with the scripts and lends a hand whenever he can. And he admits it's perfect casting. "She's the darndest missionary," he laughs, then adds seriously, "Nobody could be more qualified to teach Sunday school than Ellie. She's so beautiful and sweet and patient and good. Ellie sees only the goodness in this life."

Eleanor Powell's experienced understanding of show business and of Glenn's intense dedication to his work has played an invaluable part in their marital happiness. Glenn is one star who admits he takes his roles home with him. "Ellie always grabs the scripts first when the studio sends them over. She wants to see what kind of man she's going to be living with for the next three months."

"I don't know any serious actor who shrugs off his role when he goes home at night," Glenn continues. "And don't tell me you can be a teacher in a tweed suit in 'Blackboard Jungle' all day on the set from nine until six, go home, get into a tux, drink champagne and go night-clubbing, and the next morning be the teacher in the tweed suit again. I don't think good results can be achieved that way." Instead, Glenn lives with his character throughout the picture, spending hours with his tape-recorder in the evenings, going over his lines.

"Ellie would be so happy with the genial guy I play in 'Teahouse of the August Moon,' but," he grins, "we're making that one in Japan." However, his next picture—"The Fastest Gun Alive," a psychological Western—has been going over very big on the home front. "Westerns are a big favorite around our house," says Glenn. "I've been practicing to draw fast—which makes Pete the happiest fellow in the world. I'm really the favorite father now."

After extensive research, Glenn even mastered a fancy gun twirl—"to impress my son"—then he had to talk hard to keep

the studio from incorporating it in the picture. Finally confronting them with a load of research material, he convinced them that real gunmen had no gimmicks—they only took time to draw.

Although "Blackboard Jungle" and "Trial" were not favorite "home movies," Ellie is proud of Glenn's performances in them. That Glenn has the courage to stand in such controversial themes, surprises nobody who knows him. For this is the story of his life.

"I was told I shouldn't do 'Interrupted Melody,' that the part was secondary to the woman's," says Glenn. "But I feel good part—if done right—stands a chance of being important. I made 'Blackboard Jungle' against the advice of others. From that picture snowballed everything else—'Ransom!', 'Teahouse of the August Moon,' signing my M-G-M contract—"

Answering to his own mind and heart has been a life-long habit of Glenn's. He had his own reasons for wanting to make "Blackboard Jungle" and "Trial." He knew them by heart, and by memory Grim memories.

"I've traveled around the world a lot," he says, "and I've traveled in the Iron Curtain countries. I've heard us criticized for being 'infantile,' for making 'sugar coated fairy tales.' I've heard us sneered at and laughed at. Mostly they call us 'children'—which I resent. But with the pictures I'd made up until then, I had no answer for them. Mine had always skirted life, taken the easy way out. If I'd already made a 'Blackboard Jungle,' I could have shut those people up. A picture like this proves they're not telling the truth about Americans not being able to face our own social problems."

Throughout the filming of this one phrases had kept coming back to Glenn. Taunting phrases and faces he'd met. During an interview in Austria, a Communist reporter had asked, "Tell me, Mr. Ford, is Hollywood still making fairy tales for children?"

And a French reporter had queried "What are you Americans trying to cover up?"

"What do you mean?" asked Glenn.

"Everything can't be a Technicolor dream in America. What are you trying to hide?"

"Nothing," said Glenn and felt like shouting it. But he had no pictures for proof.

When the cameras stopped turning on Glenn's gripping staircase scene with the young Negro actor in "Blackboard Jungle," he thought, "How I'd love to be sitting in the theatre in Vienna when the scene goes on."

Glenn has found the controversial opinion about making pictures like this encouraging. "It means people are thinking," he says. "If a picture makes people think then we've done good. No matter whether they are free or not. The important thing is to think. This is what made America. And as long as people think, we're in a great shape."

"Like my son," adds Glenn. "If Pete differs with me and says why, that's stimulating, that's good." Honesty, however, compels Glenn to admit that it can also be uncomfortable. He has never wanted Pete to be impressed with the fact that he is the son of a movie star, but one night recently he decided to make an exception and take him to one of his pictures.

"Pete, they're sneak-previewing my picture in Westwood tonight," he announced. "Would you like to go with me?"

Pete thought for a minute. "Well, gee thanks Dad," he said finally, "I don't want to hurt your feelings or anything. But—well, tonight *Rin-Tin-Tin's* on TV."

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Mrs. Jack Lemmon tells some wonderful secrets about her husband

What **Mitzi Gaynor** didn't know about marriage

An exciting new feature: Glamour Gab from Hollywood

plus

GEORGE NADER • JANET LEIGH • GUY MADISON • DORIS DAY

All in May PHOTOPLAY • On sale everywhere April 5



Modess . . . *because*

Only New Design Modess gives you the luxury of a new
whisper-soft fabric covering . . . no gauze . . . no chafe.

Which Baby is Miss America?

PICK HER PICTURE IN CAMAY'S \$65,000 CONTEST

A I'm pert and pretty
From the Windy City.

B I'm a bright-eyed pixie
From the land of Dixie.

C From farther West
I passed the test.

D My state starts with "O"
It's the name of a show.

65 BIG PRIZES!
YOU CAN WIN
\$20,000 **FIRST PRIZE**
2nd PRIZE \$5,000
3rd PRIZE \$2,000
22 4th PRIZES . . . \$1,000

PLUS 40 PHILCO
MISS AMERICA 24" TV SETS

Console Model
Top-Touch Tuning
Worth \$400

"WHICH OF THESE FOUR IS MY BABY PICTURE?"
asks Sharon Kay Ritchie of Colorado, Miss America 1956

Here's all you do!

1. On the Official Entry Blank, just identify the baby above who became Miss America 1956. (The other 3 pictures are of runners-up in the Miss America Pageant. The hints refer to the state or city each one represented.)
2. Then, simply complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less: "Like Miss America, I use Camay because . . ."

It's easy to win \$20,000

because you'll discover so many nice things to say about cold cream Camay! You'll love its luxurious lather, exclusive perfume, satiny-smooth feel. And once you've used Camay for your complexion care and beauty bath, you'll find even *more* compliments for Camay's skin-pampering mildness! Then in your own words, finish the contest sentence.



FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES:

1. Check which of the above 4 pictures you think is Miss America as a baby.
2. In 25 additional words or less, complete this sentence: "Like Miss America, I use Camay because . . ." Use the Official Entry Blank in this advertisement or write on one side of a sheet of plain paper. Print your name and address plainly.
3. Mail to: Camay, Dept. G, Box 75, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by 3 Camay wrappers (or facsimiles), any size. Entries must be postmarked before midnight, April 27 and received by midnight, May 11, 1956.
4. Any resident of the Continental United States (including Alaska) and Hawaii may enter, except employees of Procter & Gamble, its advertising agencies, and their families. Contest subject to all Federal and state regulations.

5. Entries will be judged on correct identification of Miss America's baby picture, and on the originality, sincerity and aptness of thought in completing the contest sentence. Judges' decisions final. Except for incidental help from families and friends, entries must be wholly the work of the person in whose name the entry is submitted, and will be disqualified for outside, professional or compensated help. Only one prize to a person. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein belong, unqualifiedly, to Procter & Gamble.

6. Prizes will be:
1st Prize \$20,000
2nd Prize \$5,000
3rd Prize \$2,000
22 4th Prizes . . . \$1,000 each
Next 40 Prizes Philco
Miss America 24" TV sets

7. All prize winners will be notified by mail. List of winners available on request—approximately 2 months after close of contest.

USE THIS OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK TODAY!

Check the letter here which refers to Miss America's baby picture above:

☐ A ☐ B ☐ C ☐ D

Complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less: "Like Miss America, I use Camay because . . ."

MAIL TO: Camay, Dept. G, Box 75,
Cincinnati 1, Ohio

Name _____

(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____

With each entry enclose 3 wrappers
from any size Camay



Enter
Today

CONTEST CLOSES
April 27, 1956

